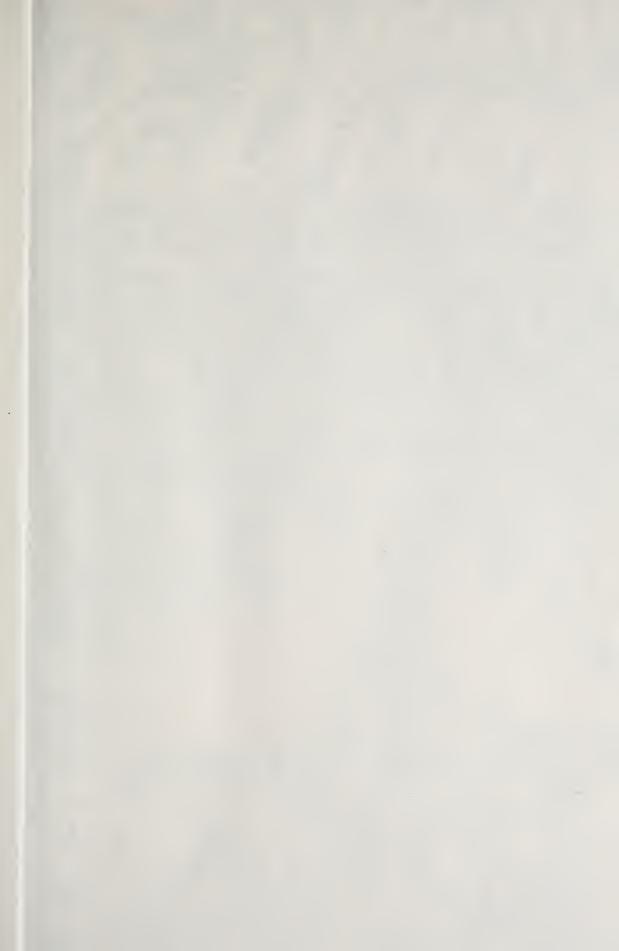
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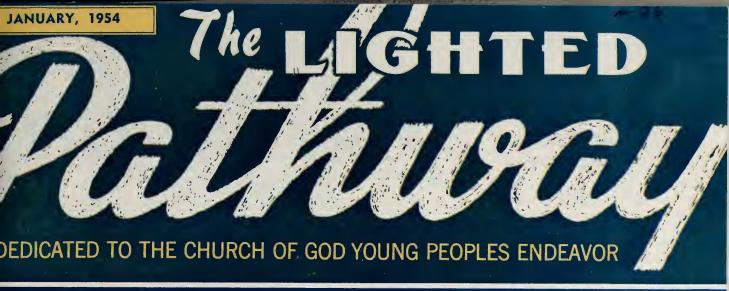
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He Leadeth Me

Joseph H. Gilmore

He leodeth me! Oh, blessed thaught!
Oh words with heavenly camfort frought
Whote'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis Gad's hond that leodeth me.

He leadeth me! He leadeth me By His awn hand He leadeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest glaom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By woters colm, o'er traubled sea, Still 'tis God's hond that leodeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine; Nor ever murmur nar repine; Content, whotever lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

And when my task on eorth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won, E'en deoth's cald wove I will not flee, Since Thou through Jordan leadeth me.

-Selected.



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CHARLES W. CONN
Editor-in-Chief
Church of God Publicotions

LEWIS J. WILLIS

Editor
The LIGHTED PATHWAY

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"Thy Word is a Light Unto My Path"

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Roy H. Hughes, Choirmon; Lewis J. Willis; Eorl P. Poulk, Jr.; J. Newby Thompson; O. W. Polen

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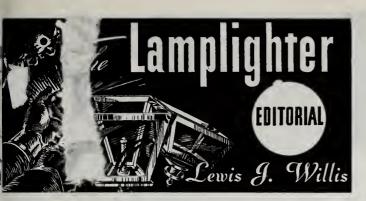
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New Year Outlook

E WERE FLYING at 19,000 feet from Denver to Grand Junction, Colorado. The day was perfect. Stretching about us was a panoramic view of the earth's beauty. Only the creative powers of Omnipotence could have produced the primitive loveliness which enshrouded the earth beneath us.

To our left in majestic stateliness arose the dignified heights of Pikes Peak. As if to stand guard over its lesser neighbors it lifted its snowy head above the others. The terrible strength of its rocky structure paid silent tribute to the humble earth which bore it. One had the feeling that its very eminence was a challenge to the hostile elements of nature. Its stony brow would bear the worst the storms could provide and maintain its defiance until at last the sun bathed its face again.

Awesome gorges pushed their way between massive mountains. Even though these extreme indentures often gave the impression that the mountain had been wounded by the slash of a gigantic knife, they possessed an invigorating beauty. Perpendicular walls often reaching thousands of feet skyward embraced primeval nature. Often a lively stream dashed down the floor of the ravine, splashing its wet fingers against a thousand boulders. Somehow you knew that in the folds of those mountain walls was a beauty unsullied by the encroachment of civilization.

Soon we were flying over a spectacular ocean of ice. In marvelous confusion, millions of tons of ice were scattered across the cheek of the earth. Countless formations in all their dazzling brilliance gleamed toward us. You were made to wonder how anything could be so completely beautiful and yet so utterly devoid of life. It was an "artic" of bewitching grandeur but of certain death.

Presently we were aware of an immense flat-top mountain ahead. We were informed that this was the largest plateau in the United States. Differing so drastically from the terrain about us, this area seemed rather odd. It would appear that some stupendous force had pushed the peaks into the valley and thus prepared for itself a bed on the top of the world. Obviously, it was a vacation land, for the numerous lakes were dotted with fishing boats. Men came to this relatively isolated area to busy themselves with idleness.

At last the valley stretched before us with all of its luxuriant greenery. Orchards of pears and apricots symetrically arranged gave the earth an orderly look. By a system of irrigation the fertile soil had been encouraged to clothe itself with a veritable cloak of fruit. Later as I visited the orchards, I found the trees were literally breaking under the weight of the fruit they bore. It was a good land, and here, I found, was where the people lived.

RETURNING to Denver by train through the same area I had flown over earlier, I found it to be somewhat different down in it than to be over it. While the overall perspective was much larger, the smaller one was more distinct. The blanket of greenery from above was a forest of trees below. The thread of water from above was a powerful river below. The crack in a mountain from above was a spacious canyon below. I was not able to see from below all I saw from above, but what I saw was seen more clearly.

Later as I reminisced this experience, I marvelled at its lessons. It appeared to me that to stand apart and view life we are able to see the peaks, gorges, ice fields, plateaus, and valleys. All of these aspects or experiences are familiar to most of us. At the beginning of this new year we view life from the larger perspective objectively. Soon, however, we must leave that pinnacle and travel through the area, not on wings, but on our feet.

WE SHALL CLIMB to a few peaks this year, but that is not the usual dwelling place of men. Up there the air we breathe is rarer, but the place upon which we stand is smaller. We pause there for a moment on the top of the world and indulge a surge of exhilaration as we realize we have conquered the obstacles confronting us in our ascent from the valley beneath. Suddenly, however, we realize that if we continue to progress, we must descend from the peak and make our way again through the common ground below to the next challenge across the way.

There will come days when we shall find ourselves traveling a deep gorge of despondency. On either side will be lifted the frustrating walls of doubt, fear and confusion. The sun shines only briefly as it passes directly overhead. Dawn, dusk, and darkness consume the day. Soon, however, we discover the inevitable stream, cool, refreshing and invigorating. It is the stream of God which whispers, "My grace is sufficient for thee." By following the flow of His goodness we quickly come to deliverance, where glorious sunlight catches the mist from the stream, and in the resultant rainbow we read, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

Often we shall catch the mysterious gleam from the ice fields of sin. Our curiosity will be provoked so that we will be tempted to come near. Satan flashes the lights of worldly pleasures, ambitions, and gains upon the icy mirror, producing the illusion of warmth and enjoyment. Our spiritual intuition is quickened, however, so that we know it is a devilish mirage. Once we enter his domain we know the result is slow, painful, and eternal death.

Our great danger arrives when we come to the plateau of contentment. When we have performed the usual duties, there is the danger of becoming self-satisfied. We reason, "Have I not paid tithes, supported missions, attended worship, etc.?" Somehow at this juncture, many feel that they deserve a holiday. Consequently, their experience is one of "leveling off." They become busy with idleness. It is likely that millions will fail to become Christians this year because Christ's disciples fail to go beyond the call of duty.

Most of our experience will be in the valley. We must remember, therefore, that the soil is very fertile there, and will respond with abundant fruition if we cultivate it. Many of us are prone to be so anxious to get to the peak that we fail to realize the tremendous opportunity in the valley. Let us be reminded that the majority of the people live there. Consequently, our place of greatest opportunity is in the

(Continued on page 23)

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IRLS, HAVE you ever seen the equal of that? I ask you, have you ever?" Tall, blond Clara Hopkins half doubled with laughter as she burst through the doors of the high school, followed by her three chums. All ran away from the building, where they could express themselves more freely.

"Never-outside a circus!" pealed

"Never—outside a circus!" pealed too-plump Wilma Evans. "Never in all my life!"

"She's positively the queerest specimen in captivity," red-haired Alma added. "Those clumsy shoes, sizes too large! That old, faded dress—and such a coat! I'm just sure," she choked, "that Mrs. Noah must have given it for relief of the flood sufferers!"

"Well, if you ask me, I'll say her entire outfit is simpl-ee ridic.!" Alma declared. "I wouldn't be seen dead in such clothes."

"Every girl in school is simply scandalized." Clara went on. "They're all talking about her, and—" She stopped short and gazed at the silent, thought ful Doris Darrell, who had followed but had taken no part in their mirth or remarks about the newcomer to Girls' High. "Our little Dorrie is the exception, of course! She wouldn't say a mean thing about a—a—baboon!"

"Baboon!" squealed Wilma. "That's it! That word just fits her. Baboon! Oh, gur-ruls!" But her laughter died out suddenly as she looked into the clear, indignant eyes of Dorris Dar-rell. "Oh, Dorrie, excuse me! I know you don't agree when we talk about the others. But honest, dearie, don't

you think she's queer?"
"Oh, come, Doris. You can stand a little fun, can't you?" said Clara, im-

patiently.
"I like fun as much as anyone,"
Doris answered quietly, "but not at the expense of someone's feelings. Personally, I thought the new girl had a very sweet expression. And her hair would be beautiful if only she knew how to arrange it more becomingly. And anyway," she defended, "I'm just certain she can't *help* wearing those out-of-date clothes. Besides, she was very neat and clean."

The others were silent a moment. "Oh, you'd always defend anyone, Doris Darrell, and find something to praise them for! Well, that may be okay, but as for me, I simply can't see how anyone could have the nerve to appear in public in such an outfit!"

Doris stole a shy glance at the speaker. "And I noticed also," she added, "that the new girl was able to answer the question which one of you girls couldn't."

Alma reddened. "You would say something like that! I could have an-

swered that question, too, if old Miss Ebbons had given me time to think!" The group walked in silence, then Wilma said, "I wonder whether she goes to Sunday school anywhere. I suppose we'll have to ask her to join our class. She's about our age, and they say her folks will come to our church. I do hope she has another outfit to wear on Sunday, though!"

Groans from Clara confirmed their suspicions—that this new girl prob-



ably "lived" in that horrid outfit!

"I must do some shopping for Mother," said Doris at the corner. See you in the morning, girls."

 $oldsymbol{\mathsf{DORIS}}$ felt relieved to get away from the others. She had to admit that the newcomer's clothing and shoes were obviously old and much worn. But she felt sure the girl had a good reason for wearing them. Certainly, one so keen at lessons would hardly *choose* to wear a wardrobe of that sort!

On her way home from the store,

Doris saw the new girl ahead of her,

and hurried to catch up.

"May I help you carry your packages?" she asked with a friendly smile. "Thank you," she said, with a smile, "but you see, I'm quite accustomed to

carrying heavy loads."
"I'm Doris Darrell, and since we seem to be neighbors, I think it would be nice to get acquainted," said Doris, relieving the girl of some of her load. "I'm Virginia Barrett. And I shall

be very glad to know someone. Really, I've been lonesome since coming here to live with my grandmother."

One in a

THOUSAND

By CHESTER SHULER

"It is not what a man gets, but what a man is, that he should think of—he should think first of his character, and then of his condition: for if he have the former, he need have no fears about the latter." —H. W. Beecher

Illustrated by CHLOE STEWART

"Oh, then Mrs. Hill is your grandmother?" exclaimed Doris. "My mother has visited her several times and
thinks a great deal of her. It is sad
that she is so helpless."

"She isn't my real grandmother,"
Virginia explained, after a slight
pause. "But she helped my mother a
great deal while I was small and I
have always called her 'Grandmother.'

have always called her 'Grandmother.' You see, both my real grandmothers are dead, and so I have come here to live with Mrs. Hill for awhile."

"And your parents—are not with you here?" Doris ventured, trying not to seem personal. She did wish, though, she could discover the reason why Virginia dressed so oddly . . . if she knew, perhaps she could stop some of the talk going the rounds before Virginia herself heard it and felt

"Both my parents have—gone to be with the Lord," Virginia said softly.
"Oh—I'm sorry!" Doris exclaimed with quick sympathy. "I didn't mean

Virginia smiled. "It's quite all right, Doris. They went Home during a great epidemic in India, while caring for others who were ill. Both my parents were medical missionaries, you see. I, too, was stricken with the same terrible disease. But for some reason, the Lord permitted me to survive.

Doris' blue eyes were wide with surprise. "Can it be—" she exclaimed, "that you are Dr. Harvey Barrett's daughter? The famous missionary from our church?"

The other girl nodded. "Yes, he was my precious father."
"Oh, you poor girl! How you must

have suffered!"

"It has been—hard," Virginia admitted. "I lived for a time with some of the other missionaries in India. Finally, when two came to America on furlough, it was decided that I should accompany them, in order to complete my education here in the States. The Mission Board paid my transportation to America, but there was no money to provide for me here. Finally, I was sent to 'Grandmother' Hill, who has been good enough to share her little home with me, so that I can attend school. I—I'm sorry to be a burden to her, though. She is such a dear. But I

try hard to help with the work, and to get along with just as little as possible in the way of clothing and things."

Doris felt speechless. She was hearing again the unkind, thoughtless remarks of the girls; saw again their amused, contemptuous glances at this brave young Christian, who was willing to appear in public clad, without doubt, in some of old Mrs. Hill's clothes—all for the sake of gaining an education! Doris felt indignant with her chums—as indignant, in fact, as she would have had this new girl been a personal friend of long standing.

"All of my clothing," Virginia continued, "and most of my personal possessions too, were lost en route from India to America. I was in quite a predicament," she added, with a brave little smile, "as you can imagine."

"Oh, dear!" gapsed Doris. "What did

you do?"
"Well, finally a church in an eastern state which had done much toward the support of my parents on the mission field, heard of my plight, and they immediately shipped me a box of come yet. And so," she added, with a glance at her queer old dress, "since I glance at her queer old dress, "since I didn't wish to miss school, I had to borrow some things from Grandmother Hill." Her laugh was musical, cheery. "I suppose I seem terribly odd at school. I noticed today that some of the girls tried bord to the mile. of the girls tried hard not to smile, and I can't blame them. It was sweet of them, though, to show such fine

"Courtesy!" gasped Doris. "Oh, dear!" She turned impulsively to the girl and exclaimed: "Virginia Barrett, I think you are positively the bravest girl I know! And I shall feel honored to be your friend."

A bright smile illuminated the other's pretty face. "Oh, thank you, Doris! It would make me very happy to be your friend, too. You see, I love the dear people of India, and some day I intend to go back there to take up Mother's unfinished work with women and children. It will mean a long, hard grind to get the medical training I shall need. But with the Lord's help,

I have nothing to fear," she added

DORIS could not reply at once. She felt too much like sobbing, once. She felt too much like solding, as the girls' unkind, cutting remarks came to her memory. And this sweet girl thought the *catty* things were trying to be courteous! And then suddenly Doris felt very, very proud to be seen walking down street with this queer-looking heroine. None of her critical schoolmates could claim such an honor. She knew that Virginia an honor. She knew that Virginia Barrett would be her firm, lasting friend . . . and she just as proudly introduced Virginia to handsome Dick Powell whom they chanced to meet at

the next corner.

Dick looked startled, then puzzled. But with fine courtesy he acknowledge the introduction and spoke a few polite words. "Virginia," Doris hastened to add, "was born on the India Mission field, Dick. Her parents were medical missionaries, and both lost their lives during an epidemic. I knew you'd be glad to meet her." knew you'd be glad to meet her."

Dick's face beamed with interest. "Well, now, I surely am interested," he said. "The mission field is where I hope to land some day—medical mission work, too, if I can make the grade. Say, we'll have to see more of each other, I guess," he added, as they parted.
"Oh, how interesting!" exclaimed

Virginia when Dick had gone. "I'm sure I shall like this town a lot, with

such nice folks as my friends."
"Dick is a jewel," Doris told her.
"But look, Virginia, please don't mind too much what some of the girls say or do—I'm certain they will change their attitude toward you when they

learn who and what you are—"
"Please—" Virginia spoke quickly.
"Please don't worry. I shan't worry,
for I'm not easily hurt. Before long,
I'll got out of these odd alothes and I'll get out of these odd clothes, and then things will be different, perhaps. Anyway, Doris," she added, smiling, "your sympathy and love are quite sufficient for now."

ALTHOUGH Virginia's sweet Christian spirit and fortitude kept her from minding the obvious slights and open ridicule of the thoughtless girls, Doris found herself

thoughtless girls, Doris found herself growing more and more annoyed, even angry, with her former friends. "The fact that two of them attend my Sunday school class makes it even more embarrassing," she told Virginia. "I'm certain that Miss Haertter, our teacher, would be mortified if she knew of their attitude. She has spoken so often to us about the marvelous so often to us about the marvelous work of your parents in India, and she is so happy to have you in our

"I hope she does not mention this to the girls," Virginia said. "That would be embarrassing, to say the least."

But the girls' thoughtless attitude changed abruptly a few days later, when Virginia appeared at school dressed very neatly in garments which had arrived from the church. The ladies had been careful to include only

(Continued on page 10)

VERY WISE MAN in Proverbs said, "Where there is no vision, the people perish." If that is true, it may also be said that where there is a vision, people will not perish. The world today is in desperate need of envisioned men. We have enough men who have a dream—a day dream, but we need men who have a real vision that will drive them on to do something for Christ.

Even though they may seem to be very similar on the surface, there is a vast difference between a dream and a vision. A day dream is complete in itself. It lulls you to sleep. And the having of a day dream is satisfactory enough. But a vision is different. A vision is a goad, a whip, a lash—it drives you into activity.

You cannot have a vision without doing something about it. You cannot have a vision without allowing that vision to prompt you, to urge you, and to drive you, until the ideal pattern of your vision is made into dimensions of concrete reality. More than anything in the world today we have a need of men with vision, because the driving, compelling activity of a vision is diametrically opposite to the sleep-enducing nature of a day dream.

We don't need immediately a multitude of people with a vision. Have you ever thought that when Christ came into the world He did not save the multitude, but He saved individuals? By the increase of those individuals the saved became a multitude. If we could have just a few people who had been injected with a genuine Sunday School vision, I believe that America could be transformed for Christ. Just a few, because a vision is contagious.

Oscar Hammerstein II once wrote these rousing lyrics "Give me some men who are stout-hearted men, who will fight for the rights we adore. Start me with ten of these stout-hearted men, and I'll soon give you ten thousand more."

Standing all along the periphery of uncertainty are many people today whose innate nature tells them to do good and to be good, but they need somebody who will be big enough and great enough, and have enough initiative and enough consecration that the magnetic force of his life might draw them to the heart of life. A man with a vision, a man who has a driving, compelling vision within his heart, will not rest. He can't rest! A vision won't allow you to rest until you see it transformed into reality.

Christ realized the need of vision in His day. For that reason He spoke to His disciples, "Say not ye there are four months and then cometh harvest. Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes and look unto the fields, for they are white already to harvest." He urged upon the minds of His disciples a vision—a vision of the lost, a vision of work to do.

The harvest was there long before Christ made His statement. The harvest had stood there for centuries. It had been in need of harvesting for a long, long while. The harvest was ripe, but until this time, no man had yet lifted up his eyes to behold the harvest. The harvest of our day is ripe. Why are we waiting? We need only to lift up our eyes and see the things that need to be done, and then go about doing them.

WE NEED A VISION today for several reasons. First, we need to be envisioned because of the encroachment upon our way of life by ideologies that are rampant and evil, first of which is Communism. There was a time that there was sharp delineation; you could tell your enemies immediately. They were immediately identified, because it was a struggle of one nation against another. But

Thirty-four million, six hundred thousand youth without religious training proclaims the need for . . .

SUNDAY SCHOOL

NOTE: This address was delivered at the National Sunday School Convention in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

today the struggle is more than just the struggle of one nation against another; it is the struggle of one idea against another. Voltaire said that there is no greater power upon the earth than an idea when the time of its fruition has arrived. Then God help us that this Christian idea will be the one whose time has come and let it prevail.

Second then, is the struggle within the church, in which we face those twins of the evil one, liberalism and modernism.

Third, we need a vision today because of the disintegration of the American home. We need a vision to combat the astounding rise of the divorce rate, and the terrifying influx of juvenile delinquency. We need a vision that Christ can urge upon our minds wherein and whereby we can do greater things for Him. "Where there is no vision the people perish," and they are perishing all about us.

Now here is the vision for our day. Stand on any street corner and count in one day's time 432,500 boys and girls under 23 years of age. On the next day stand on the street corner and count again 432,500 boys and girls under 23. When for eighty days we do that, only then would we see the amount of boys and girls in our day under 23 who receive no religious instruction whatsoever. That's our vision today, the vision of the unchurched, the vision of those who are without the pale of Sunday School influence.

Let me ask you a question, please. Answer it in your own heart. Can you, within five minutes time, walk from your church to a home where its people have never been invited to your Sunday School? Can you stand in the churchyard and toss a stone into the yard of a home where its people are unchurched, outside of Sunday School, and do not know Christ?

I believe, with firm conviction, that it is the Sunday School vision that must meet the challenge and the crisis of our day. This is true because it alone can combat the false, Christless ideology of Communism. Because the Sunday School in itself is ideological, pedagogic; it teaches and instructs, and builds up a high and holy faith.

The Sunday School vision strengthens the American home because it reaches with positive appeal into every generation. It has something to offer to the tiniest child and to the the eldest patriarch. The Sunday School vision is that which must meet the rise of crime, because those who are behind bars are not Sunday School men.



VISION

By CHARLES W. CONN
Editor-in-Chief of Church of God Publications

The Sunday School vision is that which must meet our social and economic crisis, because it reaches into every stratum of the community and brings them together for a common purpose. The Sunday School vision is God's vision of today because it is evangelistic—it will lead men to Christ.

WHO, then, should have this vision? All Christians, first of all. Certainly we need more Christians today who have the Sunday School vision. It is a terrible thing to note that not more than three percent of church people today are actively engaged in Sunday School work. Then, certainly our pastors need to become Sunday School minded.

The pastor's responsibility to his Sunday School is great and two-sided. First, it is his responsibility to correct the inferior Sunday School. Second, it is his responsibility to construct a superior Sunday School. It is impossible to construct anything which is superior until you have first corrected that which is inferior.

There are five steps toward the correction of that which is inferior which the pastor must take. First, he must examine the cause of the failure. Second, he must extinguish that cause of the failure. Third, he must expect improvement. Fourth, he must explore the best possible procedure for his Sunday School. Fifth, he must exercise whatever powers and authorities are his to see that the work is done.

Now, let's go back over those. First, the pastor in order to correct the inferior Sunday School must examine the cause of the failure. All correction begins with examination. You don't correct things without examining them first. So let the pastor first of all examine himself. He may find that a personal lack of support has brought about an inferior Sunday School in his church. He has not had any interest; he has been too much engaged in other things. Is it too much to say that a pastor should devote fifty percent of his time to Sunday School work?

Senator B. L. Eddy, Sunday School man extraordinary, said in his book, CHRISTIANITY AND EDUCATION, "The training of the young men in the true faith is the greatest existing challenge to the church. If it refuses to hear and accept that challenge, its influence will die out of the world. The alternates which the church faces are: Educate or die. One of the first practical steps to be taken is to raise for Christian education from fifty percent to one

hundred percent what is raised for the minister's salary."

Dr. Mark Matthews, the great Presbyterian Sunday School enthusiast, who organized 27 branch Sunday Schools and built up his own congregation from 400 to 10,000, remarked that seventy percent of all money spent by the church should be spent on the Sunday School and its young people. So then, I think it is not too much to say that the pastor should actively support the Sunday School with fifty percent of his time.

If the pastor is what pastors ordinarily are, he will be the most dynamic personality in his congregation. Then if the spark and the zeal of his testimony is lacking, the Sunday School will lag. You must have pastoral support and enthusiasm for any Sunday School to thrive.

Second, the pastor might find that the cause of failure within himself is a little touch, albeit subconscious, of ego. To him the pulpit is a sacred thing, therefore, he is reluctant to yield it to another, a layman. Consequently, he emphasizes his own pulpit work more than that of the Sunday School. He certainly should emphasize his own pulpit work because nothing can replace that, but he should never ignore or neglect the Sunday School from the pulpit.

Third, he may find then, in his own life, that he has not accepted his own responsibility. He has entrusted the activities altogether to the laymen of the church, and certainly he should not intrude upon their rights and upon their activities. But he should be the sparkplug; he should be the dynamo; he should be the driving and compelling force.

Fourth, it may be that the pastor has failed in the Sunday School because he is unaware of the importance of the Sunday School. Because we feel that we have to grow and grow quickly, we put our emphasis upon other methods, but remember this: Educating our people may be a slow way of increasing our numbers, but it is the one sure way. Then let us not be ignorant of the value of training and teaching in the education of our people.

Then he should take an examination of his church generally. He may find there that the cause of his having an inferior Sunday School is that he has improper organization. He may find that it is because of inadequate facilities, or uninspired personnel. Too often we see our Sunday School become stagnant and stale, because the personnel have become indifferent, uninspired, and calloused. The Sunday School teacher who repeatedly wants to resign should be allowed to resign. The Sunday School teacher who has to be cajoled constantly to teach should be cajoled no longer.

But what is the pastor going to do in a situation like that? Preach! Preach Sunday School. Talk Sunday School. Live Sunday School. Inspire them if you can, and if you can't inspire them, get some who are inspired. You may find that it is complacence. They are satisfied. "Our Sunday School enrollment has reached its peak. We have more in our Sunday School than any other Sunday School in town, so I am satisfied." Remember that you cannot judge whether you are a success or a failure by those who are beside you. You can judge whether you have failed or succeeded only by your capacity. A man who has won fifty and could win no more than fifty is a great success for Christ, while the man who has won a thousand and could have won ten thousand is an abject failure. Let us not be complacent.

Second, in correcting an inferior Sunday School, extinguish those faults. The reason for your examination

is not just to know what is wrong, but to do something about it.

Third, the pastor must expect improvement. It is an easy thing to say, "Well, people in this community just don't go to Sunday School." It's easy to say, "Well, you just can't move these people." If that's your attitude, you might as well not try any longer, because expecting failure will bring failure. But to expect improvement, which is the vision, will bring improvement. You must expect improvement because of three things—prayer, faith, and effort. If you will unite those three things and let them work for you in your expectancy, your Sunday School will be improved.

Fourth, if the pastor is to catch the Sunday School vision and correct the inferior Sunday School, then he must explore the proper course for His Sunday School. What works in one church may not work in another. What works in a large urban church will certainly not work every time in a small rural church. What would work in a church of a thousand or more certainly would not work in a church of 100 or so. You alone will know what to expect and how to start the course working side by side with your personnel, not being presumptive, not usurping the position of your helpers, but inspiring and leading and guiding in a way that they can accept, explore the proper course.

Finally, the pastor must exercise whatever authority may be his in bringing it to pass. Not in an obvious, conspicuous way, but through the medium of suggestion, wherein his personnel thinks of it themselves. The pastor can't take over and run everything in the church, but he can certainly suggest. He has ways of knowing what should be done and inspiring his workers to do it, and thereby correcting that which is inferior.

THE SECOND PART of a pastor's responsibility when he catches the Sunday School vision is to construct a superior Sunday School. To construct a superior Sunday School he must do five things. First, he must envision the need. Second, he must enlarge his knowledge of the work. Third, he must enlist qualified helpers. Fourth, he must constantly energize the project. Fifth, he must endure until successful.

Just as there must be examination before correction, so must there be a vision before there can be construction. Just as improvement is required or brought about by examination, so construction is brought about by vision. He must envision what the Sunday School is doing for his church.

The Sunday School produces seventy-five per cent of all church members. The Sunday School produces eighty-five per cent of all Christian workers, and the Sunday School produces ninety-five per cent of all ministers and missionaries, which means an average of eighty-four per cent of the church today has been produced by the Sunday School.

Second, he must enlarge his knowledge of the work. When he catches the vision, then he will have to enlarge his knowledge of it. I know that there are many laymen, more laymen here today than pastors, so let me suggest to you, somehow get your pastor to the next Sunday School convention. Let him be here, and let him be inspired. And if he just won't come, give him a Sunday School book for a Christmas present. He will have to enlarge his knowledge of the work if he is ever to do anything about it. It must be done. He must enlarge his work first of all with Christ's estimate of teaching. When he

knows the evaluation Christ placed upon teaching, then he will not under-emphasize it any longer.

Next, he should enlarge his knowledge of his own responsibility. What is his place in the Sunday School? Then he should enlarge his knowledge of his community. Taking a canvass, a mixing with the people, a visitation, he needs to know first-hand about the place where he lives. He needs to know where they go to church, how many children they have, where they work. He needs to know about his community if he is to construct a superior Sunday School in that community.

Then he should enlarge his knowledge of his personnel, not only those who are actively engaged in the work, but also those who are qualified, or potential workers. He needs to know those who have latent ability that he might arouse and inspire until they become great workers too. He should increase his knowledge of materials available to him. He needs to increase his knowledge of effective methods if he is to build a superior Sunday School.

Third, he will enlist his helpers. The very first step is to see that frequent Teacher's Training Courses are taught in your church. See that your reservoir is kept full by frequent teachers' meetings, Teacher's Training Courses, and all that touches their work.

Fourth, he must energize the project. He cannot sit on the sidelines with inactivity. He can stand on the sidelines and cheer his workers on, but he must energize the project. He should do so from his pulpit, in administration meetings, and during his personal contacts. He should be the driving force because he is the dynamic personality.

Finally, he must endure until he is successful. He cannot hit or miss, try or fail, and then quit. If you want a real Sunday School, if you want a good Sunday School, if you want a big Sunday School, then you must just keep on, and keep on, and keep on, until you have what you want. And you can do it.

I HEARD the story of a little boy, you probably heard it too, who wanted a watch. He was determined to have a watch, and he pestered his mother and dad nearly to death. Almost everytime he saw them he said, "I want a watch, Dad," or "I want a watch, Mom." "Could I have a watch? Will you get me a watch for Christmas? What about my birthday? I really need a watch."

This finally provoked his dad until he said, "Now listen here, Son. I don't want to hear you mention the word watch again."

The boy was obedient and he said, "Yes, Sir."

That night during family devotions they were all quoting Scriptures. Finally the boy stood up and said, "What I say to one I say to all, Watch."

He was persistent. He endured. He kept on toward getting what he wanted. If you really want it, you can get it. But first examine your own heart and see why you want it.

Do you want a superior Sunday School because you have really caught the vision? Do you want a superior Sunday School because you really feel the spark, or do you want a big Sunday School so you can gloat over your neighbor?

Just a moment of self-examination before I close. If you want the masses in order to teach the masses, it is well and good, but it is not good if you want the masses only to count them. If you have the Sunday School vision, your inferior Sunday School will be corrected and a superior Sunday School will be built.



NOTHER YEAR has gone, passed forever. When we look passed forever. When we look over the past year, can we say with David, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever"? Although God may have allowed some heavy trials and sufferings to come your way; no doubt, many have been blessings in disguise. God is concerned about the future welfare of His disciples. In His great wisdom and unples. In His great wisdom and un-speakable love, He allows only that which He sees is needed to draw His children into a closer fellowship with Himself.

We know not what this coming year may have in store for us, but we do know that God is faithful, and we have His promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." So in His presence we need have no fear. It is the life which is lifted above the natural things of earth, which sees the glory of God. The steadfast, upward look is

always bright.

How can we best please the Lord in this New Year? Have you considered this for even a moment? Don't you think we will do well to begin this new untried year with the "Sure Word of God," since everything began with His Word? As a matter of fact, we cannot start the New Year with God unless we start it with His Word. It is as impossible to separate God from as impossible to separate God from His Word as it is to take the light from the sun. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God,"

Lohn 1:1 2 Hove you believed the same was in the beginning with God," John 1:1, 2. Have you believed the Word of God? Have you become a new creature in Christ? Galatians 6:15 tells us the only thing that is of any avail in Christ is, "a new creature." Not a new creature merely, but a total renewal of the whole man, of all the passions and powers of the soul. Thank God for the provision made in the finished work of Calvary! made in the finished work of Calvary! We are not left to lament over the failure of the old, but rather we can

rejoice that God has provided some-thing better. The new life is adequate for a full price has been paid to make it so, even the blood of Christ.

It so, even the blood of Christ.

If we are new creatures, we can start the New Year with a new song. David said in Psalm 40:3, "He hath put a new song in my mouth." Adam Clarke points out that cheerfulness and joy had long been strangers to the Psalmist, at that time. It seems that he had been living only to utter the most doleful complaints, and to be a prey to suffering and wretchedbe a prey to suffering and wretchedness. Praise for a sense of God's favor had become a new song to David. A new song is the welling up of a soul who has found "Peace with God" as well as the "Peace of God."

well as the "Peace of God."

As children of God, the Lord deals with us in mercy. The Prophet Jeremiah tells us in Lamentations 3:22, 23, "It is . . . the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed . . . They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness." Being thus humbled, and seeing himself and his sinfulness in a proper point of view, Jeremiah learned that God, instead of dealing with him in judgment. had dealt with with him in judgment, had dealt with the prophet in mercy. Even though Jeremiah's affliction seemed great, it was less than his iniquity deserved. Who could be preserved in the night,

if the Watchman of Israel ever slum-

bered or slept?
What better way is there to start a new year than remembering the new new year than remembering the new mercies of the Lord which are new every morning? Perhaps you may feel a little fearful by looking into the future. Very likely you recall some failure of the past year and wonder how you can be victorious for the whole year that lies ahead. But take courage, God is still on the throne. His word tells us to trust Him and He will Word tells us to trust Him and He will guide us safely through. Our Christ has never lost a battle, so look up!

DAVID LEARNED to trust God in his youth. We all remember the story of how David killed Goden to the story of liath. This giant from Gath stood about ten feet high. He wore a

bronze helmet on his head, a bronze breastplate of scalled armour covered his chest which weighed about two hundred pounds. On his legs he wore bronze greaves with a bronze javelin slung between his shoulders. The shaft of his spear was as large as a weaver's beam, and the head of his iron spear weighed twenty-five pounds. Without any armour and only a sling and five pebbles from the brook, the youthful David went out to meet this great warrior.

warrior.

Did the youth tremble before this giant? No! Listen to his words, "All this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's." David had been in such close communion with God and had seen so many wonderful mirroles performed many wonderful miracles performed by Jehovah that he knew God would help him at this time. Very likely David's indignation became stirred when he heard this wicked Philistine defy the armies of the living God.

All the great warriors of Israel trembled at the words of Goliath. Even the courageous Jonathan, Saul's own son, who did so many brave deeds, refused to take up the chal-

This shepherd lad didn't shake in his boots, so to speak, like the other Israelites. He eagerly went out to meet Israelites. He eagerly went out to meet the giant. David longed to show this heathen what the power of God would do for him. The Lord who had deliv-ered him out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, would deliver him out of the hand of this Philistine. David had often put his God to a test. We all know how David won the victory over the Philistine because he trusted the Lord.

Do we think as David did, "My battle is the Lord's"? Often we fail to see our great Captain standing by, ready to fight our battles. Oh, yes, we worry and fat about the little things may be a seen to be seen t and fret about the little things, when He will do even the greater things for us. Yes, Christian friend, the future is bright to those who will trust God for

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ONE IN A THOUSAND

(Continued from page 5)

dresses and accessories which any modern girl would be glad to use. And because of their deep sympathy for the orphan and their love for her famous parents, they had been very generous in their selections. Doris taught Virginia how to "do" her hair in the most effective manner, too, and the result was a great change in her general appearance.

Both girls had difficulty repressing smiles when they met the others that morning. Little audible gasps escaped some of them. Even Clara and Wilma became more friendly before the day had passed. Before long, everyone in the school had accepted Virginia as an equal, although a few still maintained that she must be "a little queer."

VIRGINIA was an excellent student, and managed to complete her course in record time. Her zeal to return to India helped her to study hard. When the leaders of the class were announced, she was the valedictorian, and chosen to deliver the Commencement Day oration.

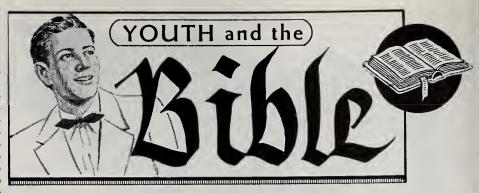
Instead of a formal oration, however, she chose to tell something of her life story, adding at the close: "And I am going back to India, as soon as I can get the training, to carry the Gospel of my Lord to those dear people among whom my parents worked and for whom they gave their lives." She turned to the school principal, adding, "I am happy to have had this opportunity to study here, and particularly glad to have known all the girls who were my classmates. But most of all I rejoice because one of my very dearest friends has decided to return with me to India in the Lord's service. With your permission, Professor Harris, I should like her to come to the platform."

The gray-haired principal nodded, and Doris joined her friend.

"I, too," she said, "have promised my Lord to go to India with Virginia and to give my life if need be in His glad service there."

It was a most unusual event on a Commencement program, but when the diplomas were awarded, applause greeted the two girls as they, together, went forward to receive theirs, and they knew of the deep appreciation of their friends for the decision they had made.

Several ladies, representing the missionary society of the town, came to the platform and presented to Virginia a small medal which their spokesman said she so richly deserved. Later, Virginia pinned the medal on Doris' dress, saying, "Doris, dear, it is you who deserve this, not I. For you are the one who gave me love and sympathetic understanding at a time when I needed them badly and when you had no more reason to show interest than any other girl in the school. You are a girl in a thousand, and I shall always thank God for such a friend.'



By Rev. M. G. McLuhan

HOME—A REFUGE FROM THE BUSY OUTSIDE WORLD

Y BOY AND GIRL at school, and at other places, are exposed to certain influences that I do not approve of. I know one place, however, where I can regulate influences. Yes, there is one place where I can, by the help of God, keep Satan's influence out. That is my home. Some precious people after dohome. Some precious people, after doing the best they knew, still have unsaved sons and daughters. I am not saved some and the casting off on them. However, I know some parents who say, "Please pray for my boy. He has never been saved." Then I have gone into these homes during evangelistic meetings and stayed in that boy's room. I've seen the kind of literature that those parents have allowed that fellow to read, and I understand why he never accepted Christ. The parents had refused to take the responsibility to regulate the

They shunned the responsibility of regulating the intellectual, and moral culture of their household. Let me tell you something, young man and wom-an, unless you are ready to take seriously to heart the responsibility of being a monitor of literature, a monitor of radio programs, television programs, and a lot of other things in your home, you will fail in parenthood. You must be ready to say, "Son, I don't want you to be reading that kind of trash, because it has a bad influence upon you. I have something here that is much better to read." Refrain from letting your instructions be "don't, don't," but let them be "do, do." Don't just say, "You can't read that," and then fail to provide any good kind of reading material to replace the forbidden kind. Say, "Here, Son, let me throw that book in the fire and give you this good one."

If a wealthy man gave each one of us a gold plaque, and said, "I want each of you to engrave on this some statement that will best reflect your character"; you would be very careful and do much thinking before you per-"I want mitted anyone to start carving on that the exact words you wanted to reflect your character. When God gave you your son or daughter, He gave you such a gold plaque and said, "Now write on this young heart your own character." Friend, the sacred convictions of tions of thy soul can be carved there only with the chisel of Christian example! What are you going to write,

young person, on the living epistles that God allows to be born in that dream home? Are you going to shut the world and the devil out and make that home a hallowed refuge from the grasping fingers of evil?

The biggest fool on earth is the man who makes his home a refuge for evil. It is moral insanity to go behind the walls of home and there let down all moral barriers, and cast away all selfrespect. You should say of your home, respect. You should say of your nome, "This is where we live, but it is the temple of the Lord; it is God's house." There is a lot of difference between the man who says, "Well, Son, you are not at church now; you're at home, so do as you please," and the father who says, "Son, this is God's house, and nothing obscene or filthy shall enter these portals." If there is shall enter these portals." If there is any place in all the world that you ought to do what God wants you to do it is in your home.

HOME—BIRTHPLACE OF LOFTY CONVICTIONS

IN THE HOME the words, "convictions," "truth," "love," "worship," "respect," "faith," and "tolerance," will be given their true meaning. Talk to a young person about any of these and his mind will go back to the conceptions received at home. Tell your boy he must plant wild oats, and doubtless you will be around to help him reap them when your hair is gray. No young person has to sow wild oats, because when the Lord comes into one's life He plants the beautiful fruit of the Spirit there. What are you ready to do about planting the basic convictions of lofty, holy living in the soul of your son or daughter? Remember that creeds, doctrines, and dogmas are what people fight over, but convictions are what people live by and die for. You plant basic convictions in the heart of your boy or girl, and they will live and die for them. And you, father and mother, will have a smile on your face, and will go down to the grave with a song on your lips if Jesus tarries, because you will be perpetuated in another home that not only carried your name,

but also your Christian convictions.

The reason why love is a foreign thing in many homes is because those who dwell in them never learned the lesson of true love from their parents. I remember a boy that gave trouble in Bible School one time. I called him into the office for a few minutes of counselling, but I could not make

any progress for some time. Finally I asked him a few questions about his home. His eyes filled with tears, and I knew I had touched the tender spot. He broke down and with tears con-fessed to me that his problem was jealousy and frustration. He said that he was troubled and envious of other young folk who talked of the loving atmosphere in their homes. He said, "I never heard my father or my mother ever tell one another that they loved each other. I have never had a kiss from my father in my life, and I envy those who had loving fathers." I felt great pity for the poor boy and put my arms around him and told him that I loved him. He wept for a long time, and he gave us no more trouble. Will your boy be like this lad?

The greater percentage of those who know the Lord today got their first impulse toward Christianity at home. I do some singing for the glory of God and I believe it is because the first songs these lips ever sang were Christian songs. I praise God for Christian parents,

and a godly Grandfather. He was a saintly old man, with a long, square-cut white beard and a six-foot straight-as-a-stick body. He taught me my first songs. He was a man who when only sixteen years of age had given his heart to Christ, and who had never touched liquor or to-

bacco, or abused himself with sin from that day until his death at the age of eighty-seven. He had a great effect upon my life, and taught me my earliest Christian concepts and my parents continued the in-fluence for good until I

was grown. On the morning of the day of his death in 1928 he

got up as usual, but he said

got up as usual, but he said to my mother, "Today is my last day on earth. Go get my son and bring him in." My father came in from the field, and my grandfather said to him, "Son, this is my last day with you. The Lord appeared to me last night, and showed me the hanging grapes in

and showed me the hanging grapes in the garden of God. He told me that He was coming for me today, so you had better get a lawyer and I will make out my will." My father became excited and got a doctor. The doctor said, "There is nothing wrong with him except that old body has worn out,—he will die today." The will was made out, and at nine o'clock that made out, and at nine o'clock that night he crossed the Great Divide as beautifully and as quickly and as quietly as the morning comes when the night is done. There was a smile on his countenance that the undertaker did not have to make, as he lay in his coffin. His last prayer was that my father's family would be saved. His prayer was answered and every one of us knows God. I know

that I was won through a Church of God preacher, but there was a prayer that caused God's Spirit to touch this boy's heart that night. It was uttered by lips that lie silent in the grave, but it was prompted by a great victorious soul that sits today among the "cloud of witnesses." Yes, friend, your children will be the kind of Christians that they learn to be at home.

HOME—AND YOUR COMPANION

THE CHOICE of a companion is of utmost importance. People are the material from homes are built. I wish to mention a few qualifications that should govern your choice. The first thing to look for is Christian character. Christian character is something that is taught by men and implanted by God. It is a beste requirement in the one that a basic requirement in the one you plan to live with the rest of your

FORMULA FOR MAKING A HOME

By M. G. McLuhan

Take one young man, and one young woman, who are truly in love;

Mix with these an ample portion of mutual understanding and humility.

Add to this a full measure of patience, thoughtfulness, and kindness

Plus two heaping hearts full of Christianity,—full strength.

Stir in one measure of logic, two of charity, and three of cheerfulness.

Leaven it with deep conviction, and a purpose in life. Flavor it with at least one good laugh every day. Let it set in the warm atmosphere of the family altar

until heated through and through. Knead it well on the table of co-operation, and Put it to rise where it has room to expand.

Bake well in the oven of any dwelling with four walls or more,

Sprinkling it betimes with the seeds of adversity. The aroma of it baking will perfume the communi-

And everyone will want the recipe, When they see the golden product.

> days. You cannot build a house of gold out of a wheelbarrow full of mud. Character is revealed only by a life that reveals true Christian convic-

After you have started your quest for a companion with character and conviction, look also for behavior. See how he or she behaves in the presence of various types of people, and when you two are alone on a date. Love does not need to be blind. Choosing a life companion is not a game of blind man's buff. Somebody said, "Love is buff. Somebody said, "Love is a life of the same o blind, but marriage is an eye-opener." In a sense this may be true, but Christian love need not be blind. Some think it is a shame to preach these things from Christian pulpits, but it is not. It was not Satan who sa d, a man leave his father and his mother —and love his wife as he loves his

own body."

I am interested in seeing young people in the Church fall in love with other young people in the Church, and marry young people in the Church, and set up Christian homes in the Church. I don't care who knows this either.

After you get through looking for character, behavior, temperment, and self-control, it will be time enough to look for talent and beauty. If you are looking for beauty and natural adorn-ment remember that God says true beauty is the adorning of the heart. True beauty is the kind that is eternal—the spiritual kind.

It is well to look into the back-ground of your would-be-companion. Many married persons today would be much better off had they looked into their sweetheart's past instead of in-

to their eyes. You had better be very sure that the person you are going with is really saved and living right, especially if he comes from a home that is full of ungodly practices. I know one fellow who came from such a home as that. He came to church, and to all appearances he was saved and had the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I actually be-lieve he did, but he was weak, and he had no background. He had only been saved a couple of weeks when one of the girls in the church fell heels over head in love with him and married him. Today she is living with her third hus-band, and he is living with his second wife.

He backslid and went back to his riotous life and took her with him. girl did not wait long enough to see if he would stand. She was in her teens and had plenty of time, but she became so infatuated with that handsome fellow, and in such a rush to marry him that she didn't take time to look into his heart. As a result she th**re**w her life away.

COURTSHIP AND THE HOME

THE WAY a young person behaves during courtship has more to do with a successful life than many think. If you want your com-panion to trust you after marriage, prove yourself trustworthy during courtship. Be a Christian gentleman and a Christian lady during your courtship, and you will have nothing to regret after you are married. Anyone who is incapable of moral self-control during courtship will be incapable of moral trustworthiness after marriage. Girls who have no more self-respect than to allow every Tom, Dick, and Harry to paw them over every time they go on a date, should also remember that much-handled articles are offered at sale prices everywhere.

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SEEMS STRANGE that you can know a verse of Scripture almost all your life and you don't even think about it until something happens that gives it meaning in your own life. That's what happened to me. When the verse was applied it changed everything for me.

I had been a Christian for two years but not a very good one. I had trouble deciding what was right and what was wrong for a Christian to do. I needed a job to pay for my clothes and school supplies. One of the girls at school was working at the theater but was quitting in a week or two. She said if I would apply she was sure I could have her place. I stopped going to shows when I became a Christian but not so much because of conviction as lack of interest. On the other hand this job would be easy and would give me the money I needed to finish school. I searched all over town but there just wasn't anything else open to me. My folks were not Christians and didn't take my stand too seriously although they didn't criticize me. They both thought I should take the job while my Christian friends insisted

The story of a strange but wonderful visit to . . .

Attic Room

By DELNORA M. ERICKSON

that it would ruin my testimony and make it harder than ever to reach my folks. There I was between the two and couldn't make up my mind.

BEFORE I GO any further I must tell you about the Nelsons. Amy Nelson was my best friend. There was something different about the whole family. They didn't have much money but they were the happiest family I have ever known. The kids didn't quarrel like lots of kids do. Oh they had their differences but at Oh, they had their differences but at times like that Mother Nelson would

say quietly,
"Have you prayed about it?" Then either the matter would be dropped or the two who disagreed would disappear and when they came back into the room there would be no trouble between them. This always intrigued me. At home we usually fought it out until Mother would lose her patience and punish us both. But that wasn't the only thing different about the Nelsons.

They had a room in their attic that had a special meaning to all of them. Sometimes I would call for Amy and

her Mother would say,
"Amy will be down soon." And I
would have to wait until Amy appeared. None of them were ever called from that attic room. Even if the telephone rang it was the same way. Whoever answered would take the number and the one wanted would call later. There were five children in the Nelson family. Two boys older than Amy and two girls younger. During the months that Mr. Nelson was out of work Amy's mother spent a lot of time in that attic room. She always came down-stairs with her eyes shining and a smile on her face.

There was the time Joey was sick in the hospital and they weren't sure he would live. During those days the attic room was occupied most of the time by someone in the family. Joey got better and Mrs. Nelson testified in church about how wonderfully God answered prayer. I had never seen the room in the attic and had no idea what was in it but I connected it with the peace that always seemed to be in the Nelson home.

YOU'RE WONDERING what all this has to do with my prob-



lem. Well, as I said, Amy was my best friend. She knew how badly I wanted a job. Whenever I mentioned taking the one at the theater she would shake her head but wouldn't say anything. I had a week to decide. Before I came to any decision the week was up.

It was Saturday morning. I left the house early. As I went out the door Mother called to me.

"Do you start working tonight,

"No, tomorrow night," I answered, as I went down the steps. That seemed to be the answer. Mother expected me to take the job. Things were not going too well for us at home. The folks were not able to help with my school expenses. Graduation in the spring would bring a flock of new needs. My mind was in a turmoil as I walked down the street. I walked toward the theater, half decided to tell the manager that I was accepting the job. On the way I passed the Nelson house and decided to stop and have Amy walk down with me. She was alone when I got there.
"Have you decided yet?" she asked,

without giving me a chance to say

why I had come.

"I'm going to take the job," I told her unhappily. "There doesn't seem to be any choice. I've looked everywhere and it's the only work I could find."

"Wait," she said as if she had a sudden inspiration. "There's the attic room. The folks are gone for the day. No one will mind. Why don't you go up there first? Then if you still want to go I'll walk down town with you." I looked at her puzzled, not quite understanding what the attic room had to do with my problem.

"It's right at the top of the stairs," she said, pointing to the stairway. "You just shut the door and no one will bother you." Still a little puzzled I did as she told me. When I reached the top of the stairs I found the door to the little room open as if inviting company. Gingerly I stepped across the threshold and looked around. There was a tiny window open and a curtain blowing in the breeze. The only furniture was a table and straight chair. On the table lay a large open Bible. I sat down and buried my face in my arms on the open Book while many conflicting thoughts went

through my mind.

After a while I sat up and started reading the open page. These words seemed to stand out from the others, "Ask and it shall be given." I knew what I had to do. Slowly I got up and breat by the chair and began to fell knelt by the chair and began to tell God about my problem. It wasn't long until I had forgotten about the job until I had forgotten about the job and was asking that my folks would be saved and our home become a Christian home. When I finished God began talking to me. The whole picture came into focus as it hadn't been before. I had been thinking of the problem only in relation to myself. Now I saw it in relation to God and those who were watching my walk as a Christian a Christian.

A LONG TIME passed before I got up from my knees. It was the longest I had ever prayed in my life. A strange feeling, a peace filled my heart. I left the door ajar as I went down stairs. Amy met me at the foot, her eyes questioning.

"I'm not going down town," I told her, "thank you for your room. I know now why Jesus said, 'But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Amy nodded her

head in agreement.

"I know," she said, "it's easier to pray when you are all alone. Are you giving up the job?"

"It doesn't seem important any more," I said. Just then the telephone rang and when Amy answered it she said it was for me. It was my mother on the line.

"We've been trying to find you," she

said. "Mr. Ames, your school principal called and said he had a job for you in his office. He wants you to come right over. It sounds like a better job than the other one." I let Mom go on talking. The words just wouldn't come.

(Continued on page 25)



"Horror rode on one shoulder, terror gripped the other." But, that was the night Grandfather discovered . . .

Light in the Darkness

By ENOLA CHAMBERLIN

REG THREW the kitchen door open, dashed in and banged it shut behind him. Blinking in the light he shuddered.
"My, but it's dark outside," he said.
George Watson, his grandfather, smiled. "Scared a bit,
Greg?" he asked.

Greg grinned sheepishly. "Well—" he began.

His grandfather gave him a comradely slap on the

shoulder.
"Nothing to be ashamed of," he said. "Seen the time in my life when I was so scared of the dark I'd have died almost rather than go out and fasten the chicken house door like you just did."

Greg's mouth flew open. "You scared? Why, you're the

Greg's mouth flew open. "You scared? Why, you're the bravest man anywhere. Everyone knows that."

Grandfather shook his head. "Not brave, Greg, just not afraid any more. I found out long ago that there is a great light in the dark. I found out that God is beside me all the time, and that the dark holds nothing to fear because He is there in it, a part of it, surrounding me always."

"How did you find out about the light, about God, for sure, I mean?" Greg asked.

Grandfather got that gleam in his eyes which meant he was looking within himself and back, back through the years.

years.

"As far back as I can remember," he said, "I knew fear of the dark like a hand at my throat, a knot in my stomach, a weakness of water in my knees." He paused, turned to Greg. "I had no excuse like you have. You have always lived in a city where nights are almost as light as day," he said. "Coming to this South Dakota farm you have seen absolute darkness out of doors for perhaps the first time in your life. Just the strangeness of it could easily frighten you."

HE RETREATED back within himself again.
"In my childhood," he continued, "day brought light, night brought dark. Kerosene lamps didn't light the inside of bouses were well. They left the cutoide bathed in attempts. of houses very well. They left the outside bathed in utter blackness. And, although I was used to this darkness, never had known anything else, it continued to blast me with terror.'

Greg leaned forward, his eyes glued to his grandfather's

face.
"And how did you come not to be afraid, Grandpa?" he

whispered.

Grandfather chuckled. "I didn't come not to be afraid all by myself," he said. "It took a great deal of doing by my father to accomplish that. At first, other than telling me that God had me in His care at all times, so that I had no cause for my fear, my parents ignored my fearfulness. They expected that I would outgrow it. They hoped that, hearing my father's prayers morning, noon and night, that I would come to feel an assurance of protection and lose my fear. But my fear grew as I grew."

"Were you still afraid when you were as big as I am?" Greg asked.

Greg asked.

Grandfather measured him with his eyes. "Yes, I was bigger," he said, "not much older, perhaps, but bigger. My mother began coming to my bedside at night and telling me how God watched over me even in the darkest dark. She told me to say, 'God watches over me' over and over when I was out in the dark. I said that many times; it

did not help. By the time I reached my eleventh year my life had become one long agony. I went all day in dread because I knew night had to come. I couldn't even enjoy the light because of the dark that would come with the setting of the sun."

Greg sighed, "I'm not that bad," he said.

ABOUT THIS TIME," Grandfather continued, "my father decided that something had to be done. We were living in the desert part of Southern California then. Most of the land lay as it had lain for ages, covered with mesquite and salt brush thickets. Our nearest town lay two and one-half brush-covered miles away. Not one house or one light broke the desolation between us and it. The road, a dirt track, wound in and out among the mesquite thickets. That ride frightened me even when my parents were with me.

"One dark night when the wind howled and tore at the house, my father held an empty medicine bottle before me. 'George,' he said, 'I forgot to get any heart medicine. I feel as if I will need it before morning. Will you ride into town and get some for me?' My own heart hammered. My breath caught I had seen my father have mered. My breath caught. I had seen my father have heart attacks before he got this special medicine. I always feared he was going to die. I had to get him the medicine. The fear that he might die was stronger at the instant than my fear of the dark."

Greg reached over and laid his hand on his grandfa-

ther's arm.

"Father went with me while I saddled my horse," the old man went on. "As I was starting he put his hand on mine. 'George,' he said, 'remember, God is right with you, watching over you all the time.' I couldn't say anything. God, or any source of help, was a long way off in that darkness.

"Need I tell of that ride? Horror rode on one shoulder, terror gripped the other. Every bush menaced me. My pony's feet fell noiselessly in the soft earth but the wind brought strange terrifying sounds. I ached to hurry forward, dreading the dark which pressed on my back. I wanted to hold back, fearing the darkness ahead. I tried to pray. The words stuck in my throat; the thoughts re-

to pray. The words stuck in my times, the thoughts fused to form in my mind.

"Two and one-half miles is a long way when you ride a horse with fear riding you. Time enough went by, it seemed, for the night to be day before weak glimmerings of the lights of town cheered me with their nearness. I threw my horse into a hard gallop, bringing him to a stop in front of the doctor's home. I slid to the ground, breathing heavily shaking like the wind-whipped trees. I held in front of the doctor's home. I slid to the ground, breathing heavily, shaking like the wind-whipped trees. I held to the saddle, letting strength flow back into my legs. It was then that I heard another horse. My father rode up and dismounted beside me. He had followed me all the way! He laid a hand on my shoulder. 'If I can follow you, guard you,' he said, 'and you never know it, do you not think your Heavenly Father can do the same?' I must have smiled because there was a smile in my heart. A load slipped from my mind a great light broke in my soul and

nave smiled because there was a smile in my heart. A load slipped from my mind, a great light broke in my soul and illumined the night. "Thank you, Father,' I said."

Grandfather looked fixedly at Greg. "I have been in darkness which actually hid danger many times, but I have never known fear since that wonderful night."

Greg sighed. "Thank you, Grandpa," he said. "You have made the dark seem different—not dark at all, anymore. I don't think I will ever be afraid again either." I don't think I will ever be afraid again either.

January, 1954 Page 13 HE GLORIOUSLY-ARRANGED words of this Scripture came to me recently on wings of inspiration and have troubled me considerably. For days now I have been pleasantly disturbed with this text, and, after earnest supplication, have decided to scribble my few scattered thoughts concerning it. I do not recall having read a sermon anywhere on this theme and have wondered why such thought-provoking words should be so coldly ignored. It has been my God-given privilege to hear hundreds of preachers but to my amazement, never has this text been used in my hearing. So, with reverential awe, let us kneel together before the Author of all things, and entreat the Holy Spirit to guide us thoughtfully through the many and varied truths beautifully concealed in the depth of this text.

The careful reader of the context will note that a miracle of miracles has just been performed. A multitude has pressed Jesus—some to be healed, some to worship, some to adore, some out of curiosity, some to criticize, some to be fed, and some to ridicule. What an assemblage! But have we not all these types in our congregations today? They had followed Him into a desert place and had become so engrossed in His mighty teaching that they had forgotten to eat, and, in fact, in their haste to follow this Jesus they had forgotten to take provisions with them. While the Son of God taught and unfolded to them the eternal verities, hours passed, so that when they looked about them in bewilderment as they watched the setting sun give the earth its colorful "goodnight" kiss, sink behind the horizon, drawing the shades for the tired world to slumber.

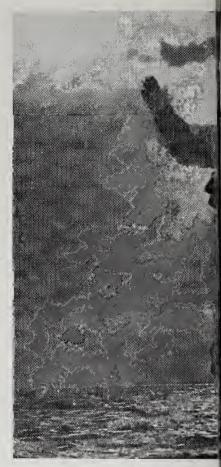
Look at them! Five thousand hungry men, several thousand worried women and crying children, a few frightened disciples, and—JESUS! Twilight of evening, the day past, the village stores closed and no food! The troubled disciples, sensing the predicament of the restless mob, ran to Jesus and said, "This is a desert place, and the time is now past; send the multitude away, that they may go into the villages and buy themselves victuals." Even the disciples failed to discern that they were in the presence of the Multiplier of Bread. From His creative hand came every grain of wheat, every stalk of corn, and every loaf of bread. He is the Supplier of food for the world's table! To Him be the praise, the honor, and the glory forever. Amen.

Jesus, perceiving the crowd's help-lessness and the disciples' anxiety, said, "They need not depart; give ye them to eat." Still ignorant of the Master's power, the disciples retorted, "We have here but five loaves and two fishes." As if to say, "What can you do with that? Five loaves and two fishes would only tease the hunger of such an innumerable host!" But Jesus ordered the crowd to sit down on the grass; then He took the food, "and looking up to heaven, He blessed, and brake" and all were fed, with twelve baskets of the fragments remaining.

Oh, the abundance of His blessings!

Christ, being the Son of man, is tired from the day's fatiguing toils. The Word states that straightway following the feeding of the multitude, He "constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and to go before Him unto the other side, while He sent the multitude away. And when He had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray: and when the evening was come, He was there alone. But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary. And IN THE FOURTH WATCH of the night, Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea. And when the disciples saw Him walking on the sea, they were trou-bled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear. But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; IT IS I; be not afraid! And Peter answered Him and said, Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water. And He said, Come, And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus. But when he saw the WIND BOISTEROUS, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord save me. And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased. Then they that were in the ship came, and worshipped Him, saying, Of a truth thou art the Son of God."

I TURN to the text and notice the events that transpired immediately following the resounding



"And in the fourth watch of the night J

PATHWAY PULPIT

The Fourth Wate

miracle. The Word informs us that Jesus constrained His disciples to go to the other side of Gennesaret, so they went aboard the little vessel and pushed off for the other shore. They hadn't gone far when they were caught in a squall that blew up suddenly and threatened their lives.

Can't you imagine somehow the spring in the heel of the disciples as they boarded that little bark? Why, they had just been in the presence of the Master Himself, and had witnessed the miracle-wreaking power of God! What privileged characters they were! With what courage must they have pushed off from the shore, defying winds and waves and all elemental opposition. They were driven by the impetus that accompanies success. They had just come from a camp meeting where thousands of people had witnessed the miraculous power of God, and possibly all had cried in

unison, "The Lord, He is God!" They were on the "winning side" now! The foes of righteousness would not dare raise their hellish voices they thought. The imps had all scampered back to their infernal abode and had given up their struggle. But notice, mortal, right on the heels of a glorious revelation came the darkness of a stormy night. From the ecstasy of an enraptured assemblage they came into the stormy sea of trial! From the company of thousands of believers they came to the loneliness of a night struggle in the deep! From an army of sympathizers they are commanded by the Master to walk alone!

Oh, how suggestive of life's inexplicable events and unanswerable questions is this happening! For where is the believer who has not had the severest test of his faith immediately following a mighty miracle? Where is the preacher who has not been sorely



them, walking on the sea,"
——Matthew 14:25.

walked this "straight and narrow path" have learned that harassing experiences come early in this new life. Just as the babe in the natural world is amazed and frightened as its little eyes meet with strange and bewitching objects, so the babe in Christ will cry out in bewilderment at the mysterious sights along the road to the Celestial City. Unfriendly eyes will stare out at you from the world's thickets along the way. Deceptive sounds will attempt to draw your unwary feet aside. False lights will dazzle the eye and hellish powers will tug at the heart.

Samson was a YOUNG man when the lion pounced upon him with all its force. He had his mind on love—rather than fighting. But the Spirit of the Lord came upon him, and he rent the lion in twain and went his way rejoicing. So, young pilgrim, your feet may not know the way they are traveling, your legs are not strong for they have not run this "race" long, and your wandering eyes may meet with many discouraging sights, but take courage, sojourner, He has not left us comfortless. He has promised to go with us "all the way, even to the end of the world." When the lion of hell gives his blood-curdling roar from the world's den of iniquity, let not your heart be troubled, for there is One near who has never lost a battle. He is the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, and the lion of hell trembles at the mentioning of His name, for in every skirmish, Judah's lion has been more than conqueror and has sent Satan back to his pit, licking his wounds in defeat. As you stand on the threshold of a new day or a New Year, take no

soul has mustered the faith to reach up and touch the hem of His garment for their own healing, notice where the preachers run to after the service. To a mountain apart from the multitude to pray? Ah, no, more likely to some newspaper office, hoping for a headline, or to some radio station to send broadcast their own name, usurping the glory that belongs to God, and capitalizing on someone else's faith!

Rather than raising our voices in self-aggrandizement, and of yelling, "Come, see what I am doing. See what is going on at my church," we should steal quietly away to some place of secret communion, and bow our unworthy heads before His pierced feet, thanking Him for deigning to smile upon our little band of saints with the miraculous touch of healing. Oh, how anxious we are to take credit for the victories won, and yet how ready to blame others for the defeats and failures. If someone gets healed, we boast of our faith; if they remain afflicted, we accuse them of doubting. Need I say more?

Let's glance again at the text and observe the fact that Jesus constrained His disciples to get into a ship and to go before Him to the other side. The key-word to understanding this passage is the word "constrained." Look long at it. He urged them to. He forced them to leave. He absolutely sent them away. It was His own blessed will that they go without HIM to sea. "But," one expostulates, "there is trouble in the sea. They are going into imminent peril. Anything can happen when one is at sea. Can it be that Christ did not care for them?" To say that Christ did not know the squall would blow up and that contrary winds would rock their little craft until it nearly capsized would be to divest Him of Omniscience. Being God, He knew before the first disciple's foot touched the gangplank that Gennesaret would become unruly sometime in the night—yea, in the fourth watch. And, knowing the trial of faith the disciples were to undergo, He stood there compelling them to leave; He watched them push off from the shore; and then turned His back on them and walked toward the crowd, as though He cared not for the lives of His trusting disciples. It all appears heartless, doesn't it?

But look at your predicament, discouraged one! Are you not on the wild sea of life's trouble? Is your little vessel not cast about by angry waves of trial, and contrary winds of disaster? And are you not God's child? Has He not led you there? Have you not been following Him in days past as best you could? If so, why should things happen as they do? Hear it and rejoice, dismayed one, God knows your whereabouts. He Who has numbered the very hairs of your head, numbered your steps, counted your sorrows, taken cognizance of your deeds, heard your groans, bottled your tears, fellowshipped your sufferings, and listened intently to your mournful wailings and earnest supplications. He has witnessed from yonder's mountaintop

(Continued on page 26)

of the Night

By JOSEPH L. MILLIGAN North Alabama Youth Director



tried just after his greatest achievement? One of the most dangerous and most difficult adjustments a saint has to make is the settling down from camp meeting to the local church's prayer meeting. For who wants to be burdened and yoked to the church's plow again, when he has been running free from duty for a brief spell?

LET THE YOUNG convert beware of sudden attacks of the powers of darkness. Satan doesn't surrender as easily as one might think. He just doesn't move out of the house and sweetly surrender to its new occupant without conflict. All who have

thought what you would do in the time of temptation; simply throw yourself upon His strong arm and trust His grace to sustain you.

IT IS THE OPINION of the writer that there is much to be learned from observing the movements of the Master after the miracle. Notice carefully the fact that after He had sent the multitude away, "He went up into a mountain apart to pray; and when the evening was come, he was there alone." How different from the actions of some to whom God has granted a portion of success. When, in their services, some

January, 1954

HAPPY HOME CIRCLE



Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON



APPY NEW YEAR to the readers of The LIGHTED PATH-WAY. God bless you. I am sure you are happy that God has spared you through the old year and that you are permitted to look out into the new.

I have enjoyed working for God through another year. I want to thank my friends for the wonderful letters I have received. It makes me very hapby to know I have been bringing com-fort to you through my pages. If I have failed to answer your letters, I should like to ask you to forgive me. Since I have no secretary now it is very hard for me to keep up my correspondence.

I wonder just what you really desire more than anything else for the com-ing year. Well, someone says, "I should like to make lots of money. I should like to have a new home. I should like to have plenty of beautiful new clothes." Well, I might mention many things people want, but I am going to reveal to you what my desire is for the coming year by the poem which follows.

Perhaps as you glance at this page you will at the first thought, decide that this is not appropriate for a circle page, but let's think it over. What could be greater than to have a desire to be like my Lord in the home? What would be greater for the home than a desire like this? The home is the place where lives are tested more than any other place.

We hope the thoughts presented in our poem page will bring to our minds each day of the New Year our duty to our home, our neighbor and our brothers and sisters in the church, for the world is a sad world and everyone is in need of loving friends to help him over the rough places in life.

MY DESIRE

It's my desire to do some good thing every day, It's my desire to help the fallen by the

It's my desire to bring back those who've gone astray
It's my desire to be like the Lord.

It's my desire to bring some wand'rer to the fold,

It's my desire to shelter someone from

the cold. It's my desire to do Thy will as I am told. It's my desire to be like my Lord.

It's my desire to teach some sinner how to pray, It's my desire to help some trav'ler

find the way

It's my desire to lift up Jesus every day,

It's my desire to be like the Lord. It's my desire to see His face when life is done It's my desire to meet the Father and

the Son,
It's my desire to hear Him say my
child well done,

It's my desire to be like my Lord.

Is this your desire? If it is and you will yield to God's will for your life, you will have a happy, useful life for the year 1954. There is nothing that will bring happiness as quickly and as surely as thinking and doing for others. The world is full of suffering and loneliness, and the greatest need is in doing what we can for those about us. You may do this by giving a kind

word or a smile to that troubled soul you meet along life's way. God can speak through us to others if we allow Him.

WHO IS MY BROTHER? By Susan Rapalie Read

Who is my brother, Lord, whom I must help this day? Will he a stranger be, or one I know?

Where shall I seek and find him in life's crowded way?

How know his need as we pass to and fro?

Open my eyes, dear Lord, that I may rightly see

And understand. Help me to hear Thy call,

Touch me, as I touch him who calls and waits for me,

And give me strength to help him, lest he fall.

Master, Thou knowest my brother in this hour,

And all his need. If he be far away, Use then my gifts within Thy hand, and give them power

To answer full the one for whom I pray.

—Selected

Often we selfishly lose sight of our fellow man by getting our minds on self, thereby losing the victory in our souls. Then we wonder why. It takes sharing with others to feed our own souls and if we fail in this point we are missing something in our own experience for:

SHARING WITH OTHERS

The faad that I share with athers Is the faad that naurishes me. The strength that I spent far athers Is the strength that I retain. The freedam I seek far athers Makes me farever free, The pain that I ease in athers Shall take away my pain. The laad that I lift fram athers Makes my laad disappear. The good that I see in athers My greatest gaad shall be. The lave that I feel for athers Cames back my life to cheer. The path that I walk with athers Is the path Gad walks with me.

-By Grace Hill Freeman

INTO THE NEW YEAR

Let us walk softly, friend; For strange paths lie before us, all untrod; The new year, spotless, from the hand of God

Is thine and mine, O friend.

Let us walk straightly, friend; Forget the crooked paths behind us

non Press on with steadier purpose on our brow,

To better deeds, O friend.

Let us walk quickly, friend; Work with our might, while lasts our little day, And help some halting comrade on

the way, And may God guide us, friend.

-L. Grav

WHAT I WILL DO

I will start anew this morning With a higher fairer creed: I will cease to stand complaining Of my ruthless neighbor's greed; I will cease to sit repining

While my duty's call is clear; I will waste no moments whining And my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me For the things that merit praise:

I will search for hidden beauties That elude the grumbler's gaze;

I will try to find contentment In the paths that I must tread;

I will cease to have resentment When another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy When my rival's strength is shown

I will not deny his merit But will strive to prove my own.

I will try to see the beauty

Spread before me, rain or shine; I will cease to preach your duty And be more concerned with mine.

-Selected.

... Helps for the Tempted and Tried ...

Our Father, we have passed the threshold of another year. We acknowledge that we have fallen short of the goal we set at the beginning of the year 1953. Help us to profit by the mistakes of the past and press toward the mark of our high calling in Christ Jesus in 1954. Thou hast been so patient and longsuffering with us for which we thank thee. Give us grace for every need and power, wisdom and willingness to do the work Thou hast mapped out for us in the coming year. Amen.

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON

NOTE

This month we are giving you one of the fifty chapters of "Youth ot the Crossroads." If you enjoy this one, there ore forty-nine chopters for you if you will order the book. Order from Aldo B. Horrison, Cleveland, Tennessee, or the Church of God Publishing House. Price, \$2.00.

Blessings in Disguise

FEW DAYS AGO we noticed a pigeon nestling close to the screen on one of our windows. It was holding on tenaciously. I looked outside and saw a cat. The pigeon soon fell to the ground and the cat was just about to devour it when I interfered and rescued the poor little creature. I went into the basement and found a box and gave it to the pigeon for a home for a while to shield it from the nome for a while to shield it from the danger, but the pigeon did not appreciate it. It tried every way to escape. As I noticed it, I thought how much we are like the pigeon. When God is doing His best for us, many times we are rebellious and try to escape from the environment in which God has placed us God has placed us.

God may have to take you through some trying experience, to shield you from danger or to develop in you the fine qualities that He sees you need to

be a soul-winner for Him.

One night after I had decorated our home for Christmas, I turned off all the lights except the colored lights in the windows and on the Christmas tree. They were beautiful, and as I sat there all alone meditating, God spoke to my heart and showed me how often He must turn off the bright lights of this world and cause us, like the little pigeon, to go through things we do not understand, for the purpose of making the light of our lives more beautiful. And how often we fail to shine in these dark places because we do not understand God's way of working out His plan in our lives. I remember the time when it seemed that all the lights were turned off in my life, when the death angel came and took our little son away; but through this darkness, Jesus spoke to me, and a greater, more beautiful light than I had ever known before came into my life when, through this, He led me into the way of holiness.

KECENTLY we received a letter from a young mother in Kentucky. She said, "My heart is aching this cold morning sitting here at my window. Not far away on a gray hill is a fresh little mound covered with flowers." I shall give you only this much of her letter. This is enough to let you see that with her God has permitted the light to be turned off for a season, but He is only working out plans in that home for a greater light. God bless this little mother and strengthen her in this hour when the lights are low.

Two men were traveling together one day. This was their conversation: "That's the place right there," said

the man of sixty, pointing to a large building.

"You don't mean that whole block.

do you?" said his companion.
"Yes, it was all mine. I began in a small way. I worked hard and was successful. Hundreds of men were working two shifts. Orders were piling up. I was fast becoming a rich man. Then —well, overnight I was stripped of everything. It was like turning off the only light in a room on a dark stormy midnight. The storm was terrible—in my heart I mean." Then he paused.
"Too bad," the other man exclaimed.

"Too bad?" he repeated, turning to him sharply, with eyes glistening. "Say, I shall never quit thanking God for that experience."

"I don't understand," he said.

"I FORGOT MY LOSS-EVERY-THING. In the terrible darkness of that hour," he explained, "I saw a great light. In the storm I heard a sweet voice. The light took form; it was the Saviour. The Saviour was speaking to me—oh, so gently. He was so wonderful that I forgot my loss. For the moment I forgot everything. I hardly knew what He said to me, but I do know that I loved Him, and that my heart went out to Him in sur-render and devotion. Then the storm in my heart ceased. It was—I—I— really can't describe it."

Many times that white-haired man stood up in services, faced the people and said, "Friends, I thank God that He took everything I had, for then it was that I found Him, and He is better than all," His face would be wreathed in smiles, and tears glistening with glory would trickle down his cheeks.

Here is another illustration which shows us how God speaks when the lights of the world are turned low.

A cablegram from heaven, reported by Dr. W. J. Schieffelin at the Chicago National Congress, shows how a Calcutta merchant met a misfortune in his business. A secretary of a British missionary society called on the merchant to ask his help in the work. He drew a check for two hundred and fifty dollars and handed it to the visitor. At that moment a cablegram was brought in. He read it and looked troubled. "This cablegram," he said, "tells me that one of my ships has

been wrecked and the cargo lost. It makes a very large difference in my affairs. I will have to write you another check." The secretary understood perfectly and handed back the check for two hundred and fifty dollars. The checkbook was still open and the merchant wrote him another check and handed it over. He read it with amazement. It was a check for one thousand dollars. He said, "Haven't you made a mistake?" "No," said the merchant, "I haven't made a mistake." And then with tears in his eyes, he said, "That cablegram was a message from my Father in heaven. It read, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth.'"

IN LOOKING at the stars through a great telescope, it is necessary first to put out every light until you are left in total darkness. Every light sets the air in motion, dis-turbs the focus, and blurs the vision of the stars. How often our vision of God is blurred and dimmed by the flames of self-consciousness and sordidness that float around us! How many times we have to put out the light of self-seeking, earthly ambition, and false pride of position in order to look upward, and in the clear, still air know where God's lights are leading us and what God will have us to do.

Everyone who has heard the sacred hymn "In the Cross of Christ I Glory" loves it, and it adds to the beauty to learn about how it was written. Sir John Bowring, the noted naturalist, linguist, statesman, financier, was the author. This gifted man was at one time the governor of Hong Kong; it was he who invented the florin, a two-shilling piece greatly used in England. He could write in thirteen different languages and dialects. His education was of the right sort, for it led him to a deeper worship of the Crucified One.

One time when he was in the Orient. he was gazing at a tract of land which had been devastated by an earthquake. He noticed the tower of the church standing among the ruins, and on the top of the tower a cross. The sight of this prompted him to write the great hymn, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

As he gazed at the cross, he thought of the cross of Calvary, and he penned the lines which will be sung until the

end of time.

Some would try to do away with the cross, but it stands, and ever will stand, for without the cross there would be no crown. Without the cross there would be no glad resurrection morn.

The words of the hymn speak for themselves; the song is a benediction for all times, joy as well as sorrow.



CONSTANTINE THE GREAT By R. L. PLATT, M. A.

ONSTANTINE, Roman Emperor from 306 A.D. to 337 A.D., was born in Naissus in upper Moesia, a son of Constantine Chlorus and Heiena, and was after the death of his father at York, proclaimed Emperor by the legions of Gaul. He immediately took possession of Britain, Gaul, and Spain; and after a series of brilliant victories over Maxentius, ending with the bloody and decisive battle at the Milvian Bridge, just under the walls of Rome, he became Master of Italy and later the Roman Empire.

AFTER the death of Jesus Christ and His immediate followers, the Christians, due to extreme and cruel persecution, began to migrate to the various parts of the Roman world. Many of them settled in Italy and began to defy the pagan way of life. Because of their extreme desire to live for the Lord Jesus Christ, they were hunted and killed by the thousands. So thoroughly had they penetrated the Roman Empire that by the second century Tertullian wrote "We are of yesterday, yet we have filled your Empire, your cities, your towns, your islands, your tribes, your camps, castles, palaces, assemblies and senate." These Christians were fearless. They believed in the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ. They were so devoted to the cause that nothing could stop them. By the end of the imperial persecution in 313 A.D. Christians numbered about one-half of the population of the Roman Empire.

The great imperial persecution began with the Emperor Nero in the year 64 A.D. and terminated with the death of Dioclation in 313 A.D. So determined were the rulers of Rome to put down the Christian name they used all kinds of cruel and ruthless means to put to death and stamp out all those who believed on the Lord Jesus Christ. Chris-

tians were hunted in caves and forests. They were burned at the stake, thrown to wild beasts, and put to death by every torture cruelty could devise. It was a resolute, determined, systematic effort to abolish the Christian religion. Despite all of this the Christians continued to grow in number and to exert an influence over this pagan world.

It was at the battle of Milvian Bridge over the Tiber that Constantine claimed to have seen in the sky the motto, "Hoc Signo Vinces"—"By this sign thou shalt conquer." After the battle Constantine adopted this motto as the standard for his army. This incident, whether true or not, was the turning point in the history of the early church.

After gaining political control of Italy, Constantine issued his famous Edict of Toleration which officially put an end to the imperial persecutions. The Edict of Toleration granted not only free religious worship and recognition by the state, but also reparation of previously incurred losses. Banished men who worked on the galleys, or in the mines were recalled. Confiscated estates were restored to their Christian owners. A series of Edicts in 315-316, 319, 321 and 323 A.D. completed the revolution. Christians were granted new liberties. They could now hold offices in the state and in the military services. The Christian clergy was exempted from all municipal burdens. The slaves were set free, and Jews were forbidden to keep Christian slaves. The Edict of 321 ordered Sunday to be celebrated by the cessation of all work. When Constantine became master of the Empire these Edicts were extended to all parts of the Roman world, and the Roman Empire more and more assumed the aspects of a Christian state.

Soon after Christianity was recognized as the religion of the Roman Empire, a new capital was cho-(Continued on page 23)

REETINGS FROM THE beautiful land of Angola where we have all types of tropical fruits and animals and millions of souls to harvest for the Master!

We have done very little writing to the public since leaving the States in 1951 for several reasons, all of which are recorded in God's diary. I will not burden you with them now, but let it suffice to say that God has been very near us and given us grace for every need. In the long periods of waiting upon the moving of God to open closed doors we have been aware of your prayers. Even though we are still here only as tourists, we are trusting in One

I STARTED our first Bible school in Angola, Monday, October 25, with 14 students. It is an enjoyment to teach them because of their eagerness to learn. My prayer is that God will use me to inspire them to be mighty men of God. Native for the native is the only salvation of Angola. The missionary can do much in teaching and helping but we would never be able to cover this great territory alone. Too, only a small percentage of the natives speak Portuguese. They must have the explanations in their own tongue. Only the native can do that because the language is not even written. Those who are attending Bi-

institutions on the mission field, literary first and Bible second. It would be very difficult to teach Bible students without their first having the fundamentals of education. Too, when these students come to school many of them accept the Lord. That is when the majority, if not all, of those in Bible school now accepted the Lord. Others after finishing school return to their own homes and villages taking the salvation message with them. It is one of the best opportunities for spreading the gospel.

Brother Martins and Sister Stark are to be much appreciated for their sacrifices in establishing and contin-



A VISION

Becomes Reality in Angola

By T. D. MOONEYHAM, Missionary

who specializes in things thought impossible, and at His appointed time we will receive our residence permits unless He has other plans for us. Whatever He wills we will be some-where working in this vast vineyard of the Lord.

It has been a real pleasure to work with these precious people for the past 6 months, or since arriving from South Africa the latter part of April, 1953. Our days have been filled with manual as well as spiritual work. We have encountered many difficulties and disadvantages, but nevertheless, the boys' new dormitory and dining room for the Bible school are nearing completion. We have many other plans that we hope to see realized as soon as

weather conditions permit. It is through your sacrificial effort and financial support that we have been permitted to do what we have done. May God abundantly bless you. I have been a layman, and a pastor in the church for many years and I know how good our people are to give. I want you to feel and know that your efforts are not in vain. The Word is being preached and people are finding God. My heart thrills to read the glowing reports in the EVANGEL and Macedonian Call of how God is blessing the missionary program in the States. We are all laborers together with God and He gives the increase.

During the four years that the mission has been here it has seen a steady increase. Many of the converts are developing into stalwart Christians. It is wonderful to hear the testimonies to their own people. They do not only have the desire but put their desires into action. We have not given as much time to visitation and village work as I would like because of other essential work, but now that the rains have started we will have more of an opportunity. We had to make every minute count on the construction work while the sun was shining.

ble school have already gone to the regular literary school that Brother Martins began at the starting of the mission and have learned to read and write in Portuguese. Their learning will be in Portuguese but their preaching will be in their own lan-

guage.

Speaking of literary school, we now have 89 enrolled, 72 boys and 17 girls. They have all been busy this week planting corn and beans, their staple food, to help out with the great responsibility of feeding them. Incidentally, we don't plant our corn and beans with a tractor, nor even a horse and planter. Furthermore, we don't even use a plow. During the dry seaeven use a plow. During the dry season we clear out the jungle, matted vines, thorn trees and tall grass. When the rains start the boys and girls take their enchados, a sharp pointed hoe with a handle about 18 inches long, dig holes and put the seed in them without any more work except keep the bushes and grass cut while the corn and beans grow. It takes more energy, however, to do it than it does to write about it!

THE BIBLE SCHOOL students, all future Church of God ministers, are anxious to start out on their first preaching tour tomorrow, Saturday. That is, the first for some of them, others have already been going out on weekends. I am sending them out 2 by 2 and have outlined 10 villages within easy walking distance for regular weekly services. We are expecting great things from God. It all isn't as thrilling as the stories in many books for everyone does not run to you wanting to accept the Lord. Satan does not wish to take a back seat in the kingdom where he has reigned for so long, but little by little the Word of God is taking root. By your prayers and God's intervention we shall see a great in-gathering of souls.
School is one of the most important

uing the literary school because the greater part of financing the school came out of their own personal salaries. Many of the students wanted to come to school, but were not able to pay the one dollar per month for board. Most of them must board be-cause they come from distances too far to walk back and forth, and too, it is best to be in the mission surroundings, services, etc. Instead of refusing them, they let them come and pay their expenses themselves. They let them do odd jobs which were not essential but gave them the opportunity of going to school.

At present Sister Stark is on furlough as are also Brother and Sister Martins. Brother Martins' brother who has been appointed as teacher by the Mission Board is teaching in the school.

There are a great number of students here now who must receive financial aid to continue in school. Some of these are ministerial students. Until now there has been no regular monthly allotment coming in for this purpose. If some individual or church would like to take this as a special mission project for the year, I am confident God will bless your undertaking. We are in great need of \$50.00 per month for this purpose. If you cannot assume all the responsibility, whatever you send in to the Mission department designated for this purpose will be very much appreciated.

Angola is one of our newest mission fields and I am sure you will stand by us in getting firmly established. The Lord has helped us to get the station licensed even though there are many government requirements we must buildings, fulfill concerning proper

Several individuals and churches have already rallied to the need and we are hoping to hear from you in the near future. If you would like to have

(Continued on page 23)



In the focus of the spotlight this month appears Charles Rosson, from Flint, Michigan. Charles was born March 21, 1929, at Datto, Arkansas. In 1947 he graduated from Flint Central High School, after which he attended Lee College for two terms. While in Lee he acted in the Senior play, "Glorious Morning." During the term of 1948-49 he was the college class chaplain. He also won the Balfour medal for speech in a contest.

After graduation he entered the evangelistic field, working in Michigan, West Virginia, Ohio, and Illinois. In 1951 he went to Memphis, Tennessee, to assist Brother John Meares in new field work.

Charles married Priscilla Francis Teague of Kannapolis, North Carolina, November 15, 1952. We anticipate greater ministerial work from this young couple in the future.

The young lady chosen for the January spotlight is Mary Daniel Platt. Mary is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. A. N. Daniel of Sylacauga, Alabama. Her birthplace is Electic, Alabama. In 1940 Mary graduated from high school at Palmetto, Florida. She graduated from Lee College in 1948, and in 1953 received her B. A. degree from University of Chattanooga. She is now a teacher at Lee College. Mary married R. L. Platt of Palmetto, Florida, and the couple have two children; a daughter, Celia JeNeane, and a son, Ralph Maurice. At the early age of eight years, Mary gave her heart to the Lord and joined the Church of God. Since then she has served as Sunday School teacher, Y.P.E. leader, church planist, and also she has taught singing schools. Her past endeavors bespeaks of greater things in the future.

Let Us Meet the Challenge

By KATHERINE BEVIS

S WE ENTER into this New Year, 1954, not one of us can doubt that it holds a challenge for each of us.

Never have the peoples of the world needed understanding and cour-

age to meet the issues of life as we do today.

The problem we are facing today is not that we MUST meet this challenge, but HOW we meet it. It is not only a challenge, but a privilege to demonstrate to the world, that whatever the issue, however dark the storm clouds may be, or however heavy the load placed upon us, the battle can be won for we have the promise of the Master Weaver of our life, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end . . ."

Among those rugs that adorn our homes today are the Persian Rugs, known far and wide for their beauty. They are very expensive, probably more so than any other rug that can be bought. There IS a rea-

These rugs are made on a large frame that is stretched horizontal to the floor. On one side stand the weavers, and on the other side stands the master weaver. By the time the warp and the woof are finished and the rug takes shape, the workmen on the one side and the master weaver on the other cannot see each other.

However the rug is not finished yet, for the figures still must be woven into it. The beautiful colors and designs are yet to be added. In order to do this, each weaver is given a large needle. This needle is filled with a certain type or color of thread, while the master weaver on the other side has the designs laid out on the cloth, or he has them in mind.

It is the master weaver who directs the needles. Indicating the spot on the cloth, he calls out the name of the weaver who is to push through his needle, pulls the thread on through,

and pushes it back through the cloth at the proper place,

As his name is called, each weaver stands ready, and pulls back his needle when the time comes. He cannot see the design he is helping to make; therefore he must trust the master weaver that all is well, for on his side of the rug is a shapeless design of thread, but he is sure that on the other side a beautiful figure is grow-

In this making of Persian Rugs is a lesson of much worth for the Christian. As we enter this New Year, many things will happen to us that we cannot understand: The coming of sorrows, the loss of a loved one, perhaps just the commonplace things of lifethe "little foxes that would spoil the vine," things that we cannot understand, which would cause us to falter and doubt-yet if we will but trust that One on the other side of "the rug of life," THE MASTER WEAVER -all will be well.

By trusting Him and obeying Him unfalteringly, when this New Year comes to its close, the finished design for this period of our life will be a lovely one.

May we all have a HAPPY NEW YEAR with the MASTER WEAVER directing every step that we take.



YOUTH SEMINAR AT P. F. N. A.

By RAY H. HUGHES, General Sunday School and Youth Director

T EACH ANNUAL gathering of the Pentecostal Fellowship of North America the National Youth Leaders of the constituent organizations conduct a youth seminar. The purpose of these meetings is to better acquaint all youth workers with ways and means to make the youth organizations more effective.

The sixth annual convention of P. F. N. A. convened at Charlotte, North Carolina, October 27-29, 1953. On Monday night previous to the opening of the main convention the first session of the youth seminar opened with dinner at the Coach House. After a time of fellowship around the dinner table, Linn Springer, Publicity Director of the National Sunday School Department of the Assemblies of God, graced the meeting with a timely presentation on "Promotion and Publicity." She stressed that all promotion and publicity must be Christ-centered and have a spiritual goal. Else it would be worthless.

The program of the evening was concluded with a very informative and inspirational round-table discussion about "The Local Youth Service." This discussion was directed by Lewis J. Willis, Editor of The LIGHTED PATH-WAY. A representative from each cooperating organization participated in

this discussion.

DURING the following day each session was opened with a brief devotional period.

It was my privilege to address this group of workers on the subject of "Methods of Indoctrination."

I think that we Pentecostals are woefully lacking in the indoctrination of our young people.

Some of the methods of indoctrination presented were:

(1) Proper instruction of new con-

verts; putting the right literature into their hands (2) Bible-centered preaching from

pulpits

(3) Disseminate the doctrines of the church and the Bible through youth publications
(4) Scripture memorization

(5) Encouraging young people to take Bible study courses

(6) Doctrinal programs in the local youth service

(7) Co-ordination of Sunday School lessons with young people's programs,

A tape recording entitled "Rallies as Young People See Them" was present-ed, followed by a period of discussion including six phases of rallies. Threeminute talks were presented

A very informative lecture on "Youth Camps" was given by Lester Vollmer, National Youth Director of the Foursquare Gospel. This was one of the most thorough lectures on the subject I have had the privilege of hearing. Everyone was made to realize more clearly the value of youth camps.

J. C. Vivian, National Youth Director of the International Pentecostal Association, delivered a thought-provoking message on "Youth and Evan-

Dick Fulmer of the Assemblies of God Youth Department presented a very revealing survey which had been made among readers of the C. A. Her-ald. A short discussion on "Youth Publications" was enjoyed following this presentation.

To bring this full program to a close, each national leader presented some idea which he felt to be beneficial. Ideas on the national, state or

district, and local level were shared.

I feel that my knowledge of young people's work was enriched greatly by this gathering.

NATIONAL YOUTH LEADERS of various Pentecastol denominations meet ot the convention of the Pentecostal Fellowship of North Americo. Bock row, left to right: Wesley R. Gorlock, Zion Evangelicol Fellowship; Bone T. Underwood, Pentecostal Holiness Churches, Haskell Swain, Church of God Mountain Assembly; Lester Vallmer, Inter-notional Church of the Foursquore Gospel, Front row, left to right: Gordon Froncis, Open Bible Standard Churches; Bert Webb, Assemblies of Gad; Ray Hughes, Church of Gad; J. C. Vivian, International Pentecastol Association.



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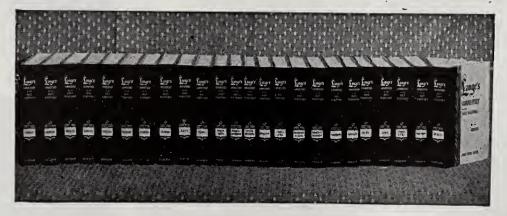
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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

(Continued from page 18)

sen, built, and established as the seat of authority—an event which brought to pass important results in the church, as well as in the state.

Constantine recognized that Rome was closely associated with the heathen worship, filled with temples and statues, strongly inclined to the old religion, a city controlled by pagan traditions; moreover, its situation in the midst of a great plain left it open to attack from enemies. In the earlier times of the republic the city had been more than once beseiged by foreign foes; and in its later history, armies from the provinces had many times enthroned emperors. Constantine sought a capital untrammeled by traditions and especially under the auspices of the new religion.

Constantine showed great wisdom in the choice of his new capital. He selected the Greek city of Byzantium, which had been standing for a thousand years, situated at the meeting of Europe and Asia, where the continents are separated by two narrow straits, on the north the Bosphorus, and on the south the Hellespont, together sixty miles long, generally less than a mile wide and nowhere more than four miles wide. The site of the city is so fortified by nature, that in all its history of more than twenty-five centuries, it has rarely been taken by enemies, while its rival Rome has been overcome and ravaged many times. Here Constantine fixed his capital and planned the great city universally known for many years as Constantin-ople, "the city of Constantine," but now officially called Istanbul.

In the new capital the emperor and the patriarch (which was the title subsequently given to the chief bishop of Constantinople) dwelt side by side. The church was honored, but was overshadowed by the authority of the

throne.

In the new capital were no temples to idols, but soon many churches arose. Of these the largest was named Santa Sophia. "Sacred Wisdom." It was built by Constantine, but after its destruction by fire, was rebuilt by the emperor Justinian (537 A.D.) on a magnificent scale, surpassing any other church of its day. It remained the leading cathedral of Christendom for eleven centuries, until 1453 A.D., when the city was taken by the Turks. Then in one day it became a mosque, as it

remains at present. As the long conflict of Christianity with heathenism was ending in victory, a new strife arose, a civil war in the field of thought, a series of con-troversies within the church over its doctrines. While the church was fighting for its life against persecution, it remained united. But when the church was safe, sharp debate concerning doctrine arose, shaking its very foun-dations. Due to dissensions of the Christians and the perpetual squab-bles about doctrine, Constantine in 325 A.D. convened the first great oecumenical council at Nicaea to settle some of the more important church problems. Definite progress was made at these councils, and the church be-

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came a more settled institution.

Constantine died in the year 337. After his death the church continued to grow and became the dominant institution in the Roman Empire. It could grow unmolested by persecution and disfavor from the Imperial Government.

LIGHTS FROM FOREIGN PATHS

(Continued from page 19)

some definite project to work on in the way of buildings, we need houses of the permanent type for missionary residence, dormitory for girls, school buildings, etc.

If some church would be interested in buying a tile machine and forms for making our own tile we can purchase it for \$400.00. It is much cheaper than buying all the tile that we are going to need. We can save the price of the machine in 6,000 tile.

Slowly but surely we are seeing a vision become reality in Angola. We are doing what we can and invite the friends of Christ and His Church to join us. Your prayers and financial support will mean much to us in the months ahead.

THE UPWARD LOOK

(Continued from page 9)

everything. He has never lost a battle. So as a new creature in Christ, starting this New Year with God and with His Word, and if he has a new song and remembers the new mercies of the Lord, there can be no danger of defeat. How much more can a child of God, who has served Him for many years expect success through the upward look!

What better way can we greet the New Year than by doing as Fred Scott Shepard tells us in his poem:

Life's pendulum swings fast nor slow The morch of time to troce; The year with steady measure go, We live them by God's groce;

So greet with cheer each coming year, Its poths os yet untrod; Lift to the skies ospiring eyes; Trust in the love of God.



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NEW YEAR OUTLOOK (Continued from page 3)

valley, not on the mountain. While the mountain-top experience is worthy and desirable, one must understand that unless he is able to survive in the valley, he will surely lack sufficient stamina for the mountain.

Thus the year 1954 is before us. Therefore, "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith," Hebrews 12:1,2.



NEW YEAR'S LESSON By Gladys Blake Seymour

TOPIC: The Christian Warfare. LESSON TEXT: "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil," Ephesians 6:11.

THOUGHTS FOR LEADER:

To be in warfare means to be in armed conflict. It means to be at enmity and hostility with some strong force or power. The Christians are in the longest and hardest war that has ever been fought—a war with the devil. We are children of God, and since God is Satan's arch-enemy we are also his enemy. The children of God hate the evil (Amos 5:15a) and love the good (Amos 5:15b).

To win this warfare, we must prepare and equip ourselves adequately for it. God has made provisions in the plan of salvation whereby all Chris-tians can defend themselves while in

Christian combat.

For every warfare, whether carnal or spiritual, certain conditions are met if victory is won. Let us listen attentively as those conditions are outlined.

FIRST SPEAKER: Good Leadership.

Scripture: Deuteronomy 20:9b-"They shall make captains of the

armies to lead the people."
Every job that is done well is done under the supervision of a good leader. Thomas Carlyle said, "Find your man and all else will follow."

When our nation goes to war, the most capable military leaders that can be found are appointed by our Commander-in-Chief to maneuver our

Commander-in-Chief to maneuver our boys through to victory.

GOD is our Commander-in-Chief, and with Him so graciously watching over us, with JESUS as captain of our army to lay the plans before us, the HOLY GHOST as our teacher to reveal the tricks of the enemy, the BLE as our guide to unfold all the secrets of this warfare our good pascrets of this warfare, our good pastors to watch and stand guard for our souls, and with our praying brothers and sisters fighting by our side, we can and will be victors in this warfare.

SECOND SPEAKER: Good Soldiers. Scripture: 2 Timothy 2:3-"Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Machinery, ammunition, and war supplies cannot win a war. It takes manpower.

We are spiritual soldiers on the battlefield for God. In 1 Timothy 1:18c Paul charged Timothy to war a good warfare. God has no use for dead soldiers. He wants soldiers that will:

1. Obey orders.

(1) Hebrews 13:17a; Hebrews 13:7; Colossians 3:22; 1 Samuel 15:22b

(2) Henry Giles: No principle is more noble as there is none more holy than that of a true obedience.

2. Fight.

(1) 1 Timothy 6:12; H 10:32; 2 Timothy 4:7 3. Sacrifice his life for others. Hebrews

(1) John 15:13; Romans 12:1

4. Be courageous

(1) Deuteronomy 31:6; 2 Chronicles 19:11d; Psalm 27:14; Proverbs 28:1

THIRD SPEAKER: Preparations.

Scripture: Matthew 11:10b—"Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee."

Actual combat is always preceded by careful training. Day after day the soldiers are marched, drilled and trained for combat duty. They are taught to be thoughtful, alert, watchful, and bold. They are required to be clean, mannerly, stately, and do everything in an orderly way.

The preparation stage is most important to the Christian soldier. The preparation will determine your strongness or weakness when con-fronted with the enemy. Lack of preparation is the reason so many fall out in the midst of an attack. Receiving the Holy Ghost is a most vital preparation in this Christian warfare and the subsequent power is the surest and most deadly weapon we can use on the devil.

FOURTH SPEAKER: Fighting Equipment.

Scripture: 2 Corinthians 10:4-"For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God.

The soldier is given armour and supplies to protect him while fighting. Before he goes out in actual combat, he is issued heavy-duty combat clothes that meets army standards and regulations, a steel helmet for head covering, and high top shoes to protect his feet from heat and cold. He is given a gun and plenty of ammunition. He straps a canteen of water around his waist and carries a pack of bedding and supplies on his back. Imagine his load, but he needs it all.

Unlike the soldier, we Christians unload and lay aside every weight. We take up weapons of warfare mighty through God. Our canteen is that wathrough God. Our canteen is that wa-ter of life that will flow forever, and our rations are prepared and set be-fore us in the very presence of our enemies. Our blood bank is that blood of Jesus that will flow over our souls on and on. Jesus is our physician who is always ready to heal our wounds right on the battlefield.

The following weapons of warfare won't wear out, neither will they fa-

tigue the body, but will protect and keep you off the casualty list:

1. Shield of faith. Eph. 6:16.

2. Breastplate of righteousness. Eph. 6:14.

3. Helmet of salvation. Eph. 6:17a. 4. Sword of the spirit. Eph. 6:17b, c.

5. Feet shod with preparation. Eph. 6:15.

6. Loins girt with truth. Eph. 6:14. FIFTH SPEAKER: Actual combat.

Scripture: Ephesians 6:12—"For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

In actual combat, the soldier faces war! Here he faces his enemy. His main interest now is to be smarter, more watchful, accurate, and alert

than his enemy

We cannot kill the devil, our enemy, but we can overcome him. The Christian is destined victory through Christ our Lord. There has never been darts burled from the devil's blow-gun that could pierce a "helmet of salvation," a "shield of faith" and a "breastplate of righteousness." Victory is won or lost on the battlefield. "But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. 15:57.

SIXTH SPEAKER: Costs.

Scripture: "For they fled from the sword, from the drawn sword, and from the bent bow, and from the grievousness of war," Isaiah 21:15.

The costs of war cannot be estimated. Think of the blood that is shed, the lives that are lost, the destruction of countries, the suffering of the people! These are some of the horrors of war.

Jesus paid the cost for us on the Cross of Calvary. Our debt to Him is a

life of service.

SEVENTH SPEAKER: Rewards.

Scripture: Matthew 16:27b. "And then he shall reward every man according to his works." Read 2 Tim. 4:8.

Soldiers receive medals, honors, and rewards for their achievements and accomplishments. Peace and victory for his homeland are the greatest rewards any soldier could hope to fight for.

There is a reward waiting for everyone who fights this Christian warfare through to victory. Heaven is our re-ward. Let us enter this new year with a determination to heed the challenge of Paul when he said, "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life." 1 Tim. 6:12.

THE GREAT JUDGMENT MORNING (A Drama)

Irdelphia Delp

Setting:

Place a chair and table at one end of stage (close to front) and another chair a little to back of stage with ta-

ble (placed to end of stage).

Music plays softly "The Great Judgment Morning" as one person enters and sits down in first chair. He picks up Bible and begins reading aloud. Rev. 20:11-15. Then falls asleep.

Curtain is pulled with the following scene: A large white throne in center back of stage. A table or stand with a large book (or Bible) on it near the throne. Make the scene as glittering as possible.

As the soloist begins to sing softly two angels enter and stand on each side of the throne. With the words "From the throne came a bright shin-ing angel" the angel comes slowly to front of stage and raises hand to heaven and as verse ends moves slowly back to throne.

At beginning of verse the rich man enters (dressed in black suit with a high top hat and walking stick, or a large crooked handle umbrella). He searches through his pockets, turning them wrong side out, then stands with rejected and downcast look.

The great man enters (dressed similar to rich man with medals pinned on coat). He shows his medals to the angels as if to enter by his great deeds. The angel searches through the big book and shakes her head sadly as she finds no record.

(Have one door for the actors to leave the stage through with a sign in large letters over it "Hell." Have a man dressed as death, long black coat with a skeleton mask on. He steps forward and meets these men (rich man and great man) and leads them on through the door (hell).

"The widow was there with her orphans. A lady enters with two children very poorly dressed (patches on clothes). She is crying and kneels in front of Angel and with the words "God wiped the tears from her eyes." One of the angels wipes her eyes and helps her to her feet. They leave the stage through another door marked. "Heaven." If you do not have another exit from the stage let them kneel to one side of the throne until play is finished.

Then the gambler and drunkard and bar keeper enter. (Use only one man to play the part of the gambler and drunkard. This man has a liquor bottle in his pocket and as he enters he is tossing dice up and catching them which gives a picture to the audience of the part he is playing. With him comes the bar keeper (dressed in white butcher coat and cap) with a tray holding liquor or wine bottle and one or two dram glasses. He offers the glass to the drunkard. They are lead away by Death.

The moral man enters (wearing a sign on his back "self-righteous"). He tries to talk his way through by signs and motions of the hands, but angels shake their heads. He leaves stage, met by Death and goes through door marked "Hell."

The soul that put off salvation. A woman or man enters and takes the other chair which is on the stage. They pick up the Bible which is laying there (hold the Bible so audience can

see what it is) and they shake their head and with a sneer lay the Bible down and begin to read a magazine instead. Death enters, crosses the stage and takes her (or him) by the arm and leaves stage with her through door (hell).

Chorus:

During the whole chorus all that have left stage weep and wail.

The chorus can be used between each verse to give more time for the

actors to get in place if necessary.

The song and play as a whole is very, very slow. The characters are to act with the words of the song.

This play followed with a quartet singing "Standing Outside" and then an altar call is very impressive.

THE POWER OF PRAYER By Paul T. Stover

Read Acts 4:31

THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER:

Power is the ability to command or control, and prayer is the direct wireless communication with the ETERNAL PERSONALITY, (GOD).

I. CONDITIONS OF POWER IN PRAYER:

Our prayer must be according to the will of God, 1 John 5:14-15, "If we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: And if we know that He hear us whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." We are not to ask in any name that we might think of. John 14:13, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in MY name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the son." His name stands for all that Jesus is

in the eyes of the Father.

John 15:7, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

Romans 8:26, "The SPIRIT also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the SPIRIT itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." James 1:6, "Let him ask in FAITH, nothing wavering." Asking in faith means re-ceiving with JOY our prayers answered.

II. HINDRANCES TO EFFECTUAL PRAYER:

Selfishness will hinder our prayers from being answered. Ye ask and receive not because ye ask amiss. We ask amiss when we ask for anything solely for the purpose of exalting or honoring ourselves. This is a subtle and powerful temptation. Secret sins will hinder our prayer life, Psalm 66:18, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." Impatience will also hinder, but remember, He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. God always answers our prayers when we meet His conditions and remain before Him in humility and sincerity.

III. HAVE SEVERAL RELATE INCI-DENTS THAT HAVE HAPPENED BECAUSE OF THE POWER OF PRAYER.

YOUTH AND THE BIBLE

(Continued from page 11)

You fellows that don't have any more respect for a beautiful young woman than to want to handle her every night you take her out, ought to bury your head in the sand like other creatures with similar intelligence do. You don't deserve a pure and lovely girl for a wife, and you don't have one figment of Christian manhood about you. I sincerely hope that you noted that statement. Remember how you want the other fellow to treat your lovely sister, and act the same way with his sister.

PERSONAL PREPARATION FOR HOME BUILDING

IN VIEW of the responsibilities involved, have you prayed about your life? So many young peo-ple enter married life with its responsibilities and find to their sorrow that what they thought was preparation, was not preparation at all. The burdens of parenthood, and the task of founding a home are propositions that demand much prayer and heart seaching. Let me remind you, young lady, that the preparation for your marriage goes much further than your hope chest and your trousseau. Remember also, young man, that your preparation for your marriage goes a lot further than that lovely wedding suit, or the new convertible that you are going to drive on your honeymoon. Your success as home builders will depend on your moral and spiritual character. A true moral and spiritual character is impossible apart from the New Birth.

Now let me close with this thought. What lasting treasures do you have to share with your sweetheart in the building of a home. I mean the true treasures of a regenerated heart and renewed mind that will last for ever-"Dear, I have ten thousand dollars in the bank for our new home." But can you say, "Sweetheart, I have the treasure of eternal life, I know God, I love His Word, and Jesus is my Saviour; my life has been changed by the power of God and I am walking in the glory of His presence"? If your sweetheart can respond by a similar testi-mony, and say, "I have the same treasure to share with you, my dear"; then and only then are you on your way to building a successful home.

Concluded

THE ATTIC ROOM

(Continued from page 12)

When I finally got my voice I said, "Okay Mother, I'll go right up there then I'm coming home and talk to you about being a Christian. Mother sort of gasped and said,

"Perhaps you should." She said goodbye then and hung up.

All of a sudden I remembered another verse, "While they are yet speaking I will hear." I knew that somewhere there would have to be an attic room in my life. Prayer had become very real to me.

THE FOURTH WATCH OF THE NIGHT

(Continued from page 15)

the storm that swept across the sea of your life, raging toward your little

bark.

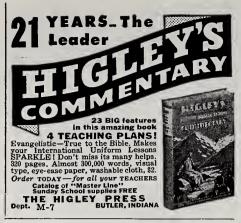
He watched the storm being born on the mountain's summit; He heard it as it went roaring down the mountainside; He held it by the bridle as it galloped across Gennesaret, a n d, though it stamps its feet in terrible fury and champs at the bit to destroy you, He forbids your harm. Remember this comforting though t—though storms roll angrily across the waters, He Who masters our vessel is also capable of walking on the sea. Though the clouds are His chariots, He takes great sport in breaking the untamed steed of the hurricane. Elemental wars cease when His voice cries, "Peace, be still." Are the waters beneath you unruly? So what—they are in the palm of the same Hand that holds you, for He holdeth the seas in His hand. Let them heave; let them beat; let them swell and spit their foam; they know quite well their Master's voice. All He needs do is to whisper and there is a great calm.

The Word informs us that we, as God's children, are in the palm of His hand, too. What course then shall I take but to lie down quietly and confidently and trust His power to deliver. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Where is the one who would dare reach inside God's big hand and molest us? Hallelujah! Since "no man can pluck us out of His hand" we are completely secure in Him All around us are His great fingers, encompassing us like so many standing armies, and enclosing us like impregnable walls! Little wonder He is called our Rock, our Buckler, our Sword, our Shield, our Strong Tower, our Fortress, our Refuge in the time of storm. Hide in Him, weary one, for He

is our Defence!

IF YOUR TRIAL and vexation have been for long duration, note the hour when Jesus came to their rescue. IT WAS THE FOURTH WATCH. Have you any idea when that The fourth watch was from three to six o'clock in the morning, those wee hours when loneliness is at its worst, and when one at sea feels utterly abandoned and most helpless. And had you noticed how long they had been in their tremendous peril? Read the context again carefully. Remember it was evening when the Master constrained them to go to sea. It was evening when He dispersed the multitude and went apart into the mountain to pray. It was evening when the contrary winds began to blow, and yet it was after three o'clock in the morning before the Marten in the morning before the Master came to their rescue. He purposefully let them flounder around all night long and came to them just before

daybreak.
What a night! Dark, gloomy, foreboding, cloudy, starless, and, worst of
all, a Christless night! It's bad enough
to have the darkness of confusion,
when one gropes about trying with
all the light he has to find the "nar-



row path"; it's worse yet to have the clouds of doubt hang low about your weary head; but to be without the intimate association of HIM, is worse than the torments of hell itself. It is the absence of Christ that makes the fires of that lake to burn more terri-bly. The absence of the Light of the World makes the outer darkness the more dreadful. The devouring, burning thirst of those spirits in the lost world is intensified when memory draws from its collection the sermons and psalms about the Water of Life. Their hunger would not be half so excruciating were they not frequently reminded of the Bread of Life with Whom they might have been dining at the Marriage Supper, had they only believed and followed His teachings. Hell's blistered streets, filled with rolling clouds of sulphurous smoke, are unbearable enough, but when conscience speaks to them of the "Rose of Sharon" and the "Lily of the Valley" the horror is indescribable. When they lift their blood-shot eyes to the starless skies of the region of the damned, and find that for a firmament they have clouds of smoke, reddened by the light of those eternal fires, what screams must rend the hot air as someone mentions the "Bright and Morning Star," "The Day Star of Hope," "The Bethlehem Star," or the "Sun of Righteousness." Oh, can't you see, reader, the absence of Christ spells hell in this life and hell in the life to come. We are fearfully designed to worship Him. The throne-room of our hearts is especially arranged for His occupancy, and when He fails to mount that little throne, we are in-complete men and women. His presence means everything!

JUST AS THESE disciples had their time of testing, so will you have yours, child of God. You, too, will have your night struggle. You, too, will think at times you are going down in defeat, overcome with the waves of despair. You'll fight to keep your head above water and will wonder how long the storm will last or why the Master has delayed His coming. Every child of God must have tribulation. It is as much a promise as any other the Master gave to us. But the same Blessed Book that warned us of tribulation, assured us of victory, for the Master said, "In the world, ye



shall have tribulation, but, be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." And, haven't you read, impatient one, that we must "fellowship His suffering" if we are to "know the power of His resurrection"? Sure, you are going to be tried, but, the fact remains, you can't sink in defeat, for just when you are sure everything is gone, and all is lost, just then the Lord will lift you up as He did Peter of old. He'll come walking the "sidewalks of the sea," dispelling all fear with the soothing words, "Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid." And, if you still think it to be a ghost or a spirit, as did the disciples, the Master may even bid you to walk on the sea of your trouble, trampling underfoot the waves of your vexation.

Keeping your eyes on Him, forgetting the perils above, around, and beneath, you will astound yourself and others with your triumphant march across the wrathful waters. But, be sure to remember the secret—it's to keep your eyes on Him. You're sure to sink when you lose sight of Him and commence trusting the puny arm of mortal. CHRIST is our Victory! "For I can do all things, through Christ, who strengtheneth me." The night may be dark, but hold on, distracted

may be dark, but hold on, distracted voyager, the Lord is coming!

"Fret not yourself because of evil doers." It may be true that the "followers of the Lamb" are in the minority and that the future is not too promising, but, take a firm grip on the hem of His garment, and hold on. As you enter the New Year, accept life as it comes. Live day by day as though you looked for "His appearing" every hour. Think not of the trials that shall befall you six months from now, but plead for grace for each day's need, and, by so doing, before you are conscious of the fact, you will have passed through the entire year victorious over all your foes. It's as one has said, "We know not what the future holds, but we know Who holds the future in His hands" and all is well!"



RAY H. HUGHES, General Youth Director

BRANCH SUNDAY SCHOOLS

ID YOU EVER look about you and see the Christless and restless multitudes and wonder how they could be reached with the gospel of Christ? There are multitudes today who are faint, scattered abroad and are as sheep having no shepherd. It was with compassion that our Master beheld such a group. What is your attitude? Do you behold these individuals through eyes of compassion, or through eyes dimmed by indifference?

There are 128,000,000 people in the United States who are not enrolled in any Sunday School. Did not Jesus make it plain that these are our responsibility? The cry and command of our Master was, "Go after that which is lost. Go and make disciples of a'l nations. Go and compel." We can do none the less and please the heart of our Blessed Christ.

During 1954 the Church of God is launching a program for 465 new

branch Sunday Schools. By this program we intend to do at least a portion of our share in reaching the unsaved, untaught, churchless and unenlisted individuals.

The branch Sunday School is a Sunday School organized and operated by a parent church. Most branch Sunday Schools develop into full-grown churches, thereby enlarging the opportunities for evangelism.

There are many methods of evan-gelism, such as: mass evangelism, personal evangelism, visitation evangelism, etc., but there is no greater plan for reaching the lost and holding them than through the establishing of a branch Sunday School in their community. Branch Sunday Schools not only provide a medium of reaching the unsaved, but also provide teaching and training which help to establish them in the faith. For this reason this is a stable plan for evangelization. Too long the church has been nearsighted and has failed to have a far-reaching vision beyond their borders. If we do not take it to them, there are many who are sitting in darkness who will never see the great Light-Christ, the Bright and Morning Star, the Day Star, and the True Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

Will you be one who is instrumental in helping us start a new branch Sunday School? Will you accept the challenge that unchurched communities, new subdivisions and metropolitan

areas present?

I request that you join with me to pray that the Lord of the harvest will send forth laborers into His harvest. The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few.

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN SUNDAY SCHOOL Average Weekly Attendance for October

	GROUP	AA	
North Carolina			21,788
North Carolina Tennessee			20,535
Georgia			17,328
South Carolina			
Florida			15,239
West Virginia	GROUP	A	11
West Virginia			11,565 8,346
KentuckyOhio			6,519
Virginia			6,246
Mississippi			4,876
	GROUP		
California	GILOUI	~	5,164
South Alabama			4,218
Illinois			3,691
Michigan			3,481
Pennsylvania			2,659
Arkansas	GROUP	C	
Arkansas Missouri			
Missouri			2,539
Maryland Oklahoma			2,232
Louisiana			1 996
Arizona	GROUP	ט	1,161
Kansas			773
New Mexico			705
	GROUP		
Washington			799
Iowa			494
			444
North Dakota			425
			376
	GROUP		000
OregonColorado			
New York			
Nebraska			175
Nebraska Washington, D.	C		128
	GROUP	G	
Central Canada	320001		
Minnesota			65
Wyoming Connecticut			20
Connecticut			14
Massachusetts			9

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN Y.P.E. Average Weekly Attendance for October

	GROUP	AA .	
Tennessee			11,029
Georgia North Carolina			10,875
North Carolina			10,783
Florida			9,873
South Carolina			8,050
	GROUP	Δ	
West Virginia	GILOUI	41	8 277
Kentucky			5.146
Onto			4.967
Mississippi			4,193
Virginia			4,033
	GROUP	D	
California	GROUP	D	2 925
Illinois			2,033
Illinois Pennsylvania		************************	2,190
Michigan			1 892
South Alabama			1,830
204011 1110001110			_ 1,000
	GROUP	C	
Missouri			1,766
Arkansas			1.674
Okiahoma			1,560
Maryland			1,477
Louisiana			1,282
	GROUP	D	
New Mexico			519
Kansas			508
Arizona		***	504
	GROUP	TO .	
Washington	GROUP	E	410
Iowa			265
Maine			252
Delaware			244
South Dakota			193
Oregon	GROUP	F'	0.40
Colorado		*	242
Colorado Washington, D.	C		231
New York	·		85
Nebraska			76
	GROUP	C	10
Central Canada	GROUP	G	60
Connecticut		***************************************	10
Minnesota			17
			A (

NATION'S BIG TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL Average Weekly Attendance for October

The state of the s	
Tremont Avenue, Greenville, S. C.	1,001
Alabama City, Alabama	666
Kannapolis, North Carolina	634
Puiaski, Virginia	562
Detroit, Michigan	556
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	552
Missionary Ridge, Tennessee	484
Jacksonville, Florida	476
South Gastonia, North Carolina	475
North Cleveland, Tennessee	462

NATION'S BIG TEN IN Y. P. E. Average Weekly Attendance for October

Princeton, West Virginia	394
Daisy, Tennessee	338
Dallas, North Carolina	332
Tremont Avenue, Greenville, S. C.	306
Orphanage at Sevierville, Tenn.	283
Erwin, North Carolina	277
Forrest City, Arkansas	259
Whitwell, Tennessee	238
Alabama City, Alabama	232
8th Avenue, Knoxville, Tennessee	231

NATION'S TEN LARGEST HOME DEPARTMENTS

East Louisville, Kentucky	4,875
Pike Ave., Birmingham, Alabama	2,920
Valdese, North Carolina	1,636
Krafton, Alabama	1,265
Lumberton, North Carolina	1,214
Hamilton, Ohio, 7th & Chestnut Sts	590
Mohegan, West Virginia	560
Wahpeton, North Dakota	560
Rossville, Georgia	520
Chattaroy, West Virginia	508

STATES REPORTING HOME DEPARTMENTS

57	Maine 4
48	Washington 4
44	Louisiana 3
31	Oklahoma 3
27	New Mexico 3
23	Montana 3
22	Arizona2
20	California 1
18	Delaware 1
11	Central Canada 1
11	Connecticut 1
11	Iowa 1
9	Kansas 1
9	North Dakota 1
8	South Dakota 1
8	Massachusetts 1
7	Oregon 1
6	Wisconsin1
5	
	48 44 31 27 23 22 20 18 11 11 11 9 8 8 7 6

Since As	ssembly
SAVED 3,144	47,832
SANCTIFIED 1,495	22,669
FILLED WITH HOLY GHOST 1,222	17,710
ADDED TO CHURCH 1,206	15,320
NUMBER OF SUNDA SCHOOLS ORGANIZ	A Y ED

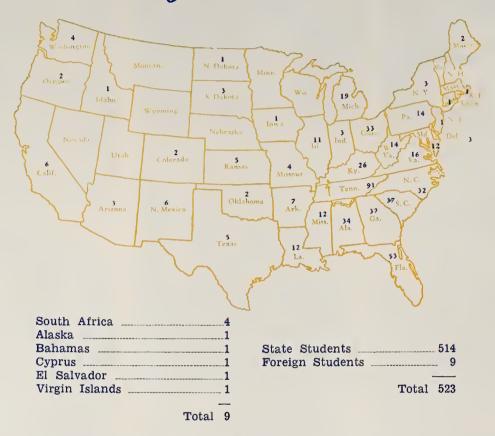
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180

NUMBER OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S ENDEAVORS ORGANIZED SINCE ASSEMBLY

SINCE ASSEMBLY

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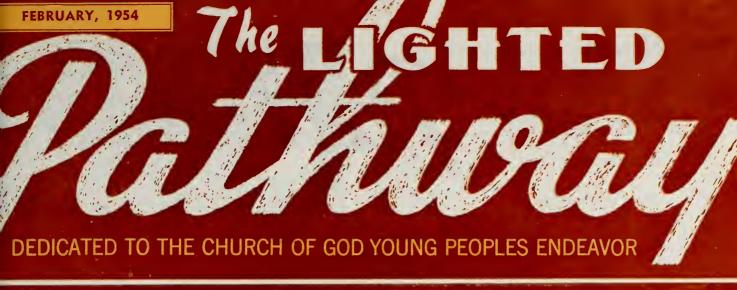
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BIBLE COLLEGE (Bachelor of Arts Degree)

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President, Lee College, Cleveland, Tennessee

* All Courses Approved for Veterans





He Never Deserted the BIBLE

By MONNA GAY

Many people do not know, or at least have not given a thought to the fact that the great American, Abraham Lincoln, whose very name most of us revere, was in his own time one of the most hated men in American history. Many of his own political part history. Many of his own political party attacked him viciously.

At one time in the White House, Lincoln was heard to say that if he endeavored to read, let alone answer, all the attacks made on him by his fellow-countrymen, he would have no

time left for any other business.

But Lincoln had a greater reason for not reading and answering all this reviling than not having the time for reviling than not having the time for it. Lincoln was a man who met these accusations with a silent understanding, and having heard the call to his nation's supreme leadership, he carried cn as he knew he must, according to the dictates of his own conscience, through to the end. He was thoroughly convinced of the moral rightness of the course he had chosen rightness of the course he had chosen.

There was a secret in Lincoln's having the ability to do this, and that secret was that he had never deserted the Bible, the Book that had been his instructor and his haven in the lonely days of his youth. Lincoln studied the Word of God. He held it close to him. The teachings in this Book of books were always fresh in his mind. Instead of showing a desire for recrimination, Lincoln actually prayed for his enemies.

Because of this, many who had been his enemies became his friends, for who could watch such courage in the face of opposition without admiring it.
LINCOLN WAS POLISHED BY PAIN!
AND HIS SECRET OF THE GREAT
POLISH THAT ADORNED HIS LIFE WAS NEVER DESERTING GOD'S WORD!

Joseph came to the world rulership by way of nameless sorrows—hated by his brothers, sold into slavery, falsely accused by Potiphar's wife, thrown into prison where for years he toiled and waited. Yet, take these trials from his life and he never would have become the saviour of Israel.

Just so in Lincoln's life-e a c h sorrow was a step upward and onward toward the promised goal of life, because he kept God's Word close to him.

Lincoln's beautiful words often come back to put titles to our own thoughts and impulses. For instance, those inspired words he uttered so long ago in with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right."

Strength in the right allies us with

God. Firmness in the right is a shield,

a protecting rock.
Never deserting God's Word will give us this strength and this protection.

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

CHARLES W. CONN Editor-in-Chief Church of God Publications

The Lamplighter

LEWIS J. WILLIS Editor The LIGHTED PATHWAY

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The LIGHTED PATHWAY

FEBRUARY, 1954

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The Ministry of Cheer

BOARD A STRICKEN VESSEL caught in the throes of a monstrous storm, a little man faced the hysterical seamen and in a voice vibrant with courage said, "Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God," Acts 27:25. Such was the characteristic and constant ministry of Paul the apostle. He was a Christian optimist who had received his cheeriness from God and found genuine joy in sharing it with others. Perhaps he had found what Fuller later described in the words, "An ounce of cheeriness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with."

Let us determine quickly that the characteristics of wholesome cheer and frivolous mirth are at once distinguishable. Perhaps it could not be said better than did Addison in the words, "I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The former is an act, the latter a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient; cheerfulness, fixed and permanent. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity."

We must conclude that cheerfulness is an essential element of Christian experience. The Christian spirit is one of triumph. This spirit will manifest itself in tones that are joyous and invigorating. While we frown upon trivial nonsense or shallow optimism, we do believe that a Christian will radiate faith, hope and charity. As Watson so aptly phrased it, "Cheerfulness is a friend to grace; it puts the heart in tune to praise God, and so honors religion by proclaiming to the world that we serve a good master."

Carlyle's inspiring and even profound words on the beautiful qualities of cheerfulness should challenge all to seek for this prized virtue. He said, "There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous,—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because right."

THE MINISTRY OF CHEER is always needed and surely never more than today. Life has become complicated, swift and intense. Many caught in its maze of problems are often faint and sometimes despairing. Aside from the feverish competition of life there are the innate and inherited depressions common to man. It may be a melancholy due to temperament, or it might arise from adverse and unusual circumstances. But whether the need is created by a natural despondency or by accidental circumstances, there is a real need for men who will prove by action the philosophy of G. MacDonald who said, "If I can put one touch of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God."

Among those who need a cheery word from their fellow men are those who lack confidence in themselves. They are shy, reserved and reticent. Always they are depicting themselves as "nobodys" who are incapable of making any worthwhile contribution to the common good. These people should come under the quickening ministry of cheer where they may be discovered to themselves. Often the cheery confidence of another is powerful enough to convey impetus sufficient to move the hapless individual in performing a worthy task of which he has always been competent but never believed himself capable of doing.

Then there are those who never share in the limelight. They are the little, but absolutely necessary, people in the complex pattern of life. Actually, they form the background for the more imposing actors. The background contributes vitally to success, but only the actors receive the applause. These people are often dispirited and despairing because of the unending obscurity of their existence. The ambassadors of cheer, however, introduce them to the infinite ministry of fidelity in small matters. Cheer gives them insight to the inspiring fact that sincere endeavor rather than pompous accomplishment is the measurement of true worth.

For those who are in the very thick of the battle, a timely word of cordial cheer is as refreshing as a taste of water upon parched lips. Those who have only recently joined Christendom's ranks and are finding the way a bit rough will be mightily cheered by the voice of sympathetic understanding. Man's worst hours are often changed to triumph through the proper word from an understanding friend who has traveled the road before. The young sailor experienced this in his first battle. When he suddenly realized he was under enemy fire, he felt a paralyzing horror which drained his strength and left him with a pale face and a trembling hand. His officer, noting his agitation touched his shoulder with a firm hand and said, "Steady boy, you'll be all right soon. My first experience under fire affected me similarly, only much worse." The sailor became a valued and gallant crewman. A sneer instead of a word of cheer might have broken him.

The following verse portrays this powerful ministry of encouragement. I do not know who wrote it, but he was undoubtedly one who had grown wise in the healing art of cheer.

"It takes so little to make us glad!

Just a cheering clasp of some friendly hand.

Just a word from one who can understand—

And we finish the task we long had planned!

And we lose the fear and doubt we had,

So little it takes to make us glad!"

H, I'M NOT SAYING it isn't all right for you to believe," Arden Myers declared grandly, "but I've outgrown that sort of thing. A man does, you know."

"No," his cousin, Bill Meredith re-plied quietly, "I didn't know." "That's because you've lived out here all your life and never mingled with thinking people." There was no mistaking the condescension in Arden's tone. Bill flushed, but said noth-

"Some time," a voice from the door-way stated, "you may find you are

Arden looked up to see his grandfather watching him closely. Grandfather was a retired minister, and his word was respected. The boy frowned. He felt he was doing a great deal for his cousins by spending this vacation with them. They were hopelessly old-fashioned, and he had all he could do to keep from laughing at some of their ideas. Before he came he had considered inviting Bill to join the Rational Thinkers, but decided against it. Bill wouldn't have the faintest idea what they were talking about, and it would

Uncle Ned warned the family, "every last one of you will have to get up and help. We aren't exactly in a position

to welcome a flood."
"Why don't you trust God to look
after things?" Arden asked facetiously when he and Bill were alone in the

room they shared.
"God never does for people what they can do for themselves," the other answered, closing his Bible and blowing out the light.

The night passed uneventfully, but rain began falling as the family ate

breakfast.

"Bill, you'd better get the stock up from the lower pasture," his father advised. "The house and chicken yard are on high ground, and it would have to be pretty bad before they were in danger, but flood warnings don't

"I think," Susie, Bill's sister, remarked, "I'll fix a place in the haymow just in case I have to move the

chickens."
"Good idea," their mother agreed.
"Chickens are the stupidest things in the world when it comes to getting wet."

"I think I'll drive down the road a

floor of the car was covered. Another lurch, and the pride of his life bumped into a tree.

Surprised at his own calmness, Arden took inventory of the situation. In the glove compartment were two inner tubes, purchased yesterday. For no particular reason, he thrust them into his coat pocket. Moving about to discover how firmly he was anchored he lowered the right window and clambered to the top, clinging to the branches of the tree. All about him was water but the rain had slackened was water, but the rain had slackened. To the right was the farm. Just as his uncle had said, the house was high enough not to be in danger, but water was within a few feet of the front porch. Susie was sloshing around with her chickens.

It was some minutes before he located Bill. The lower pasture resembled a large lake with the water still rising. At last he saw Bill and the live stock. If they could reach the rise of ground at the south end of the pasture, they would be safe, temporarily at least. It was like watching a swimming marathon, but the prize was more than a trophy, it was life itself. Eagerly, he watched. There—some of

The billows of God's rich graces washed terrible cynicism and agnosticism from Arden's heart at . . .

The Jurn of the Tide

By PEARL NEILSON

Illustrated by CHLOE STEWART

be just like him to argue in favor of God. It really was too bad, for Bill had a lot of good qualities. If only he weren't so persistent in his belief that God cared about human beings. Just imagine God—if there was a God—be-ing interested in whether the crops were good or a high school graduate went to the State or some Bible col-lege! With a mental shrug of his shoulders, Arden sauntered out toward the orchard.

"Looks like it might rain," his uncle

"Looks like it might rain," his uncle remarked, stopping in the path as he came from the barn. "Those clouds are pretty heavy."

"Wouldn't hurt if it did," Arden commented. "I'd like to see a good shower. Wouldn't you?"

"A shower would be all right," Mr. Meredith agreed, "but they've been having regular downpours all around us. I'd hate to see one of them."

us. I'd hate to see one of them."
"Might break the monotony," Arden said to himself when the other had

gone on to the house.

BED TIME found the sky

overcast.
"If it starts to rain in the night,"

ways," Arden told them, "so I can see what's going on. I never was around a flood."
"Road's safe this minute," his uncle laughed, "but be careful if it starts

to rain hard. Streams up in the hills

can flow mighty fast sometimes."
"This will be something to talk about," Arden reflected, "and the Rational Thinkers will be interested in the folks' attitude."

RAIN WAS FALLING harder as the group separated. Arden drove his car several miles before he was aware of any danger; then he heard a roar and saw a wall of water coming toward him. His first impulse was to turn around and head for the farm, but the ditches at either side of the road were small, turbulent streams and he dared not risk it. What could he do?

Suddenly he felt the car lurch and knew the wheels were no longer on solid ground. Water was creeping in around the windows. For a moment he closed his eyes, hoping to quiet the churning in his stomach, but opened them again as he realized the entire

the cows and horses had reached the hill. The rest were coming. Finally the last of the struggling creatures made it, but where was Bill? He was sure the sturdy figure with its thatch of red hair had been in sight when he first looked. Surely Bill would not go under! Where was his faith?

Clearly he remembered Bill's words, "God never does for people what they can do for themselves." Well, what

could Bill do?

Arden shifted his position and squinted into the moist air. The telephone line was not far from the pasture, water two-thirds of the way up the poles. Bill seemed to be aiming for one of them. Taking a new grip on the tree, the watcher leaned forward, watching every move. Bill was seizing a pole—he was climbing—he was safe! But was he? There was more room on top of the car than on a telephone pole, but Arden's limbs were cramped. How long could Bill stay there?

MAKING HIMSELF as comfortable as possible, he took one of the inner tubes from his pocket and inflated it, then slipped it under his arms. This, he felt sure would enable him to reach safety, but what about Bill? Considerable time had passed since he climbed that pole. Would his strength hold out? Could he keep himself from getting dizzy and falling?



Suddenly he felt the car lurch and knew the wheels were no longer on solid ground.

What could either of them do?

Just then Arden saw Bill bow his head. Remembering the conversation of the night before, there was only one explanation. Bill was praying. Having done all he could himself, he was asking God to come to his rescue.

For the first time, Arden had no desire to laugh. The highly intellectual views of the Rational Thinkers were sadly inadequate for a situation like this. Try as he would, he could not remember any of their wise sayings which would help him now. Had he been mistaken? Could he, in his own strength, leave the car top and the security of the tree and help Bill? Why had he come here in the first place? He could have helped Uncle Ned around the barn or Susie with the chickens. It was his own idea to drive down the road, a desire to get a thrill from seeing the approaching storm. Such selfishness was inexcusa-ble, but that wasn't nearly as bad as the attitude he had taken toward his uncle's family and their faith in God. He could see now where he had been wrong. He had been wrong, too, in joining the Rational Thinkers. It was a wonder God hadn't let him drown, hadn't permitted the car to turn over instead of lodging against a tree. If he ever got out of this, he would—what would he do?

Eyes stinging, throat aching, he glanced toward Bill again, then bowed his head. "God," he prayed, "if you will forgive me, I'll never make fun of anyone's faith again. I'll follow you myself, and try to get others to follow, too. If you'll show me how to help Bill, I'll tell him first thing I have changed my mind. I'll apologize for all I said and did since I came here. I—I was a conceited fool to think I could get along without you. I don't know much about this praying business, but I can learn. Right now, though, I want to save Bill. Show me how, will you?"

For a few moments he waited, his eyes closed, then a thought came to him. If he inflated the other inner tube and put it around his own body, he might be able to reach Bill. If Bill wasn't too weak, he could put one tube on, and the two of them could reach the farm. If—there wasn't any "if" about it! Bill said God couldn't be expected to help if a person didn't do anything himself. He was ready to do anything God told him to do. What was he waiting for? Did he expect God to inflate that tube?

Almost laughing at his own stupidity, he inflated the tube, slipped it un-

HOW WE LEARN Horatius Bonar

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walk of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Great truths are greatly won, not found by chance, Nor wafted on the breath of summer

dream; But grasped in the great struggle of the soul Hard buffeting with adverse wind and

But in the day of conflict, fear and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Plows up the subsoil of the stagnant heart
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light,

Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours Of weakness, solitude, perchance of Truth springs like harvest from the well-plowed field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

-Selected

der his arms. Removing his neck tie, he fastened the tubes so neither could slip off while he was swimming. With a final glance at the tree and the car, he slid into the water. Boy, but it was cold!

Buoyed up by the two inner tubes, he swam toward his cousin. Bill's "hello" assured him the other knew he was coming. Branches of trees, pieces of wood, numerous small animals floated past him, but he was making progress. At last he reached the pole. "How did you do it?" Bill asked as

he donned the life preserver. "I prayed," Arden answered prompt-

ly.
"You prayed?" his cousin gasped.
"Why, I thought..."
"I thought so too." penitently, "but

"I thought so, too," penitently, "but when I saw that water I knew I couldn't do anything by myself, and I remembered what you said about God helping a person when he was ready

to do something himself."
"And you found out?" The two were swimming side by side toward the

"I found out," Arden confessed, "and I asked God to forgive me for

being such an idiot."

"Nothing idiotic about the way you came after me," Bill protested, and Arden answered, "That was what God told me to do."

MANY HOURS LATER the family sat on the porch watching the

water as it went down.

"The tide has turned," Mr. Meredith reported. "It will be muddy around here for quiet a spell, but we are safe. With the motor boat we can take food to the stock on the hill. Our losses are very light."

"The tide turned for me," Arden assured the others, "when I realized that I was wrong in my ideas about God. I'm mighty glad I found out before it

was too late.

OWHERE IN GOD'S WORD is there a command for sinners to come to God's house. On the other hand there are numerous commands for the believer to take the message to the lost. Acts 1:8; Luke 15:4; 14:23; John 20:21; etc.

Can we afford to sit sedately in our beautiful churches and not reach these lost millions who are churchless and

unenlisted?

Let us not confine our efforts to what can be done inside the walls of our churches. Many churches can have one or more branch stations, thereby multiplying their evangelistic opportunities.

THE NEED

MANY ARE SO ENGROSSED in their local church activities until it is difficult for them to envision

the need beyond their immediate community.

the need beyond their immediate community.

The Church of God is staging a program for 465 new branch Sunday Schools during 1954. On first thought you might say, "Impossible." But when you think of the hundreds of churches in the United States, and begin to look around you at the opportunities in new subdivisions, suburban areas, metropolitan centers, etc., that are filled with throngs of people who are unsaved, untaught, churchless, and unenlisted, it should cause you to say, "We must do it."

There are thousands of towns and cities where we have

There are thousands of towns and cities where we have only one church trying to serve the entire population. This is not to speak of the cities where we have no church at all. As a result of this, there are hosts of people untouched and unreached by the full-gospel message. Out of the 160,000,000 people in the United States, there are 128,000,000 who are not enrolled in any Sunday School. While it is true that many of these could attend if they were eager enough, it yet remains a fact that very, very few of them could attend a Church of God Sunday School, because there is none within their reach. Shall we boast of our thousands while we pass by the teeming millions on their way to hell?

A REPORT from the Census Bureau of Washington, D. C., revealed that from April, 1951, to April, 1952, 29,840,000 people changed residence within the continental United States. This means that there are hundreds of Church of God members living in territories where we have no church or Sunday School within their reach. Through a census many of these detached Church of God members could be discovered and from them a nucleus could be formed around which to establish a Sunday School and eventually a church.
When Government projects are being erected and new

when Government projects are being erected and new subdivisions are being established, the church should organize a branch Sunday School in that area and grow with the community. If we wait for an evangelistic team with all of the needed equipment and finance to go to these areas, we shall never reach the people, or at least not many of them. However, with a little concern and a meager amount of finance, your local church, even though it is small, can do something about this needy situation.

SHALL WE LOSE OUR CHURCH MEMBERS who have

SHALL WE LOSE OUR CHURCH MEMBERS who have moved into these remote sections and at the same time pass by the golden harvest of throngs of unsaved individuals? Is it not the duty of the church to reach these by a branch Sunday School? May God cause that impelling GO to ring in your ears o'er and o'er.

BARRIERS

Distance a Barrier—A survey of approximately 1,700 churches proved that the average church member travels only 1.7 miles to Sunday School. In rural sections it is slightly higher, but only 1.9 miles. That anyone who travels over 2 miles to Sunday School is the exception and not the rule, again shows us the great need of more branch Sunday Schools. But you might say, "Can't we reach them where we are?" For years your church hasn't done it; in fact, it is not probable that it will ever do it. We must go to them.

Social Barriers—We must recognize community lines and soical barriers. In Christian work we don't like to think of such things, nevertheless they exist. It might be a geographical or natural line, a railroad track, or even a difference in the appearance of the dwellings. All of these

Taking

The Church to

"Out of 160,000,000 people in the United States there are 128,000,000 who are not enrolled in any Sunday School.—Shall we boast of our thousands while we pass by the teeming millions?"

become definite lines in the minds of a community—yes lines over which many of them dare not step. If we fail to recognize these barriers, we reach only one class of people while the others suffer.

UTILIZE THE CHURCH MEMBERSHIP

THERE ARE a number of workers in some of our churches who are not busy who could be used in our branch Sunday School work. So many churches stagnate for the lack of activity in their membership. Let us utilize our church membership and make it a force with which to work, rather than a field in which to work. We have energy going to waste. Let us harness this power for God and good. How many pastors have preached fervently on Sunday morning about the duty of church members, then dismissed them with their hearts burning, only to have their zeal abate for the lack of a program to help them carry out the desire that was implanted in their hearts by the pastor's message? Their enthusiasm soon dies, not because they don't want to do, but because no one has showed them how to do. They could well say as those in Matthew 20:7, "No man hath hired us."

Many pastors say they have no time in their busy rou-THERE ARE a number of workers in some of

Many pastors say they have no time in their busy routine of building their own local church to engage in any outside activity. If the pastor could only realize that this is the very heart of the gospel of God's Church, he would plan a program and organize his members for the outreach of the Church and upbuilding of the kingdom. Pastors should not try to do all of the work. They will never tors should not try to do all of the work. They will never be able to build anything large or extend their borders until they learn to delegate responsibility and put their

members to work.

A tree gives shelter only as it reaches out its branches. Don't wait! Don't allow the Satan-prompted cults of the world to show a greater spirit of sacrifice than you. Let us put up a standard, establish a beachhead, and unfurl our flag in every unchurched community in the United States of America.

START RIGHT

A BRANCH SUNDAY SCHOOL should never A BRANCH SUNDAY SCHOOL should never be started merely as a temporary project. This is one reason why many of the projects fail and never become organized churches. Treat the branch as a permanent project. As John the Baptist was the forerunner of Jesus Christ, so are branch Sunday Schools forerunners of churches. The business world has awakened. Branch stores are being established in practically every community, while at the same time the banks are taking their services to the people by their branch stations. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the dren of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," Luke 16:8. They are interested in reaching the people with their products. This business of

the People

By RAY H. HUGHES
General Sunday School and
Youth Director



souls is for eternity. May we manifest the same and even greater concern.

The first step in starting new Sunday Schools is to seek out a location. A committee should be appointed for this purpose. Most generally where there is sufficient population for a public school, there will be a sufficient field for a Sunday School. When the location has been selected, the next step is to make a survey of the territory by a religious census. By this can be determined how many prospects and interested individuals reside in that area.

After the census is tabulated and the committee has thought it feasible to launch a campaign in that area, the next step is to locate a suitable building in which the Sunday School might gather. There are many places where Sunday Schools could be started, such as the front room of a home. Though some might frown upon this method, yet it is a Bible way and has proved very effective through the years. See Bible references, Romans 16:5; Colossians 4:15; Philemon 2; Acts 18:7. Some of the largest churches in the Church of God were started in the front room of some Christian's home. Sometimes the city Board of Education will give permission to use the auditorium of a public school for the Sunday School. In congested areas there are sometimes industrial buildings which will have a suitable place to house the gathering. A community gymnasium or a youth center is a splendid place to gather for a branch school. A number of Sunday Schools have been started in garages. Some churches are even financially able to build small chapels. Yes, where there is a will there is definitely a way and it is a proved fact that the people can be reached when the Sunday Schools are located where they are.

The fourth step is to enlist workers. A tabulation of the census will determine the number of workers that will be needed. After the officers and teachers have been selected, there should be an organizational meeting at a given time previous to the opening day. At this meeting the teachers should be given their assignments and literature so as to prepare for a grand opening.

On the opening morning the teacher should be present with all of the necessary equipment to organize his class. Peradventure no one attends in the age group to which he has been assigned, he should not be discouraged. He can take a list of the prospects in the neighborhood and build a class from these. Many hundreds of teachers have done this successfully.

All of the officers and teachers should be selected by the sponsoring church. A capable leader will serve as superintendent of the group and will be largely responsible for sparking enthusiasm in his staff and congregation. It is well that the superintendent live in the same community where the Sunday School is being established.

However, strong leadership should not be sacrificed merely for one who lives in the community.

Literature will be furnished free for the first quarter by the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tennessee. Place your order far enough in advance to have your material on hand at the opening day. A bad start can mean failure, so don't open your school haphazardly.

Institute every phase of the National Standardization Plan that you possibly can from the very beginning. There are at least two things that are a "MUST" in establishing new schools. One is regular TEACHERS' MEET-INGS. This will be necessary to maintain interest, solve problems, and plan for growth. The superintendent of the school will be responsible for all such meetings. The pastor of the parent church will guide the superintendent and see that he carries out his prescribed duties. His duties should be outlined by the sponsoring church. The next "MUST" in launching such a program is VISITATION. An active organized visitation program is essential to any Sunday School, whether small or large. To start right, start with some form of visitation. Of course, your program will have to be organized according to the need.

FINANCE

IF THE OFFERINGS of the branch Sunday School do not pay expenses, and they usually don't for several weeks, the deficit should be made up from the funds of the parent church. This is a home missions project and every wide-awake church will cooperate wholeheartedly.

The workers furnished by the parent church should continue to tithe and give their offerings to the local church where their membership is rather than through the branch school. By this the sponsoring church can get a true picture of the finances of its branch station.

The leadership of these schools must work very closely with the parent church. Branch Sunday Schools and missions should never be allowed to become a refuge for disgruntled members. For this reason the fullest cooperation must exist between the teachers and officers of the branch Sunday School and those of the sponsoring church. Periodic meetings will be necessary to assure perfect understanding between the two groups.

IT'S UP TO YOU

Will you accept the challenge? Will your church be one of the 465 churches to begin a branch Sunday School in 1954? Will you be found so doing when He comes? Will you occupy until He comes? The Sunday School office of the Church of God is depending on you to make this project one of the greatest evangelistic endeavors that has ever been launched by our great Church.

From the throes of privation and toil was born the . . .

Twilight Hymn

By KATHERINE BEVIS

RS. BROWN, I can't understand why you come up at evening so near our house, and then go back without coming in? If you want anything, why don't you come in and ask for it? I sent my girl down to the garden to see if she could help you, but you turned and walked quickly away. I could not understand why you acted so." The voice of the speaker had a lofty air.

It was a warm August evening. Mrs. Brown had been visiting in the home of a friend, and during the evening a lady, the one who had just spoken so coldly to her, had called at this friend's home. On being introduced to the woman, she had suddenly turned on Mrs. Brown, rudely asking her the

above questions.

There is much drama and pathos behind the answer to this person, for the woman being questioned was none other than Phoebe Hinsdale Brown, the first female American hymnist whose work would live.

Born in Canaan, New York, in 1783, Phoebe Hinsdale had been orphaned when only a little more than a year old. Her maternal grandparents, the Allens, had taken her to live with them, but a double tragedy robbed her of these kind foster-parents at the

early age of seven.

This tiny little waif, was taken by a sister, whose husband, a drunkard and gambler treated her worse than a slave. Privation and toil one would not believe a person could survive, was Phoebe's lot for eleven years. During this period she was never allowed to go to school and at the age of eigh-teen, she could not write her own name.

Then she managed to spend three months in a class of young children, and here with these beginners this eighteen-year-old girl mastered the alphabet and received the only schooling she ever had. She had by this period in her life, been taken in by a kind, Christian couple.

Now with such a changed environment, she was allowed to go to church, and here at the age of twenty gave her heart to God and joined the

church.

It was while attending this church of her choice, that she met the man who was to be her future husband.

He was a worthy man, but a poor one, a house-painter, Timothy H. Brown.
Soon after their marriage, they moved to Ellington, Connecticut, and it was while living here that the above

episode in her life took place.

PHOEBE BROWN, been contributing short verse and stories to several weekly papers, published nearby, but even then the mon-ey coming into the home did not begin to meet the pressing needs. She and her husband had taken one of her sisters into their home. The girl being very ill, was given one of the four small rooms that made up the home. Four young children added to Phoebe Brown's cares.

Being deeply religious, her very heart cried out for a quiet spot where she could go for a few minutes after the daily grind was finished. Just

TWILIGHT HYMN

"Yes, when the tailsame day is gane,

And night, with banners gray Steal silently, the glade alang In twilight's saft array,

"I lave to steal awhile away From little anes and care, And spend the haurs of setting day In gratitude and prayer,

"I lave to think an mercies past And future ones implare, And all my cares and sarraws cast
On Him, Wham I adare.

"I lave by faith ta take a view Of blissful scenes in heaven; The sight dath all my strength re-

While here, by starms I'm driven.

"Thus when life's tailsame day is o'er,

May its departing ray Be calm as this impressive haur And lead to endless day.

down the road from her humble little home was a large garden and a beautiful home. The path that led down to the garden was shaded with, trees and the shadows of twilight, playing through the leaves enchanted her as she would walk to the spot that she had named her "Retreat."

Here, away from the cares and press of her little home, Phoebe Brown meditated, alone with God. She drew strength from this peaceful hour from that One who knew all about her exacting life. It was here in sight of the stately elms and all the beautiful flowers, she felt alone with her God



who had piloted her over so many

tough seas of her life.

This August evening, she had been sorely grieved over the question this lady had asked her, for she had felt that her walk to the spot in the garden had not disturbed any one, and, of course, she had not felt that she had encroached on anyone's rights. She had never attempted to open the gate of the garden, and surely a lady with so much of God's beauty all around her would not begrudge her this few minutes of rest and visit with her Saviour.

But the question thrust at her had shown that the woman did not approve her actions and so as she sat that night in the little bare kitchen, the children in bed, her sick sister made comfortable for the night, Phoebe Brown burst into a flood of tears that released the anguish of her

heart.

Then, taking pencil and paper, she started to write an apology to the lady who had been so selfish. She called the note "My apology for my twilight rambles," and addressed it To a Lady. Sending this note to the lady, she was never to know what impression it

made upon her, for she never received an answer. But the note, found today in many of hymnals, and loved by all who have ever read or heard it is none other than that beautiful "Twilight

This poem was kept hidden among Mrs. Brown's private papers for quite

some time.

Then Dr. Nettleton, compiling his Village Hymns, and being told that she had written some religious poems paid Phoebe Brown a visit.

On this visit she furnished the Doctor with four hymns of his book, and one of the four was her "Apology."

PHOEBE Hinsdale Brown, dedicated her children to God in infancy and she was rewarded in the untiring care that she gave to them. Two of her daughters became preacher's wives and the third married a prominent church deacon. Her son born in 1810, the Rev. Samuel R. Brown, D.D., sailed as a pioneer missionary to China in 1838, and in 1859 went to Japan as the first American missionary to open a work in that new empire.

Phoebe Hinsdale Brown went to her eternal reward in 1861, and was buried at Monson, Massachusetts. Beside her is buried the remains of her prom-

inent, missionary son.

T THE AGE of seven, Abraham Lincoln walked four miles a day, going to the Knob Creek school to learn to read and write. Zachariah Riney and Caleb Hazel were the teachers who brought him along from A B C to where he could write his name and count numbers beginning with one, two, three, and so on.

The teaching Lincoln got in the schools didn't satisfy him, however. He attended three different schools in Indiana besides the two in Kentucky. It was through the insistance of his good stepmother, Sarah Bush Lincoln, that the boy was permitted to attend the last country school. Besides learning his A B C's, how to spell, read, and write, young Lincoln learned manners under the school teacher, Andrew Crawford.

John Hanks, who worked in the fields barefooted with Lincoln, grubbing stumps, plowing and mowing, once said: "When Abe and I came back to the house from work, he used to go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of cornbread, sit down, take a book, cock his legs up high as his head, and read. Whenever he had a chance in the field while at work, or at the house, he would stop and read."

Lincoln liked to explain to other people what he was getting from books; expounding an idea to some one else made it clearer to him. Words became more real if picked from the silent pages of books and pronounced on the tongue; new balances and values of words stood out if spoken aloud.

Many of his friends heard him say: "The things I want to know are in books; my best friend is the man who'll get me a book I haven't read." Besides reading the Bible and figuring his way all through the old arithmetic they had at home, he came in possession of "Aesop's Fables," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," and Weems' "The Life of Francis Marion." The book of fables, written or collected thousands of years ago by the Greek slave, known as Aesop, sank deep into his mind.

The reading of good books proved a comfort to the youth against the same thing over and over again, day after day; so many mornings the same kind of water from the same spring, the same fried pork and cornbread to eat, the same drizzles of rain. With fall came fodder-pulling, accompanied by the same tired feeling at the end of the day. Often he roamed alone in the woods, but through his mind ran the stories he had read in books. The learning his eyes had caught from books broke the chill of his lonesome feeling.

Early in life young Abe learned the art of story-telling. Many were amused and entertained by his stories and jokes. It wasn't uncommon for him to appear very gloomy and sad, then unexpectedly surprise the group with a funny story.

Lincoln studied geography without knowing he was studying the subject. After he had become a man of his own—twenty-two years of age—he went to New Salem and secured a position as clerk in Denton Offut's store. There he sold calico prints from Massachusetts, tea from China, coffee from Brazil, hardware and stoneware from New York and Pennsylvania, products and utensils from the hands and machines of men hundreds and thousands of miles away. The feel of other human zones, and a large world in which to live, made connection with the Offut grocery stock.

James Rutledge, president of a literary society, which group Abe joined, said of the young man. "There is more than wit and fun in Abe's head; he is already a fine speaker; all he lacks is culture to enable him to reach a high destiny which is in store for him."

IT WAS AFTER he became a lawyer, practising in Springfield, Illinois, he bought a book on logic. From this he studied the science of explanation. He learned how to analyze the absolutely true and the relatively true, the proximate causes and the remote causes; how to untangle fallacies and take them apart, piece by piece, and show mistakes in reasoning. Once he heard the word demonstrate and said to himself: "What do I do when I demonstrate, more than when I reason or prove? How does demonstration differ from other proof?" Then he looked in Noah Webster's dictionary and learned that demonstration is "Proof beyond the possibility of doubt."

Many considered Abraham Lincoln the most able lawyer in Illinois. Other lawyers could not say beforehand just when Lincoln would switch the strategy of his case and be off on a trail not noticed before. Often he would speak to a jury and give away one point after another, "Yes, we ad-

mit this," and "Yes, we admit that." And it would look as though the case was slipping away, when suddenly he would come down with unexpected power on the weakest point of the opposition and bring up his own strongest point. Once during a criminal trial, a colleague, Amzi McWilliams, whispered to other attorneys, "Lincoln will pitch in heavy now, for he has been in hiding."

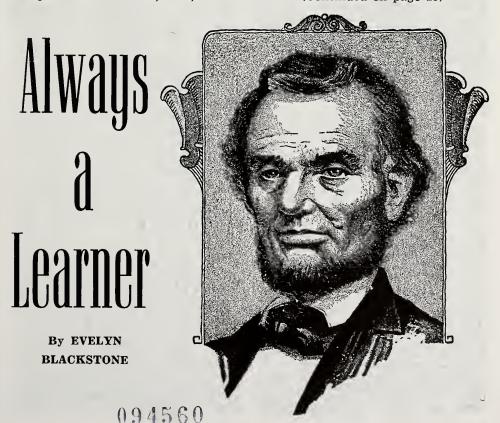
Four years after his marriage to Mary Todd, Lincoln was thirty-seven years old, and getting ready to leave Springfield to go to Washington. There he would sit, vote, and speak as the one and only Whig congressman elected from the State of Illinois. Indeed, he was climbing up the ladder of success!

Once a very scholarly man said of this young lawyer: "When he speaks his manner is impassioned and he seems transfigured; his listeners feel that he believes every word he says. Like Martin Luther, he will go to the stake rather than abate one jot or tittle of it."

A farmer said, "I don't keer fur them great orators. I want to hear just a plain common feller like the rest of us, thet I kin foller an' know where he's drivin'. Abe Linkern fills the bill."

Lincoln liked to test his memory for accuracy. One day he and his son Bob were driving toward Springfield, when he remembered that in earlier days he had surveyed the land of that neighborhood. He stopped the buggy several times. Each time, with a chuckle, he asked Bob to go into the woods and at a certain distance find a blazed tree, which he had more

(Continued on page 25)



RANDMOTHER, why is it you always are so happy?"
I looked into her smiling

face, desirous of knowing the secret of her contentment. I knew there was a reason fundamental to it, for grandmother was one of the few who manifested such an attitude of

continuous happiness.

"So you are curious about that?" she replied. "I'm glad you are interested, but you are not the first to ask the question. Why am I happy? There are many reasons, but I shall reveal one in particular, trusting you may find it profitable for creating your own spirit of happiness. My memory chest helps keep me happy."
"Your memory chest?" I questioned,

wondering just what she meant. I thought of the cedar chest in the at-

tic, but couldn't relate the two.
"Yes, Madge, my memory chest."
She smiled at the puzzled look on my "A girl of fifteen can understand something of a hope chest as she looks forward, but it requires many years to fill a memory chest. You are not too young to begin. Already you have a few things inside your memory chest."

She hesitated momentarily, but I urged her, "Go on. Don't keep me

waiting."

"Listen carefully then, and utilize for yourself the important parts of my secret. Life is filled with blessings and disappointments, the pleasant and unpleasant things. As you go through the years you will store those memories which bear tremendous influence on your later life. Thinking of this, I determined my later years should be filled with joy and happiness. To make this possibility a reality, I mapped the progress of my life along certain lines. To gain my goal I could not store everything in my mind, so the unpleasant memories must not be treasured. They must be forgotten, or completely overshadowed by the memories which bring joy."
Grandmother paused briefly, and I

knew her mind ran swiftly across past years. This time I did not interrupt

her.

"I had friendships dear to me," she continued. "These I stored in my memory chest. The helpful deeds for others, the little acts of accommodation, the beauty spots of earth which I saw—these and many more things increased the quantity stored away. Now I am in the closing years of life. My opportunities are more limited, but I do have something to which I can look back with joy. I open my memory chest and bring forth one treasure after another, feeling these things enriched my life. Those beautiful memories keep the smile on my lips and the sunshine in my eyes. They keep my spirit young as I live them again. If you would profit from my experience, store your memory chest with the choicest and most beautiful things of life. On the days when clouds hang low and skies are dark, open that memory chest and the sun

will shine in spite of the clouds."

This proved most interesting, but I was not satisfied. I wished to have her open that memory chest and bring forth one of the treasures packed



Grandma paused briefly and I knew her mind ran swiftly across past years

"Let me see one of your treasures," I begged. "I'm too interested to let

you quit now.'

Grandmother leaned back in her rocker, shut her eyes as she thought for a moment, then unfolded before me the story which I pass on to you. The girl, June Raymond, is my grand-

JUNE RAYMOND, strolling past the house where Mrs. Cranz lived alone, wondered why one should live such an exclusive life. The elderly woman had very few friends, her dis-position not conducive to forming friendships. Acquaintances might be the better term. Rumor said her life had been one of hardships and disappointments. Age hardened her heart towards the world in general Efforts towards friendship were discouraged, resulting finally in folks staying away

"I doubt if she's as bad as pictured,"
June decided, having heard the elderly lady was ill. "I'm going to see if
there is anything I can do"

there is anything I can do.

She called, but her reception was extremely chilly. Mrs. Cranz was ill, but could get around the house. Very curtly she informed June she could look after herself. She needed no outside help.

"She's robbing herself," June de-clared. Repelled in her first attempt, more than ever she determined to succeed. "She's not treating herself fairly. She won't accept help from anyone, that's certain. I'll have to try some other way. Surely there must be some manner of reaching her heart."

A few days later she stopped at the Cranz' home to make a strange request. "Good morning, Mrs. Cranz," she greeted the elderly lady. "You'll think I've lots of nerve to come here imposing on you, but I would like to ask a favor of you. My mother has gone away for the day, and I'm alone.

Not liking to eat alone, I wonder if I could bring my lunch and eat with you. I've heard what a splendid cook you were in your younger days, and I don't believe you've forgotten how. If it wouldn't bother too much, I'd like to drop in this noon. Now don't you think I'm terribly nervy?"

"Nothing new for young folks," Mrs. Cranz replied sharply, yet she couldn't hide the bit of pleasure in her eyes. The refusal she started to utter remained unspoken. "Well"—she hesitated as though the decision demanded serious consideration—"yes, come on. I can stand it if you can. I can't remember the time anyone expressed a desire to eat with me. I know what it is to eat alone. If this will do you any good, come over."

"Thank you, so much," June replied, her heart bursting with joy at this opportunity before her. "I'll be here at noon. It'l bring my lunch with me, so don't do anything extra.'

"You'll do nothing of the kind," Mrs Cranz declared, almost savagely. "I'll set the table for my guests. If my cooking is as good as reported, it'll do for you."

"But I didn't mean to-"

"Are you coming or not?" Mrs.

Cranz snapped.
"I'll be here at noon." June dared not jeopardize her ground won by further words.

As she hastened home, she declared, "I've gained my first step by asking a favor instead of offering help. I've heard my father say you can turn an enemy into a friend by getting him to do something for you."

do something for you.

June was amazed when she saw the inside of Mrs. Cranz' home. So neat. so orderly. And her ability to cook had not been exaggerated. Of course June heard much criticism and biting sarcasm during the process of the meal, but overshadowing that was the fact the icy barrier had been shattered. Perhaps eventually it might be bro-

ken.
"That picture interests me," June said, pointing to a picture on the dining room wall. "It's a war picture. I'm making a special study of history, and consequently must study wars."
"I hate wars," Mrs. Cranz cried. "I

hate them!"

She turned her head and looked steadily at the picture, her eyes shin-ing with moisture. "That picture is of the battlefield where my husband was killed." Her voice vibrated with emotion. She used her apron to wipe her eyes, trying to conceal the tears from her visitor. With an effort she re-

gained control of herself.

"I'd like to hang that picture in the front room," she said, her voice steady again, "but it's too heavy for me to again,

move."

"I'll help you," June volunteered.

"Dad says I'm as strong as a boy.
We'll clear the table, do the dishes,
then move the picture."

She expected to hear her offer re-

fused, but was gladly surprised when the opposite happened. After the picture had been moved, she asked, "Have you any history books I might borrow? You might have some that are different from those in the school

I protested. "You can omit the details of what followed, but let me hear the conclusion.'

Grandmother looked at me with her characteristic smile. "My visits increased in number and frequency. I discovered Mrs. Cranz had been a church member and a professing Christian. I believed that former love lay dormant. Little by little the bar-rier was destroyed. Relations of was destroyed. friendliness were established with her neighbors. She forsook her hermit abode and ventured forth. Before her death she became one of the most beloved women in the community. She took great interest in Christian work and became an active worker in the church. The week before she died she thanked me with tear-filled eyes for my part in helping her to close her earthly life with a few years of genuine happiness. As for me, her happiness and joy fully compensated me for the little effort it took to treat her in a Christian manner. The lonely soul hungered for some person to really care for her.'

"But she repelled folks by her attitude," I protested. "Wasn't she at fault?"

"Partially, but that attitude provided the test between genuine caring

"THE DAY BEFORE TOMORROW"

By Chester Shuler

"Tomorrow never comes," is an old adage, and a very true one, of course. And equally true is the fact that "yesterday is gone forever."

But the "day before tomorrow" is here—now. It is ours. Ours to do with what we will. But we must hasten, or it will have become "yesterday" and be gone forever.

Procrastination has been termed "the thief of time." It is that-and worse. It is a murderer of good deeds and intentions—the many good things we could and ought to do now, but which procrastination tells us to lay aside until tomorrow.

One of our greatest temptations is the belief that we have so much to do today that some of it simply must be deferred until tomorrow-and then deferring the wrong thing, putting second things in first place.

Putting first things first is a wonderful thing to attain unto. When we form the evil habit of procrastinating, we become confused on this point, and soon aren't certain which things are "first."

The "day before tomorrow" is the time to do most things that really are worth doing at all. The time to serve others, work for God, and do our golden deeds. If we dreamed about them yesterday, let us form the habit of doing them today-now.

Now is the time to give those beautiful flowers-the kind words which, when today has vanished into yesterday, we shall wish that we had spoken.

The "day before tomorrow" is a wonderful day. We can not value it too highly, nor treat it too well. It will live in memory long after it has vanished forever—pleasantly or as a nightmare. The way we are living it now, this moment, will determine the afterglow.

But there are some things which we ought not do on the "day before tomorrow." Those are our unkind deeds, words, gossip. Tomorrow-the day which never comes—is the time for those.

The younger we happen to be, the greater is the temptation toward procrastination—because life's span seems so long. The tempter never fails to tell us that, "There's plenty of time" to do the good thing we have been contemplating. But the way to defeat him thoroughly is to remember that tomorrow is a mere will-o'-the-wisp, that yesterday has vanished forever, and that the time to do our great, noble deeds, speak our kindest words, think our most charitable and helpful thoughts, is on—

"The day before tomorrow."

MY MEMORY CHEST

By L. L. WIGHTMAN

"The memory is a treasurer to whom we must give funds, if we would draw the assistance we need."—Rowe

Illustrated by CHLOE STEWART

library. I'd like all the information possible."

"I have several," Mrs. Cranz replied. "I can't get them for you today, be-cause they are stored in the attic."

"Suppose I come over tomorrow and we'll go up there together?" June paved the way for further entrance into this lady's life. "I'm positively creaty chout available to the state of t crazy about exploring an attic. But you wouldn't want a stranger han-dling your choice treasures."

"Not all strangers, but I wouldn't mind you," June was assured. "Come tomorrow and we'll see what we can

find."
"Thank you, Mrs. Cranz. I'm go glad
"Thank you, Mrs. Cranz. I'm go glad
"Thank you, Mrs. Cranz. I'm go glad I came today. I've had a wonderful

"Somehow you seem different from other folks around here," Mrs. Cranz

declared.
"To me you're far different from the person described by some. Perhaps it's in getting to know people. When we really know—but we'll let that go." She became fearful of going too far. "I'll be back tomorrow. Goodby."

IF GRANDMOTHER thought to conclude her story there, I changed her mind. "That was the first step in opening this woman's heart,"

and a make-believe action. I really cared for her, and the barrier soon was swept away. Love can work wonders. The growth of that friendship is one of the happiest memories of my life. Many years have passed, but they've failed to rob that memory of its freshness and charm. Do you wonder that my life is full of joy when I can open my memory chest and look upon such things once more?"

Could I wonder at it? In that instant I changed places with my aged grandmother. When I reached her age, what would my memory chest reveal? What manner of life was I living day after day? What was I storing

away?

"Grandmother, I begin to under"I managed to say, though the lump in my throat made talking difficult. I know she saw the tears I tried to hold back. "I hope when I'm as old as you, it will be my privilege to open my memory chest and bring forth such treasures."

But in order to bring them forth, I must have them stored away in the first place. That was something I could begin to do immediately. To wait meant a partially filled chest. I desired one overflowing like the one my grandmother possessed. What a source (of joy in the evening hours of life!



HE SCRIPTURE LESSON comes from a very familiar portion of God's Word, found in Matthew 16:13. "When Jesus came into the coasts of Caesarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I the Son of man am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist: some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

My theme and text is found in this eighteenth verse, "I will build my church." I speak about the church Christ is speaking of, "the called-out ones," those who have come to know Him in the pardon and forgiveness of their sins. We are assembled here tonight from various parts of the United States and perhaps some foreign countries, but all of us here have one thing in common, we know Jesus Christ in the pardon and forgiveness of our sin.

It's an encouraging thought to me and I should think to all of you as well to know that this great institution of which we are a part is a God-ordained thing. There are a lot of peopeople who would have us believe that the Pentecostal emphasis we place up-on religion today is a new-fangled idea that came about forty or fifty years ago. But I would encourage you, how-ever, with the thought that this great movement is not some man's idea. It is not something born by mere human intellect or ingenuity, but this is God's idea. It is a real inspiration to me to know that I am spending my life, and I am dedicating all my energies to a cause that God planned Himself long before the world was.

"And I say unto thee, That thou art Peter, and ubon this rock-

I Will Build My

By J. FRANK SPIVEY

Note: This sermon was delivered at the annual convention of the P. F. N. A. at Charlotte, N. C.

LONG AGO in the mind of God, somewhere in the eternities past, this great universe on which we are living was only a thought in the mind of God. God planned this thing we are speaking about tonight, and He planned it well. He saw in His infinite wisdom and fore-knowledge, the time when His own creation would disobey Him and by an act of rebellion would fall into disfavor. God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost devised a plan then whereby we could come back in favor with God and worship Him in such an assembly as we are now worshipping

Him at this very hour.

We get our first inkling of it in the book of Genesis when Eve and subsequently Adam were beguiled by Satan. In that tragic hour God walked in the quiet of the garden which one time had been serene and peaceful and where He had communed with the creation of His own hands. Be-cause of his act of rebellion, man failed on this occasion to find the same favor and the same sweet communion with God. But God said something in that hour that I am sure disturbed the devil tremendously and gave all posterity a new hope and a new lease on life. I think as the devil crawled through the beautiful foliage of Eden and heard God say, "Satan, one day the seed of this woman, whom you beguiled, is going to bruise your head and give you a mortal blow," he muttered, "I wonder what He means."

I think God kept some of this in reservation. I don't believe the devil

understood fully, what God was talking about. He kept it in reserve, and little by little as we come down the sacred pages we find little glimpses here and there of the unfolding beauty of these marvelous mysteries of the

church that Christ is going to build. We see in the Old Testament types and shadows and we hear from the prophetic utterance of some inspired prophet about a Son that is to be given. His name is to be "Prince of Peace." I think Satan wondered what all this could mean. Something was in the making somewhere. Somehow I think the devil felt down in his own rebellious heart that God was preparing to finally and ultimately destroy him. On down through the years and ages the mysteries unfolded.

FINALLY AT LAST, in the fulness of time, on one starry night God said, "Gabriel, I want you to go down to Nazareth, and I want you to find there a little, olive-complexioned, brown-eyed Jewish maiden, and I've a message I want you to carry to her. You ease down in the beauty of this night and whisper some wonderful words in her ears.

And if the devil knew, I think he must have said in his heart, "I wonder what Gabriel is talking about tonight."

Gabriel said, "Mary, you are highly favored of God. The Holy Ghost is going to overshadow you and you are going to conceive and that holy thing that shall be born will be called the Son of God." Perhaps the devil scampered away under the star-lighted heavens saying, "I wonder if that's what God meant when He said He was going to take the seed of the woman and brying my boad." and bruise my head."

The months pass by and one night we hear the angels singing under the stars and saying, "Unto you this night is born in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." Day is quickening on the horizon. A hope is coming. Deliverance is not in the too far distance. Jesus Christ has come to

this world.

For thirty-three years Christ lived and the devil watched Him, what time he knew where He was. Somebody said, "Do you really believe Christ was hidden from Satan at times?" Yes, I do personally. If it makes you happier to feel like the devil knows everything God knows, go ahead and think that way about it. I think, however, that although the devil has a powerful in-tellect, God has some things hidden from that old boy.

When Christ was about two years old, God whispered to Joseph one night and said, "I want you to get over in Egypt for awhile." Now I had to go further than Egypt to hide from the day! I had to get in the blood of the devil. I had to get in the blood of Jesus Christ. But God says there is a hiding place down in Egypt where the Son of God will be safe. Even though Herod scoured the country and

Church

and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Matt. 16:18

slaughtered the babies two years old and under, Jesus was preserved.

CHRIST WENT INTO Egypt, but one day He came back. The devil didn't hear much about Him until he dropped into a great evangelistic service where John the Baptizer was the evangelist. He saw a Man go down into the water to be baptized. He was not the most outstanding nor the most handsome fellow in the crowd, being an ordinary carpenter's son from Nazareth. But when that boy came up out of the water, the devil heard from heaven the voice of God saying, "This is my beloved Son." I think the devil gathered his imps to-gether and said, "I wonder what that could mean. Heaven responds to the sacred act of baptism when this man goes down and comes up and the Holy Dove of the Spirit rests upon Him. Boys, it looks like we are in trouble now. I don't know what to do about it."

Christ's own people misunderstood His mission. They looked for the immediate restoration of Israel. They looked for the Roman yoke to be broken, and Him take the throne of His father David and give them political ease for a while. They misunderstood the wonderful plan through which God purposed to save the world.

One day this same Man walked down the shores of Galilee and saw some fishermen. He said, "Boys, if you will follow me, I will make you fishers of men." I think they looked one at the other and said, "I don't know what all this means, but I feel an impelling force. I don't see any finance or fat salaries, but I feel an impelling force to leave these boats." They walked out of their fisherman's boats, and dropped their damp nets in the sand to follow Jesus Christ. They hardly knew why. It has always been a mystery to know why Jesus Christ could walk along without a thing to promise and men would leave their livelihood without the promise of a dime, to follow Him. It is the same today. If I were to ask you to stand tonight, I think I would find many here who literally left the fishing nets, or the looms, or the plowhandles, etc. From every walk of life you left to follow

Jesus Christ, the lowly Nazarene. The devil saw Christ take five loaves and two fishes and feed five thousand men with their wives and children. He saw Him in a raging storm say, "Peace be still" and the waters lay down like a pup at his master's feet. He watched Him in Gadara when the demoniac came to Him. He saw Christ cast the legion of devils out of the man and completely restore him.

ONE DAY GOD whispered in Christ's ear and said, "Son, don't you think it is about time we told these boys what our plans really are and how we are going to work these plans?"

Christ introduced the matter with the statement, "Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?" Someone said, "Well, some say you are John the Baptist. You preach repentance and baptism. And some say you are Jeremiah. He was a weeping prophet and you are a man of sorrow. Some say you are Elias. He was a great man of

faith and power and so are you."

Then He looked them in the face and said, "But whom do you say that I the Son of man am?"

Then Peter looked at Him and said, "We believe that you are the Christ, the Son of the Living God."

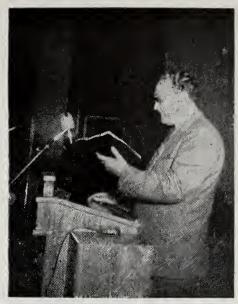
Jesus had the opening for His state-ment, and He said, "Thou art the son of Jonah, and flesh and blood has not revealed this unto you, but my Father which is in heaven. And thou art Peter. On this rock I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

I rejoice tonight first of all because Jesus said, "I'll build it." We'll never be the product of some man or any group of men. Jesus Christ is doing this thing and it's being done well. It cannot fail; it cannot go down. We have heaven's guarantee; we have the Word of Jesus Christ behind it that it will go forward. "I will build my church." Listen, boys and girls. Listen, men and women. Today you are not fighting a losing battle. Many may die on the field in action, but the church goes on. Jesus Christ said, "I will build it." Today heaven and earth may pass away; the rock of Gibraltar may sink into the waters of the sea and be no more; this little ball on which we live may fade away and be no more; but the church will be here until Jesus comes. Jesus Christ said, "I will build my church."

There were only a handful of fol-

lowers around Jesus Christ. But He said, "I am going to use men like you." And the interesting thing, Jesus came into this world without a man. It looked like the devil had the whole crowd, but Jesus said, "I'm going crowd, but Jesus said, "I'm going down there at the command of my Father, and I am going to shed my blood on Calvary and I am going to recruit the tremendous force by which and through which I am going to evangelize the world. I am going to recruit them out of Satan's camp and wash them in the blood, baptize them in the Spirit and build a church.

TIME MARCHES ON. He went to Calvary and laid the founda-



REV. J. FRANK SPIVEY Pastor, North Cleveland Church of God

tion deep in His own blood and in the truth of the gospel. Finally after forty days He went back to His Father's home in glory. He left, however, some very important things on record for His disciples if they were to carry on this great movenment. "I am still building a church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. My going away will not hinder it but will help it. I am sending in my stead the Comforter and He will be with you always. He will walk with you, He'll guide you, He'll inspire you and He will fight your battles."

He said, "Now boys, we are going to build this church, and everything has to be ready. I want you to take this little crowd of followers to a certain place. Don't just preach another sermon but go up to Jerusalem and wait there until you hear from heaven. I am going back and talk with my Father about this whole situation, and He is going to send the Holy Ghost. When He comes, He will tell you what to do. Now you go up there and wait."

And they went up there and waited. They had to be ready. Jesus Christ had literally said, "We are going to launch an evangelistic campaign, and it cannot fail. We can't afford to lose. The devil's got this world. The devil's got the souls of men. I propose a plan to redeem men, and we can't afford to lose. We must break assunder the bands of evil. You boys go there and wait until you have heard from heav-

I guess if it had been lots of us we would have wanted to start that night. But you can always do a little better if you are real good and ready when you finally get started. If you have the equipment and your heart is ablaze and on fire with the Holy Spirit of God you can do more in a shorter time.

Jesus said, "Boys, we are going to take this 120 and storm the gates of hell and build a church the devil can't tear down." And for ten days they

waited in the upper room. They prayed, sang hymns and waited on God. One morning they were all filled. I don't know what they were doing, but the Bible said they were sitting. They might have been singing, "Jesus Is the Sweetest Name I Know," when "suddenly there came a sound from heaven as a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house." The equipment had arrived, if you please. The whole house trembled as 120 men and women were literally filled with the Holy Ghost. Thank God forever, Hallelujah!

When the equipment arrived, the battle was on. Jesus Christ didn't only mean that the gates of hell would not successfully assault the church, but He also meant that the church was to storm the gates of hell. It was to be a movement that would move, and I tell you that day they hit the gates of

hell a good lick.

I don't know what Peter thought. He had no text, I guess, and he prepared no sermon, but when the Holy pared no sermon, but which the Ghost fell that day he suddenly remembered something. He said, "You know, I remember three years ago, that morning I felt peculiar when Jesus Christ told me to leave my boat and if I went with Him, I would become a fisher of men. I don't know if I have caught a man in the three years, but I feel the fisherman Spirit coming over me. I never felt like this before. I don't know what this is moving on me.

And about that time some ignoramus in the crowd said, "I know what is the matter with this crowd. They are all drunk."

And Peter said, "That's my cue." and turned losse, and he grabbed the old "gospel throw net." I think he must have said. "In the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," and let the thing go as it settled down, he began to pull the drawstring and that night when he shook the net out they had 3,000 men. You know the movement can move when you've got the Mover in it.

IN THE NEXT chapter the same godly men were going down to the temple at the hour of prayer, and there was that old man that had never walked in forty years. There are many 40-year-old beggars in the country today who are looking for a Pentecostal preacher to come by, and say, "You don't have to beg any more. You can be healed."

The crowd passed by and dropped the coins into the cup. Here come the penniless Holiness preachers. They were not driving Cadillac automobiles and living in fine mansions, but I tell you they had something on the inside that would scare the devil away. They said, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I thee in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise

up and walk."
The man jumped up, his anklebones receiving strength, and went leaping and jumping. Hallelujah! I tell you it was a good time, right on the foundation of that great healing to start a

soul-winning campaign.
I can see John as he said, "Peter,

what are you going to do?" Peter said, "Just hold it, John. Things are not quite right yet. I'm getting my hook baited.'

Everybody ran together into Solomon's porch as they saw the healed man leaping, jumping and praising God, and there stood these two Holi-ness preachers. Peter said, "Just hold it a minute, John. Just hold it a minute. It hasn't come time yet. The Spirit will tell us when to let go."

About that time that old boy ran back up and grabbed them and he identified himself, and they began to look at Peter and John, and Peter said, "John, this is the cue. Just hold everything and pray for me now." And he said, "Why do you look so earnestly upon us as by our holiness or power we have made this man to walk? But Jesus Christ, through faith in His name, has given this man perfect soundness in the presence of you all."
Then he turned the gospel gun on them again and said, "Jesus Christ, whom you crucified, him hath God raised up." He preached about the same sermon as Pentecost, and that

day when they counted the number



they had 5,000. Two sermons and

8,000 people.

From that time on they quit counting them, and said "multitudes were added to the faith." I tell you the movement was moving. The rocks were rocking and the power was falling. The Holy Ghost was energizing the people and God was building His church.

DOWN THROUGH the years, sometimes He has had to enlist some of his recruits from very questionable lives, but He washed them in His blood and made another lively stone in this great building. It may have been an educated Paul on the road to Damascus, but He saved him by His blood and made a lively stone. It might have been a harlot on Scarlet Street, but He washed her in His blood. made another lively stone, and added it in the building.

Did you know God is still building today? He hasn't quit building on the building. He hasn't quit adding to this mighty fort. It is still in progress to-day. The devil has thrown every arrow and every stone he has at it. All the wicked forces of hell are against it, but in spite of all that the move-ment is still moving, and the calledout ones are still coming. They are collecting themselves together, and the power is still falling.

I think the devil danced with glee when he saw the bones of sanctified souls crushed in the Coliseum of Rome, but he must have been disappointed to see out of their blood tens of thousands rise up to do honor and praise to Jesus Christ. I think the devil must have rejoiced when he smelled the stench of decaying flesh as the Christians were hanged on crosses along the highway. I think he must have wondered what was going to happen next. He must have been disappointed, however, when he saw out of that stench an army rise to preach the full gospel of Jesus Christ. The church moves on.

Later we hear Paul saying, "I see the chopblock in the distance, but I've got a crown." The building was still in progress. Then we have the testimony of Peter. He said, "In a few days I am going to the cross with my head down but God is raiging up to me head down, but God is raising up some more, and the movement is still mov-ing." Christian wars have been fought and blood has flowed, but the move-ment is still moving. The Hitlers, the Mussolinis and the Stalins have come and gone, but the movement is still moving today.

A FEW YEARS AGO this Pentecostal movement, as we know it tonight, was only a little spark. It was like one little match that a hunter might have thrown down unwittingly by the wayside. But a few decades have gone, and tonight the sun never sets on blood-washed, spirit-filled believers around the world. By the millions they are praising and thanking God for the same experience that we have tonight.

Let us remember, young people, Jesus said, "I am going to build my church." When He can no longer build it through us, He will find someone through whom He can build His church. When He can no longer build it through the movements represented here tonight, he will find someone through which He can build His church. I think that I should not call any names, or try to be too kind, but as you travel down the spiritual highway of life I think you can see some magnificent monuments of one-timegreat movements to God, but they failed to let the Spirit lead them. They failed to stay filled with the Spirit. They whacked away at the Deity of Jesus Christ, and today they are still, stale monuments. Christ wants a movement and as long as we keep moving, the Holy Spirit will keep energizing and we will keep growing. It is a time when we need to yield ourselves so that Christ may continue to build his church.



Rally Day Prize

By ESTHER MILLER PAYLER

orgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. 3:13, 14

THE PRINCESS CLASS is meeting at our house tonight just after supper," said Mary to her brother,

"I should listen in," teased Alf. "I guess they are going to try to figure out how they can win the Rally Day Prize for their class."

"Sure," Mary tossed her blonde curls. "Last year we thought we were going to win, and then your old Challenger class beat by getting one more member than we did!"

"It was a wonderful picnic we got for a prize," Alf smacked his lips and rolled his blue eyes. "I warn you we are going to try hard to win this year again!"

"So are we, Smarty! Here come some of the girls now!"

answered Mary.

Soon the living room was buzzing with talk and laughter as the girls came, some in groups and some alone. "Let's see, is everybody here?" asked Mary, trying to be heard above the buzz.

"Everybody but Dot, and she can't come," answered Joan. "She's taking her sister's place at the drug store. She said to tell her what we decide to do and she'll do her part."

Mary rapped sharply on the library table. "The meeting of the Princess Class will now come to order." There was quiet. "We are meeting to consider ways to win the prize for our class on Rally Day. We can't let the Challengers beat again this year."

"If we are the Princess Class, we must live up to our name as daughters of the King," said Joan.

"Yes," chorused the girls. "The boys have teased us all year."

Joan protested. "Just winning isn't enough," protested Joan. "We are daughters of the Heavenly King, and so must do it in a way that is not just wanting to get ahead of the Challengers."

There was silence, until Mary said: "We want to win.

What do you suggest?"

"Let's put down the names of every girl in school and in the town and country around. Then let's divide the names and see every one of them and invite them to our class," suggested Milly.

"That's a good idea. Shall we do it?"

Everyone agreed and the lists grew. "I know some girls we have not thought of," said Joan. "The Girls in the Court Home."

No one said anything. It was so quiet in the room, the tick of the mantle clock could be heard. Milly finally said in a small voice: "They aren't our kind of girls."

Mary's face was red. "Those girls haven't done anything wrong. Their parents are in court and they have been placed in the Home until things are straightened out. They are daughters of the same King as we are."

"I think we should ask them," said Joan. "I'll go with Mary to see the matron and ask permission to talk to

"All right," the girls finally agreed. Milly alone protested: "I just don't like it. Don't ask me to invite any of them."

THE NEXT AFTERNOON Mary and Joan went to the Home and asked the matron. She seemed pleased and gave them permission to speak to the girls, and invite them to their class. About half of the girls promised to come the next Sunday to the class. As Mary and Joan walked to the door, they heard one girl whisper, "Maybe they only want to win the prize and really don't want us."

Mary blushed and turned to the girl: "Yes, we really do want you to come to our class."

When Mary got home Alf said: "You girls are surely going after that prize when you ask the girls from the Home."

"You're only jealous there's no boy's home around so you can ask them," retorted Mary. "We've neglected those Home girls too long."

Ten girls came from the Home the next Sunday and were in the Princess class. Milly did not sit near them. When Mary invited them to a class party that week, Milly shrugged her shoulders and made a funny little noise. After class Mary said to Milly, "You are just lucky your parents never had any trouble. It isn't right for a Christian not to treat people with courtesy, no matter what."

"Everyone in the class, except you, Joan and Dot, feel the same way as I do, but they don't have the nerve to say so," spluttered Milly. "They only consented to let you ask the Home girls so we would win the Rally Day prize."

Mary turned and saw the girl from the Home who had said almost the same thing when they were in the Home, listening. "I told you so," the girl nodded and rejoined the group of Home girls as they walked up the hill.

None of the Home girls came to the class party that week. When it was past time to begin Mary said: "We must have a short meeting." She told the story of Milly's remark without mentioning names. "I think we should pray about this and try to be worthy of our class name."

"I agree," said Joan. "Also as to the prize, I think we should remember something which Paul wrote to the

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February, 1954

HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON



GOD'S PLAN FOR THE HOME

By J. L. Tucker

GENTLEMAN entering a strange city met a little boy on the street, "Do you live here, little man?" the elder of the two inquired. "Yes sir, our home is here. We don't have any house to put it in yet, but Papa is building one." Be the house ever so great, and the furnishings ever so costly, it does not make

home.

I have visited in the homes of the wealthy, and I have visited in the homes of the poor. How well I recall going far into the country to a little old claim-shack that had been constructed when the man settled on this land given him by the Government. The furnishings were crude. An apple box was given me to sit upon. The marks of poverty were everywhere, but in this humble shack I found a father and a mother and some healthy brown-eyed boys and girls. They had little of this world's goods. When it came night, my host said, "Brother, may I sleep with you in the hay mow?" But their little home was a haven to them. There was a tie which bound their hearts to one another. Each day they read their Bible. Each day they had worship around the family altar, and as they surrounded the table on which was spread a scanty fare, with reverence they bowed their heads and gave "thanks" to God for His blessings.

It takes a heap of living,
To make four walls a home;
And it matters not
How much you've got,
Be it cottage or palaced dome;
The main thing here
Is love and cheer,
As life's dark maze we roam.

ONE writer has said that "In the word 'Home' should lie the wealth of all races; of all affections; of all virtuous joys; of all pure memories of innocent hopes. It is the patter of little feet; the gleeful laughter of childhood; the happy song of the maiden; the cheerful laugh of the lad; the merry peacetime; the sweet vespers of evening when toil is ended; the united meal; the household sto-

ries; the music and innocent diversions; the various interests and plans revolving about a common center. Home, for those constrained to toil, whether in office, shop, or field, is where affection gives the welcome kiss; where the home circle opens wide its arms and throws around you its golden bands of love and hushes every sigh with words of welcome, and offers rest to the tired of body, brain and heart."

"Home is where the heart is, In dwellings great or small; And a home lighted by love Is the dearest home of all."

Madame Schumann-Heink gave us this definition of home: "A roof to keep out rain; four walls to keep out wind; floors to keep out cold; yes, but home is more than that. It is the laugh of a baby, the song of mother, the strength of a father. Warmth of loving hearts, light from happy eyes, kindness, loyalty, comradeship. Home is first school and first church for young ones; where they learn what is right, what is good, and what is kind; where they go for comfort when they are hurt and sick; where joy is shared and sorrow eased; where fathers and mothers are respected and loved; where children are wanted; where the simplest food is good enough for kings, because it is earned; where money is not so important as loving-kindness; where even the teakettle sings from happiness. That is home—God bless it!"

ONLY loving hearts can make a true home. There may be wealth, honor of men, costly furnishings, plenty of things, but it takes more than these to make a happy home. Nothing but love for the Father above, and love for one another can bring true peace and joy to the home circle.

A house may be destroyed but no fire on earth can destroy a true home; not even death itself can sever the happy relationship of hearts joined together in this sacred fellowship. Many a man has looked upon the smouldering ruins of his house, and has thought of the priceless things consumed and gone forever, but upon gathering his loved ones in his arms, he has been able to say, "Thank God our home is not destroyed," and taking them together with all those sacred memories which the ruined house once sheltered, he moves into another house and their reestablishes his home. The house had been destroyed but the home is still intact. Yes, it takes more than a fire to destroy a true home.

There is only one calamity that can ruin a home—the death of love. When love dies, the home is in ruins, and all the material riches, and successes, and pleasures of life can not supply what has been lost.

A home has been defined as, "A world of strife shut out; a world of love shut in."

love shut in."
"The golden setting in which the

priceless jewel is Mother."

"Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit."

"The place where great are sometimes small, and the small sometimes great."

great."

"The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world."

"Where we are treated best and grumble most."

True love begins at home, and, reaching thence,

Twines sympathetic arms round all our race

And fills our intervals of time and sense

With airs from heaven, its native dwelling place.

For home shall be a type of that above.

above, Like Israel's desert temple long ago, Built of the same grand masonry of love

As that bright dwelling place to which we go.

GOD has placed in the breast of every creature, man, bird and beast, a love for home. Taken from its hive, the bee knows its way home and makes "a bee line" back. An eel travels down the Rhine to the sea and keeps right on till she reaches the Azores, lays her eggs, and dies. Her progeny return to the Rhine and the process is repeated. Terns were carried in a hooded cage from their nesting grounds off the coast of Florida to Galveston, Texas, released and in less than a week returned.

Salmon leave the sea, enter fresh waters and ascend far inland, deposit their eggs and die. Young salmon return to the briny deep, grow up, and then find their way up the very same river to pay their debt to their kind

and to nature.

Take an old snapping turtle by the tail, carry him through the woods over the tall grass one-half mile from the creek or river which has been his home; turn him around a half-a-dozen times and put him down. He will push out his old head and with those bright beady eyes, take in the situation and after a few minutes' hesitation, will head off toward home.

On the tenth of April in 1852, beneath the African sun, died an American. He was laid to rest in a lonely cemetery in Tunis, Africa. Thirty-one years later, as an act of a grateful public, the United States dispatched a man-of-war to the African coast, American hands opened that grave, placed the dust of his body on board the battleship, and turned again for his native land. Their arrival in an American harbor was welcomed by the firing of guns in the fort, and by a display of flags at halfmast. His remains were carried to the nation's capital city on a special train. There was a suspension of all business, an adjournment of all departments of government, and as the funeral procession passed down Pennsylvania

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... Helps for the Tempted and Tried ...

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON

NOTE: This is another chapter in our book YOUTH AT THE CROSSROADS. If you have a boy in service, it would be well to send him one. Or if you have a boy or girl unsaved it might help them to find Christ. Order from Alda B. Harrison, Cleveland, Tennessee, or Church of God Publishing House. Price \$2.00. A poem book with 52 pages of beautiful poems is sent free with your order.

AM ADDRESSING our boys in service in this issue. I almost decided to write to our boys only, and then I thought, No, I can't do that, for girls need to be patriotic too. Much depends on our girls today, for many of them are entering into the service of our country just as devotedly as the boys. However, I am asking them to take a back seat and let the boys occupy the front seats for just a little while. I'm sure you are glad too, for you, too, are interested in our boys who are courageously marching on to victory for us, facing the enemy to save our country and keep it free.

I am wondering just what to say to the boys to help them. Just think of the thousands of mothers and fathers who would like to whisper in my ear just now and instruct me what to say, but while they cannot, there is One who knows just what needs to be said and I am asking Him to help me. The thought that stands out before us as a nation today is "Preparedness," and our boys are being called from every walk of life and are being grouped to-gether, training so that they may be prepared for any emergency that may arise.

So now, boys, I'm going to try to help you. You may feel a deep disappointment because you have had to leave home and loved ones. I should think there was something wrong with you or your home if your leaving did not make you sad, for the sacred home ties are hard to break.

Some of you are disappointed because you had to leave a good business. You were just getting started and you had to turn loose of everything and you feel, "Oh, what's the use?"

use? Some have left a beautiful girl friend. You love her dearly and had planned to marry her and establish a home, but now since you have had to give up your business and education it is no use to think of that. "Then, anyway, she'll find someone else while I'm gone." This is a pretty good test of your devotion to each other. If she finds someone else, then her love for you is not true and if you prove untrue to her, then she is to be congratulated because she found it out before it was too late. True love will not change.

I WONDER if you had ever thought of the fact that although your business and your education have been hindered, there is one thing you had begun that you can finish regardless of this war or any calamity which might befall you. It is that of building life, and this is the greatest

work you can possibly do. You have long ago begun to build your life. You know better than anyone else what foundation you have builded upon, whether or not it has been builded upon the Rock. We see written on every side the word "victory" and you are fighting for victory for our wonderful land of the free and the home of the brave. When the war is over, if you have won some great victory over the enemy, your name will be recorded among the heroes. But the man who wins the victory over the life he is building will be the greatest hero of all. After this war, there will be great need for strong characters to build and carry on the new order of things. Will you be prepared? If Jesus has not come into your life, then you are not

prepared.
When the army is in the field, the commanding officer may come at any time to any part of it, and he expects when he does so to find everyone at his post. The sentinels must be on

Dear Sister Harrison:

For some time I have meant to write and thank you for the copy of your book, "Youth at the Crossroads," which you sent to me. The book reached me when I was attending the Chaplain School in New York City, and I have enjoyed reading its contents very much. In fact, you will no doubt be glad to know that I have used that book more than any other in preparing little spiritual touches for my weekly Chapel bulletin. When I need a filler, I can always find some poem, quotation, or spiritual thought from your book which is just the thing I need.

May God's richest blessings be with you always!

> Sincerely, Talmadge F. McNabb Chaplain (First Lieutenant) United States Army

duty, watchful and alert for the coming of the enemy. The soldiers must be drilled and disciplined, and their guns must be clean and in working order. When the commanding officer comes, he must find them ready.

At the time of the Boer War in South Africa, it was necessary to send Lord Roberts out to take command. It is said that, when he was asked if his health were good enough to bear the strain, since he was an elderly man, he replied, "Yes, I thought I might be wanted, and I have kept myself fit." So he was ready when the need arose. But he would not have been able to go if he had allowed himself to get slack and indolent and unfit.

I AM GIVING you some stories as illustrations to make my thought clear to you. If you build your

life strong and true, it will always be natural to do the right thing in time of testing or when a need arises.

The principal of a school, in which

boys were prepared for college, one day received a message from a lawyer living in the same town, requesting him to call at his office, as he wished

to have a talk with him.

When he arrived at the office, the lawyer stated that he had in his hands a gift of a scholarship entitling a boy to a four-year course in a certain college, and that he wished to bestow it

where it would be best used.
"Therefore," he continued, "I have concluded to let you decide which boy

of your school most deserves it."
"That is a hard question to decide," replied the teacher thoughtfully. "Two of my pupils—Charles Hart and Henry Strong—will complete the course of study in my school this year. Both desire a college education, and neither is able to obtain it without assistance. They are so nearly equal that I cannot tell which is the better scholar.
"How is it as to deportment?" asked

One boy does not more scrupulously observe all the rules of the school than the other," was the answer. "Well," said the lawyer, "if at the

end of the year, one boy has not gone ahead of the other, send them to me and I will decide between them."

As before, at the closing examinations, the boys stood equal in attainments. They were directed to call at the lawyer's office, no information being given as to the object of the visit.

Two intelligent, well-bred boys they seemed, and the lawyer was beginning to wonder greatly how he should make a decision between them. Just then the door opened, and an elderly lady of peculiar appearance entered. She was well known to them all as being of unsettled mind and possessed of the idea that she had been deprived of a large fortune which was justly hers. As a consequence she was in the habit of visiting lawyers' offices, carrying in her hand a package of papers which she wished examined. She was a familiar visitor of this office, where she was always received with respect and dismissed with kindly promises to help.

This morning, seeing that the law-yer was already occupied with others, she seated herself to await his leisure. Unfortunately, the chair she selected was broken and had been set aside as useless. The result was that she fell in an awkward manner, scattering her papers about the floor. The lawyer looked with a quick eye at the boys, before moving, to see what they would

Charles Hart, after an amused survey of the fall, turned aside to hide a laugh he could not control.

Henry Strong sprang to the wom-an's side and lifted her to her feet. Then, carefully gathering up her pa-(Continued on page 23)



ST. CHRYSOSTOM

(The Golden Mouth)

By R. L. PLATT, M. A.

N THE YEAR 313 A.D. Constantine issued his famous Edict of Toleration which brought to an end the long line of imperial persecutions. Before his death, Constantine built a new Christian capital at Constantinople. This city is of special importance to students of church history, for in the year of 330 A.D. the capital of the Roman Empire was moved from Rome to Con-

stantinople.

The status of Christendom was suddenly changed in 313 when it received a grant of toleration from Emperor Constantine. Shortly thereafter Christians received one imperial favor after another until finally Christianity became the one recognized state religion within the empire. Toleration, imperial favor, and establishment as a state religion brought a vast influx of new members into the church. It then became the chief task of Christian missions to instruct the millions of heathens who had joined in this mass movement into the church. It is for this reason that we focus our attention upon one of the great Greek fathers, John Chrysostom.

John, surnamed Chrysostom, "the Golden Mouth," was born in Antioch in the year 347 A.D. His father died while he was young. His widowed mother concentrated her whole life on the education of her son. It is probably the results of his mother's influence that he became a student of the Holy Word. John spent long hours in studying God's Word and in preparing his life for Christian service. He was baptized in 370 A.D. and dedicated his life to Chris-

tian service. Monoasticism attracted him quite powerfully and after the death of his mother he joined a society of hermits living in the mountains outside of Antioch. It was while here that he met Diodorus, afterwards Bishop of Antioch, who influenced his life greatly.

CHRYSOSTOM SPENT his time in prayer, fasting, reading God's Word, and in manual labor. Poor health caused him to leave the society of hermits and return to the city of Antioch. He worked his way up through the hierarchy of the church holding many important positions. In 398 A.D. he became the patriarch of Constantinople and preached to vast congregations in the church of St. Sophia.

From the beginning of his tenure of office he gave offense to all classes of people. The clergy and the nobility disliked Chrysostom for he revolted from luxury, and despised ostentation. His fidelity, independence, reforming zeal, and courage displeased the court and the nobility. Because of his views he found himself highly unpopular with some groups within the church, and they sought means whereby they might bring charges against him and send him into exile. His enemies succeeded in bringing false charges against him and the emperor accepted the verdict. He was put aboard a ship to be sent to Bithynia, but an earthquake which shook the city during the night and the threatening fermentation in the population frightened the court, and Chrysostom was recalled and received with great applause.

A few months later another incident happened which caused his enemies to bring charges against him once again. At this time Chrysostom was reported to have said in his pulpit, "Again Herodias is dancing and she demands the head of John on a charger." A council condemned

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The strong arm of the Gestapo was powerless to keep this lady from being—

A GOOD SOLDIER

WAS BROUGHT UP in a nominal church. My parents were strict and expected us to be in Church every Sunday. At the age of 14 all the boys and girls were confirmed. I remember well my Confirmation Sunday. We stood around the altar, sang our song and gave this vow: "Lord Jesus, I will live for Thee, I will suffer for Thee and I will die for Thee." I was moved in my heart and realized that I needed a change in my realized that I needed a change in my life, but how? Tears rolled down my cheeks, but when I saw nobody cried I was ashamed. Still the desire to love Jesus Christ followed me.

When I was 18 I went to a revival in a free church and was saved. I told my parents, sisters and brothers about it and invited them to go with me to hear this Gospel. One of my sisters and my brother found the Lord. My parents did not accept the Lord, they said they were satisfied in their church. I never forgot how sorry I felt about it.

TIME WENT BY. Then I met Brother Lauster. Economical conditions in Germany were bad at that time. It was after the First World War German currency became worthless. Banks went broke and German economy collapsed. The inheritance which young people depended on was gone. To begin in Germany looked hopeless and we finally decided to go to America. We went over with many other German people and I stayed with friends after reaching America. Soon afterwards I started working for a German family.

As soon as we could see ahead, we married and started our own home. Those were days of struggle and hard work. There were so many adjustments to make in the new country. I cried many times and thought of

home.

After Walter was born, I was happier and had even more work. We had a farm and were raising thorough-bred cattle. God had little place in our thoughts. Wishing to get rich quick,

we drove ourselves unmercifully.

The years were going by quickly and we were speaking English all the time. It was comforting to see the farm progressing and a few dollars accumulating in the bank. We purchased a store and I ran it and was very happy with my business with my business.

WHEN HERMAN started thinking about God I was rebellious at first, until the Spirit of God broke me completely and I saw the need for

NOTE: Sister Lauster, our missionary in Germany and wife of Reverend Herman Lauster, has had but little said about her noble and courageous life. She worked faithfully for the Church of God in Germany and suffered untold agony during the reign of Hitler while her husband underwent the galling lash of the Gestapo behind the bars of the Welsheim prison.

prison.

Sister Lauster is a wonderful Christian with a lovely spirit that always makes everyone feel at home at her home in Krehwinkel. Her untiring efforts have had much to do with the success of the great work in Germany. You will enjoy her story which we have requested.

Executive Secretary.

a real experience with Him. We wanted to obey the Lord and when Herman ed to obey the Lord and when Herman volunteered to go to South America as a missionary, I agreed to it. I ran the business and supported him while he was in that country. We struggled to know the Lord's will for us. We made mistakes and misunderstood many times but at last we were led into the Church of God where we both received the Holy Chost. We want to received the Holy Ghost. We want to die in it.

It was a blessing to pastor the little church in Maryland. We were finally enjoying ourselves in America. We had plenty and had salvation too. But that didn't last long. When the Spirit began calling us back to Germany we both heard it. It was not easy to yield. We prayed about it many days. To go back meant to return to poverty and need. To stay meant plenty. Our hearts found no peace until we surrendered.

We had put down deep roots in America and had been happy there. To leave was harder than almost anyone can imagine. My home, business and all that I had worked so hard to have, was suddenly gone and I was on a ship going into an uncertain future. I had little realization just how uncertain too.

We expected to be received with outstretched arms but we found our salvation was scorned and not wanted at all. Our families soon made their feelings clear to us. We were different and separated from them. Suspicion and fear became almost physical chains upon us. Although oppressed we never lost the desire to witness for Christ.

AT THIS TIME we felt the strong hand of the Gestapo. We received notice from them that we were forbidden to preach the Gospel in Germany. At that time we decided to go back to the U. S. A., but the Lord was speaking to Brother Lauster making him feel if he went back he would be like Jopan So he decided to would be like Jonah. So he decided to stay at any cost. From there on the

meetings became better all the time. The Lord poured out His Spirit even

The Lord poured out His Spirit even though the persecution became worse from day to day. Our youngest son, Paul, was born during this time.

The day the Nazi officers came, is like a nightmare to me yet. Helplessly I watched while they ransacked my house. They left to go after Brother Lauster and I wondered if I'd ever see him again. The future was black for him again. The future was black for I had three little children. They took our daddy to prison and for seven months I could not speak one word to him. Those were days of great suffering which cannot be told in words. The other heartaches and sacrifices I would relive again but those seven months I could not. I feel like Job, "That they might be stricken from time and had never been."

My eyes were scarcely ever dry. My spirit and courage were broken at times. It was hard to fix the children food from nothing and know that they were not being properly nourished. I must praise those precious saints who slipped food to us which they needed

themselves.

servation.

I tried to see Herman but the prison authorities were so unkind. The on authorities were so unkind. The Lord made it possible for me to see him a few times after I had fasted for days. We could not speak or show signs of recognition but as long as I knew he was alive I had hope and

No one could make me doubt that it was God who opened the prison doors and set him free. Our burdens were a little lighter but fear was like an ever-present evil spirit. We had to sneak to and from services like hunted criminals. Our house was always under ob-

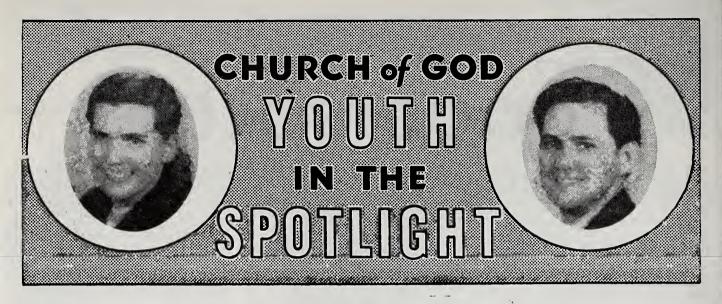
SOMEHOW, TIME passed and we all lived. As I think back, I wonder, how many times can a heart be broken and a person yet live? Daddy had to tell us goodbye and leave for the German army. Soon Walter was taken from me, so young and tender. Just sixteen years old. I cried day and night but the Lord was with me and I tried to hold the rest of the home together. I baked the small sweets which I was allowed to mail them each month. I was glad for anything to do.

The few saints clung to each other like drowning people. We tried to encourage one another and carry on the

services as well as possible.

It was so bitter cold and we had almost no heat. The clothing was nearly gone. On cold winter days we pulled

(Continued on page 25)



Sara Louise Dunn is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Miller of Asheville, North Carolina. Her parents have three daughters all engaged in full time Christian work. Sara attended the city schools of Asheville, graduating from high school in 1935, after which she attended God's Bible School in Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Lord saved Sara at the age of fourteen and shortly afterwards she received the Holy Ghost. The Church of God in Asheville began in her father's home. Her grandmother, Mrs. M. A. Todd, was among the first to receive the Holy Ghost in North Carolina when the Spirit began to be poured out.

Sara recalls an early experience in her life when prayer meetings were conducted in her father's home. Many more people came than they were prepared to seat, so they had to go out and borrow chairs from the neighbors. One night Sara went to a neighbor's home to borrow chairs and the door was slammed in her face. The neighbor taunted, "I don't believe in that new religion."

This young lady has served as Y.P.E. president, Sunday School teacher, director of Vacation Bible Schools, sung in trio, and organized "Good Samaritan Club" of young people to visit hospitals, jails, county homes, etc. Since her marriage to Brother Dunn she has been engaged in evangelistic work. She and her husband sing together.

In her own words she tells us: "One of my most wonderful experiences was trying and proving God the three and one-half years my husband was a shut-in. Our baby, David, was born two months after he entered the hospital. Every need then, and for three and one-half years God supplied. It gave me great confidence in His faithfulness."

This month's spotlight features Rev. Wroten Dunn, singing evange-list. Brother Dunn was born in Red Bay, Alabama, June 5, 1918. He is the son of Rev. and Mrs. G. C. Dunn of Hattiesburg, Mississippi. This father and mother have five boys and two girls. Three of their sons are ministers in the Church of God. Wroten was saved at the age of nine, at which time he joined the Church of God. He obtained his education from the public schools of Alabama and Mississippl. After that he attended the Church of God Bible Training School for three years, finishing his ministerial course in 1941.

Wroten was licensed to preach for the Church of God in 1941, by the Rev. J. D. Bright. At that time Brother Bright called the Dunn Trio (Wroten, Rolan, and Ruth) to South Carolina to evangelize.

This young preacher has served as State Youth Director of Mississippi, at which time he evangelized that state, singing with his twin sisters, Ruth Hellen, and Mary Ellen. During that year he also taught singing schools and organized the Church at West Point, Mississippi. His ministry has been almost entirely evangelistic, working extensively in North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Virginia, West Virginia, Arkansas, Illinois, and Mississippi.

In 1947 Wroten's work was interrupted when he became a victim of tuberculosis and spent three and one half years in the Black Mountain Sanatorium of North Carolina. While undergoing his fifth major operation, he was pronounced dead by Dr. Julian Moore, a teacher of surgery in Asheville. But that isn't the end of the story. God's people were praying, and God raised him from the dead. As proof of his complete healing he has engaged extensively in evangelistic work for thirty-six months. At the present he is pastoring the Church of God at Marion, North Carolina.

By Way of Introduction

ERNICE STOUT is the State Youth Director of New Mexico. Bernice was born near Chauncey, Illinois, July 28, 1926. Her parents have been formers all their lives cey, Illinois, July 28, 1926. Her parents have been farmers all their lives. Since early childhood she has been reared in a Church of God home. At the age of eleven, God graciously saved, sanctified, and filled her with the Holy Ghost. She also joined the Church at that age. Shortly thereafter Bernice became a teacher of the Primary Class in Sunday School. For the next seven years she taught that class next seven years she taught that class.

Bernice completed high school at Bridgeport, Illinois. In the fall of 1944 she entered Bible Training School at Sevierville, Tennessee. Two years later she graduated from the Christian Worker's Course.

November, 1946, Bernice conducted her first youth revival at Allen Junction, West Virginia. Since that time, she has been in full time evangelistic work until accepting the position of Sunday School and Youth Director of Sunday School and Youth Director of New Mexico. She has worked in the states of Michigan, West Virginia, South Carolina, Louisiana, Illinois, and New Mexico. Really, Bernice's ministry began at the age of 17 when she conducted her first Vacation Bi-ble School. Since that time, she has conducted 34 Vacation Bible Schools.

The salvation of the youth and especially children has always been her greatest interest. When she conducts a revival, she has 30 minutes chil-

dren's service before the regular service. It has been wonderful to see the youth pray through to definite experiences in the Lord.
God has definitely answered prayer

for Bernice a number of times. The most outstanding is the way He has marvelously given opportunities to render service for Him. God has definitely directed.

initely directed.

This young lady has found it a pleasure to lecture in four different Regional Youth Congresses, namely; Cincinnati, Ohio; Greenville, South Carolina; Santa Ana, California; and Yakima, Washington. She feels that our youth is receiving a greater vision and that a mighty challenge is being given them to render greater services. given them to render greater service for Christ.

The Mariety Page

A Great Youth Camp

The young people of Oklahoma are reminiscing a great youth camp and already planning for even a greater one next year. Our camp convened July 20-24 with an enrollment of 72 boys and girls at Lake Murry near Ardmore, Oklahoma. Nestled in the midst of many trees and overlooking beautiful Lake Murry were ample facilities for a great camp. The boys and girls were in separate units and supervised by men and women who slept, ate, played, and prayed with them. There were also cabins for the families who wished to stay together.

Very likely each student will long remember the well prepared classes taught by Rev. T. A. Perkins, Amos Ledford, Eugene Maddox, E. C. Campbell, Rev. and Mrs. George Vance, W. A. Talley, and Mrs. May Dewitt.

There were three wholesome meals served daily in the spacious dining hall. The meals were prepared by Mrs. Parker, Mrs. A. L. Roberts, Mrs. Freida Underwood, and Mrs. Odell Vandenburg.

Every hour was filled with plenty of recreation—such as swimming, fishing, and playing ball—when the students were not in classes. A great evangelistic service climaxed each day with several saved, sanctified, and filled with the Holy Ghost. Our young ministers in the state were the night speakers.

Rev. A. L. Roberts, our capable state Youth Director, managed and supervised this camp.—Reported by Mrs. A. L. Roberts.



WINNER OF SCHOLARSHIP

Miss Alene Moore, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Moore, Tucumcari, New Mexico, is to be complimented for the fine work she did in the New Mexico Lee College Scholarship Contest. For her untiring work New Mexico gave her \$100 scholarship. Alene is a splendid Christian, very talented and faithful in her church work. This award was presented at the annual Alumni meeting of the New Mexico State Chapter, on August 15, 1953. Now Alene has already completed her first semester work and entered into her second semester courses at Lee. We anticipate greater things for this young lady.



When you yield your life to the "Giver of Life"

And believe that His word is true

He will clear your mind and will cleanse

your heart—

All your being He will renew.

When you toke the cup of the "Woter of Life"

And drink of this life-giving flow Resurgence of faith will brighten your way

With o deep and radiant glow.

When by foith you take of the "Bread of Life"

And drink at this life-giving streom You will know the joy of o transformed life

And the power of Christ's love, supreme.





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CHURCH OF GOD PUBLISHING HOUSE

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HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED

(Continued from page 17)

pers, he politely handed them to her. Her profuse and rambling thanks served only to increase Charles' amusement.

After the lady had told her customary story, to which the lawyer listened with every appearance of attention, he escorted her to the door, and she

departed.
Then he turned to the boys and, after expressing pleasure at having formed their acquaintance, he dismissed them. The next day the teacher was informed of the occurrence, and told that the scholarship would be given to Henry Strong, with the remark: "No one so well deserves to be fitted for a position of honor and influence as he who feels it his duty to help the humblest and the lowliest."

President McKinley was considering the appointment of a minister to a foreign country. There were two cantheir qualifications almost didates. equal. Which one did he appoint? The president told the story of an incident which decided his choice. Years before, when he was a representative, he boarded a streetcar one night and took the last vacant seat. Shortly afterward an old washerwoman entered, carrying a heavy baset. She stood in the aisle, no one offering her a seat. One of the men the president was to consider later, was sitting in a seat opposite where she was standing. He shifted the paper so as not to see her. Mr. McKinley walked down the aisle, picked up her basket of washing, and gave her his seat. The candidate never knew that this little act of selfishness had deprived him of perhaps the crowning honor of a lifetime.

Selfishness always robs us, whether we realize it or not.

AND NOW, GIRLS, may I tell you something that you can do to help build the lives of these young men and that of your own. There is nothing so uplifting to a young man as association with pure, sweet, young womanhood. You, at least, can do that for your country.

There is much letter writing among the young women and the men in service. Some of it is uplifting and some degrading. One young man wrote recently and said, "I have re-ceived over one hundred letters." Now, I am sure the boys like to get letters, but I hope that every letter tends to life building, something to lift them to higher and nobler things. I do not mean that these letters should necessarily be preachy letters, but letters written with Christ shining out between the lines. Letters that will give the young man a glimpse of purity and at the same time entertain and cheer. Girls, perhaps this is your part in your country's service. You may be a WAAC, a WAVE or a SPAR, etc., or you may be working in defense plants or at home keeping the home fires burning, but wherever you are you can do much to help build the lives of our boys. God bless you and help you to do your part.



"I Thank You With All My Heart"

It is a joy to share with our friends some messages recently received from missionaries and other Hebrew Christians whom it is our privilege to help in Europe and in the Holy Land. One grateful Hebrew Christian writing from Germany says: "With all my heart I thank you for the CARE food packages. In my loneliness and distress it is a consolation to know that our Saviour sends me from faraway lands such dear children of God to help me."

Still another Hebrew Christian missionary from Palestine writes: "Our generous dispatch of seven cartons with food and clothing arrived. You have enabled me to come to the assistance of many needy friends. Please express our deepfelt gratitude to donors for

needy friends. Please express our deepfelt gratitude to donors for

these gifts.

these gifts."

How infinitely grateful we are to those whose sacrificial gifts make possible our ministry of relief and Christian witness to the needy brethren of our Lord in so many areas of the world. We plead for your continued help for Hebrew Christian widows and little children in Europe and Palestine, the hungry, the lonely, and help us relieve distress and encourage the faith of so many whose daily life is a struggle. \$10.00 will pay for a big nutritious CARE food parcel for a needy family in Europe or in Israel.—\$10.00 a month will support a Hebrew Christian orphan in our Children's Home in Germany.

An up-to-date News Letter of our work in Europe and Israel will be gladly sent upon request. Address communications to:

request. Address communications to:
THE INTERNATIONAL HEBREW CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE, Dept. LP

Rev. Jacob Peltz, Ph. B., B. D., Secretary U. S. A.: 4919 N. Albany Ave., Chicago 25, Illinois CANADA: 91 Bellevue Ave., Toronto, Ontario

RALLY DAY PRIZE

(Continued from page 15) Philippians: 'This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

"That's a prize worthy of a Princess, replied Dot.

THE GIRLS PRAYED together asking to be forgiven and to have the right attitude. Before they were through, Milly ran from the room. Everyone wondered where she had gone. The meeting was over, and the refreshments were being served, when Milly burst into the room, smiling: "The girls from the Home are coming Sunday. I confessed to them, it wasn't you girls, but it was me that had the unchristian attitude."

"That took nerve and prayer, Milly," said Mary. "You are worthy to be a Princess." The other girls nodded and

Milly said: "I move that if we win the prize for Rally Day, instead of taking the picnic for ourselves, we give it to the girls at the Home!"

Mary smiled and put her arm around Milly, "What do you say girls?" "We second the motion!" they chorused.

Joan said, "If we don't win, I move we give the Home girls a picnic anyway, doing it ourselves!"

"We second that motion too!" said the girls

Alf stuck his head in the door, "I know I speak for the Challengers when I say, we don't mind if you win. In fact, you deserve to. We've learned from you that the real prize is winning others for the King."



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BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE

Dept. LP

Decatur, Ga.





HEROES OF FAITH **Avis Swiger**

Text: Hebrews 11:1-8.

LEADER: People who enjoy reading are usually looking for books that are full of action and adventure that they may be transplanted into new places and experiences. We young people are anxious to live and to learn about life, so we depend much upon our reading material to supply our lack of experience. As we read we place ourselves in the positions of the heroes, so what we read is very important.

Some of the most thrilling stories ever written are the true ones about missionaries who have labored or are laboring around the world. Their lives are filled with experiences of faith and courage which surpass any fic-

tion.

How many of our own Church of God missionaries are you acquainted with? How would you like to meet some of them tonight? We will intro-duce you to a few of them now and more at another time. Hebrews, chapter 11, gives a list of men who accomplished things by faith, and these we are about to meet could well be included in any list of heroes of faith.

FIRST SPEAKER: I represent our missionaries in India. Dora P. Myers was a teacher in Lee College until God called her to India in 1949. She had studied Spanish and worked among those people in Mexico and Cuba during the summer seasons and taught it during the school year. It seemed strange that God should call her away from those people to people of a very different language, but His ways are best. She is in charge of Lee Bible College in India and says that she has some very capable and talented young people who have dedicated their lives to carry the gospel.

Brother and Sister William Pospisil

are also in India, having taken the place of Brother and Sister C. E. French when they returned to the States. They are earnest, sincere, diligent workers in a very needy field. Will you pray for them?

SECOND SPEAKER: May I have the pleasure of introducing to you two young couples who are working in Germany? They are Walter and Bob-

bie Lauster and "Dinky" and Mary (Lauster) DeLong. These young folk have been in our churches and in Y.P.E. services just like this so recently that it seems only yesterday that they went away. To them it must seem very different, however, for they are now veteran missionaries for all of their youth.

A letter from them just today says that they are working very hard in evangelistic work with the success God gives to His own. A number of young men have given themselves into the Lord's work. A number of new churches have been built this summer, also. They have the constant guidance of their parents (Brother and Sister Herman Lauster) who have been so wonderfully used of God in that land.

If you want to share some of their fun and work just write to them. They are as young as many of you and as full of life and happiness—but they work in Germany. Where do you work?

THIRD SPEAKER: Can you guess who I represent? I live in a house that has paper doors and windows. Everyone speaks such a strange sing-song language and the women wear beautifully embroidered kimonas and carry fans and paper umbrellas! Yes, I am in Japan-Buddy and Letha Heil.

A few years ago we were enjoying the pleasures of the homeland—yes, and the work, too, for we labored in Texas and West Virginia after leaving Bible Training School. But we could not continue there after we realized how white the harvest field of Japan was and how few the laborers. Of course, there are lonely, homesick hours, but never do we wish ourselves back to stay, for we love the people and the work here. We want to do so many things—will you help us by prayer? And maybe some of you will come and join your forces with ours. Come soon, please!

FOURTH SPEAKER: One lonely girl in a land of Mohammedans—do you know her? Margaret Gains is her name and she is alone in Tunis, North Africa. Four years ago she graduated from Junior College at Lee and now she has the work and responsibility of seasoned missionary. Have you found a useful place in God's harvest field? Don't waste your youth and strength, Margaret would advise you, but get into the work now.

Paul "endeavored" to go into Macedonia after his vision. Margaret got to Tunis by making the way. I understand a number of office people where she worked sent her there because of her great desire. Now the Mission Board is supporting her and are much pleased with her accom-

plishments.

Don't you think she is a hero of faith? Wouldn't you like to be one, too?

LEADER: We have only had time tonight to speak to you of a very few of our missionaries. If you would like to continue on and meet the rest of our heroes of faith we can do that at a later date.

Now that you know a little about

these will you remember to pray for them? They are your friends and missionaries and need your support even more than those who are at home.

TRUE REPENTANCE By Harry O. Kutz

OPENING REMARKS

Sin is the separating factor between God and man. It is the only thing that keeps them apart. It is the only thing that breaks their fellowship. Of course, this is not on God's part, but on the part of man. It is entirely his fault and since it is his transgression it becomes his obligation to take the proper steps to bring about the reconciliation with himself and his God. Left alone, man would never have found a way to God, but God in His mercy and love toward man provided a way, and it is for the man to accept it. It is the duty of God's Church to proclaim the truth concerning man's approach to God. When we think of the results of man's becoming reconciled to God we will think no longer of it as a duty but rather as a most glorious opportunity. Now let us proceed wth this wonderful Biblical doctrine of true repentance.

I. DOES GOD COMMAND REPENT-ANCE? Luke 13:3

As important as this subject is, the fact remains that it is a missing note in much of the preaching of the modern pulpit. How sad it is when another way is substituted for God's way. It will, inevitably, bring disaster to souls in their quest for God. Notice the plain, easy-to-be-understood stateplain, easy-to-be-understood state-ment that Christ makes in this instance. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Then we readily see that the answer to our question is positively, yes, God does command that men everywhere repent.

In the instance from which our scripture is taken, some people had come to the Lord with the awful tale of the Galileans whose blood was mingled with the sacrifices by the order of Pilate. They had supposed that the fate of these Galileans would be more terrible than that of any one else. But my! what a surprise they received when Christ answered them that unless they repented of their sins, they, too, would meet a similar fate. This is the way He looks at sin today. It matters not if it is found on the boulevard or in the backwoods, on main street or tin-can alley, God still commands that all must repent or perish.

II. WHAT IS TRUE REPENTANCE? Acts 3:19

True repentance consists of three important elements. The first of these three is a conviction for sin, realizing the need of God in one's life. It is seeing the sinfulness of sin. One must beome aware of the fact that he is wretched, wicked, vile, and lost, without hope, without God, a stranger to Christ, and a foreigner to everything heavenly. Very little true repenting will be done until the sinner sees these things in all their awfulness. The Holy Spirit in His work of convicting the sinner brings these things to him.

The second phase of repentance and the result of the first will be a genuine, soul-felt, godly sorrow for sin. This is a vital part of repentance, for we only react as we are impressed. We must become concerned over the fact that we have disobeyed God and have transgressed His laws. 2 Cor. 7:9 gives us a true picture of godly sorrow for sin.

The third element is the natural reaction as the result of the previous two; that is, a turning away from sin. Matt. 3:8. The work of repentance is not, nor can be, complete unless the repenter forsakes the principle that brought about the need for his repentance. God and sin are at opposite poles and when we turn from one we will, inevitably, turn to the other. The sinner who completes his repentance will turn from the error of his way to God and cast himself upon His mercy who deals with us in love, and we are made free and clean by the shed blood of our Lord and Redeemer.

III. WHAT ARE THE RESULTS? Isa.

1:18 and 1 John 1:9

The results of true repentance are these. (1) We are made free from the penalty of sin. Rom. 6:21-23. We no longer have the pronouncement of doom upon us. It is removed and instead we have the promise of everlast ing life. Not a looking forward with fear and despair, but the hope of heaven now fills our hearts. (2) We are made free from the power of sin. Rom. 8:1, 2. The power of God now gives us strength to resist sin and to overcome it. As we walk by the leadings of His Spirit, there will be no condemnation but rather a joyous free-dom from the terrible sense of guilt before God. There will be peace with God, a peace that is unspeakable, giving us confidence in prayer that we may boldly come before Him. (3) Last, and assuredly not least, we are promised final freedom for the very presence of sin. 1 Cor. 15:51-57. Yes, some wonderful day, Jesus shall return to take His own out of this sinful habitation and shall carry them far above the principalities and the powers of the darkness of this world. These are the results of true repentance. Then shall we offer to Him perfect praise perpetually for providing for us this approach to His own glorious self.

IS GOD CALLING YOU? Geneva Carroll

Scripture: Matt. 23:37 LEADER'S THOUGHTS

In reading the above text, we find the Lord Jesus using a very common and simple language to convey most of the deepest and important truths of His Word. In this verse He employs the use of a hen and her chicks to speak to us in a homely, and yet in a most beautiful and effective manner.

Did you ever take time to watch the old mother hen with her chicks? This message will be far more effective to those who have been, or will be, around this creature of the barnyard

with her little brood.

There are at least five distinct calls

of the old mother hen, which will be pointed out in this lesson.

This lesson gives us a glimpse into the human heart of our Savior. How tender and kind are His calls to us, and how careless we have been!

THE DANGER CALL 1 Cor. 10:13

There are many hawks hovering over the child of God at all times. We are always in danger and always in need of Him. If we will hear His call and do not stray too far from Him, He will help us.

God is ever watching over us and knows just what we can stand, and He said that He would not suffer us to be tempted above that which we can bear, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it.

We must not neglect this call, for the scripture says: "How shall we es-cape, if we neglect so great salvation?" Heb. 11:6.

THE FOOD CALL

Most of us have little trouble coming when called for our meals. "Call me anything, but call me in time to eat," is a very common saying among us. Yet, many of God's people do not feed the soul. Christ's food-calls are not heeded by many. We can easily distinguish those who have heeded that call. When a big, healthy man stands before us we readily conclude stands before us, we readily conclude that there is a man who looks after his food. He eats and it shows up on him, to be sure. That can be equally true in the spiritual realm. We can recognize those who feed daily upon the spiritual food that our Lord offers, and we can tell it more easily when we neglect this same feeding on Him in our lives. The Lord Jesus is our soul-food, John 6:53-63.

THE SHELTER CALL

"For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy," Psa. 61:3.

We can feel the strong arm of the Lord leading us in the midst of trouble, if we will depend on Him. Truly the Lord is our Shepherd, and what a shelter He is to us today! He is a rock to our weary hearts and a shelter from the storm today. Let us abide under the wings of the Almighty.

THE NIGHT CALL

Unless the Lord should come very soon, some of us will hear the night call. All must pass that way sooner or later, but what a joy it is to know that we need not go that way alone.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," Psa. 23:4.

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also "John 14:1-3.

THE CARESS CALL

Can you not see and hear the old mother hen as she calls out this cheery note? And can you not see the chicks come running to her? It may be a sunny day, and it may not, but now there is no danger, no need of food, no storm, no night, but just a longing to have her brood near her. What a picture! Do we hear our Lord when He sounds this call? Are there times when we just want to be with Him alone? That is fellowship!

In these evil days, we should go to Him often in such a manner and get that which satisfies. How we all need it! There are so many other things we may think we need, and they are all good, but an hour with Him is worth far more to our own hearts and to the souls to whom we minister. Jesus said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you

rest," Matt. 11:28.

LIGHTS FROM FOREIGN PATHS

(Continued from page 19)

out old knitted pieces and reknitted the old wool into things to wear. Each furlough brought fresh happi-

ness and at the parting fresh sorrow. We always thought, "This may be the last time I'll ever see you."

We lived, but don't ask me how. The sun came up and went down and the months ran on into years. The war was almost over and we had no idea of where Daddy was. Then one day Walter walked in. It was much later that we heard from Daddy. We started realizing how good God had been to us after all.

America was good to us. We received so many wonderful things from the dear people. Warm things and food were given us. The soldiers who came to see about us were also very good to us. The sun of happiness seemed to be coming up at last. It felt so good.

After we were all together again, we started planning and working for the future. Walter left for America to attend Lee College and within a year Mary left. Much separation and wor-

ry were felt again.

Those years have passed and at last we have our family around us again. God has blessed us. I have had a Sunday school class here in Krehwinkel for years. I've sorted and handed out the clothing from America. I've tried to be a support and blessing. I love the Lord and His work. Still it seems that I have done so little but I know that "The toils of the road will seem nothing when I get to the end of the way.'

ALWAYS A LEARNER (Continued from page 9)

than twenty years ago marked as a

survey corner.

Bob informs us, "He never made a

mistake.'

Abraham Lincoln had dug into Eu-Abraham Lincoln had dug into Euclid and put himself through mental discipline. Thus the poor boy with meager training became land surveyor, lawyer, congressman and finally was elected president of the United States. As many of his friends tell us, "He was always a learner."

GOD'S PLAN FOR THE HOME

(Continued from page 16)

Avenue, the President, Vice-President, members of the cabinet, congressmen, judges of the Supreme Court, officers of the army and navy, and a mass of private citizens, rich and poor, stood with uncovered heads. To whom did they thus pay homage? To a man who expressed the longing of his heart rather than the happy experience of his life; a man whose soul longed for the domestic tranquility of a pious home, and he expressed that longing in the words of that sweet song, "Home, Sweet Home." (John Howard Payne)

"Two birds within one nest;
Two hearts within one breast;
Two spirits in one fair,
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together
blessed.

"An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to
win;

win;
A world of care without,
A world of strife shut out,
A world of love shut in."

--Dora Greenwood --Selected

ST. CHRYSOSTOM

(Continued from page 18)

him the second time and sent him back into exile. While in exile he spent his time in prayer and writing.

His friends attempted to have him recalled, but again his enemies succeeded in having him sent to another city. In route he took sick and at his own request he was clothed in a white robe and received blessings from the church. He died with these words on his lips, "Glory to God for all things." He was buried as a martyr in a martyr's grave. After the death of his enemies, Chrysostom's friends removed his body from exile and buried him near the altar in the Church of the Apostles.

The true Christian is the true citizen, lofty of purpose, resolute in endeavor, ready for a hero's deeds, but never looking down on his task because it is cast in the day of small things; scornful of baseness, awake to his own duities as well as to his rights following the higher law with reverence, and in this world doing all that in his power lies, so that when death comes he may feel that mankind is in some degree better because he lived.

-Theodore Roosevelt



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CHURCH OF GOD PUBLISHING HOUSE

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RAY H. HUGHES, General Youth Director

Publications Promotion Month

HE MONTH OF FEBRUARY has been designated for the promotion of Youth Publica-

Realizing that this is a generation of avid readers who grasp for knowledge; it is our intentions to furnish them with wholesome reading matter.

Magazines glorifying crime, sex, divorce, and lust, etc., are displayed on the magazine racks of your neighborhood grocery, corner drug store, and news stands.

Salesmen brave inclement weather, going from house to house, making enticing offers to obtain subscriptions to their periodicals.

Members of false cults are standing on street corners in blizzardous weather, pawning off their poisonous reading on a gullible public. They have one objective in mind; that is, to indoctrinate people with their philosophy of religion. Their zeal for promotion of their literature stems from the fact that they keep their goal in mind. It is bound to reap some new converts to their belief.

The Christian Scientists are taking advantage of disseminating their doctrine through reading rooms set up in many cities.

The literature of our day is playing a great role in the shaping of this generation. For this reason, I urge you to put forth a special effort to put the Lighted Pathway into every prison, hospital, convalescent home, business, book store, etc., possible. This periodical should especially be made available to every young person of the Church of God. Are you a subscriber? If not, do so now.

The new youth workers' manual, the *Pilot*, will celebrate its first anniversary in April. This magazine is prepared for local youth leaders and program commiteemen. It contains programs and other valuable promotional material for the local youth service.

Each church should either subscribe

for, or order the *Pilot* along with their Sunday School literature each quarter. Every church should order at least one *Pilot* for each of their youth workers.

For \$2.00 per year the *Pilot* will come to your church or to you. Why not increase the attendance and interest of your local youth services through this medium? Help us reach our goal of 4,902 copies per quarter by the first anniversary of this magazine. Order from: Church of God Publishing House, 922 Montgomery Avenue, Cleveland, Tennessee.

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN SUNDAY SCHOOL Average Weekly Attendance for November

マング・アング・アング・アング・アング・アング・アング

Average Weekly	Attenda	nce	for	November
	GROUP .	AA		
North Carolina				22,682
Tennessee				
South Carolina				15.469
Florida				14,74;
Florida North Alabama				10,255
	GROUP			
West Virginia				10.124
Kentucky				6,707
Ohio				6,385
Virginia				6,376
Texas				
	GROUP			
California	GROOT	D		4,596
South Alabama				3,478
Illinois				
Michigan				
Pennsylvania				
	GROUP			
Missourl				2,640
Maryland				
Arizona	GROUP	ט		1.146
New Mexico			-	
Washington	GROUP	E		908
Washington				908
Western Canada				
North Dakota				
South Dakota				
Iowa				
	GROUP			000
Colorado				
Idaho	~			202
Washington, D.				
Nebraska				159
	GROUP	G		
Central Canada				91

Minnesota Wyoming

Connecticut

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN Y.P.E. Average Weekly Attendance for November

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	GROUP	AA	
North Carolina			
South Carolina North Alabama			
Florida			
	GROUP		. 0,000
West Virginia			6.369
Kentucky			4,229
Virginia Mlssissippi			
wilssissippi	GROUP		0,011
California			3.171
Michigan			1,804
Pennsylvania			1,794
South Alabama			1,765
	GROUP		
Oklahoma Arkansas			- 400
Indiana		** * ******* *******	1,329
Louisiana			1,209
	GROUP	D	
Arizona			558
Kansas New Mexico			543
New Mexico	GROUP		294
*** - 1. / t			494
Washington North Dakota			
Malne			
Montana			232
South Dakota			
Colorado	GROUP	F	234
Oregon			162
Nebraska			107
Idaho Washington, D.			112
Washington, D.			76
Central Canada	GROUP	G 	37
Connecticut			

NATION'S BIG TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL

Average Weekly Attendance for Novem	ber
Tremont Avenue, Greenville, S. C.	1,023
Alabama Clty, Alabama	707
Detrolt, Michlgan	641
Pulaskl, Virginla	636
Kannapolis, North Carolina	599
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	517
South Gastonla, North Carolina	481
Missionary Rldge, Tennessee	454
Lenoir, North Carolina	439
North Cleveland, Tennessee	437

NATION'S BIG TEN IN Y.P.E.

Average Weekly Attendance for November	er
Daisy, Tennessee	330
Orphanage at Sevierville, Tenn.	285
Tremont Avenue, Greenville, S. C.	270
Newport News, Vlrginia	240
Lakedale, North Carolina	237
E. Laurenburg, North Carolina	233
Goldsboro, North Carolina	231
Dillon, South Carolina	224
Eldorado Illinois	198

NATION'S TEN LARGEST HOME DEPARTMENTS

Whitwell, Tennessee

East Louisville, Kentucky	8,148
Lumberton, North Carolina	3,513
Pike Avenue, Alabama	2,370
Valdese, North Carolina	2,150
Krafton, Alabama	785
Hamilton, 7th and Chestnut, Ohio	755
Chicago Avenue, Arizona	550
Fresno Temple, California	550
Mohegan, West Virginia	533
South Phoenix, Arizona	525

STATES REPORTING HOME DEPARTMENTS

West Virginia 69	California 4
Ohio 51	Maine 4
South Carolina 43	Washington 4
Florida 28	Montana 3
North Carolina 25	Colorado 3
Tennessee 23	Iowa 3
Pennsylvania 22	Arizona2
Virginia 19	New Mexico 2
Mlchlgan 12	Louisiana 2
South Alabama 12	Oregon 2
Kentucky 11	Indiana 1
Mississippi 10	Oklahoma l
Texas9	North Dakota 1
Missouri 9	South Dakota 1
Arkansas7	Wisconsln 1
Illlnois 6	Central Canada 1
Maryland 5	

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		Since Assembly
SAVED	3,004	50,836
SANCTIFIED	1,427	24,096
FILLED WITH HOLY GHOST	1,090	18,800
ADDED TO CHURCH	1,082	16,402
NUMBER OF SUM SCHOOLS ORG SINCE ASSEME	ANIZE	D 205
NUMBER OF YOU PEOPLE'S END	EAVO	RS
ORGANIZED S	INCE	190



Will You Help Us?

START 465 NEW BRANCH SUNDAY SCHOOLS DURING '54

A Branch Sunday School is a Sunday School organized by a parent church and operated by that church.

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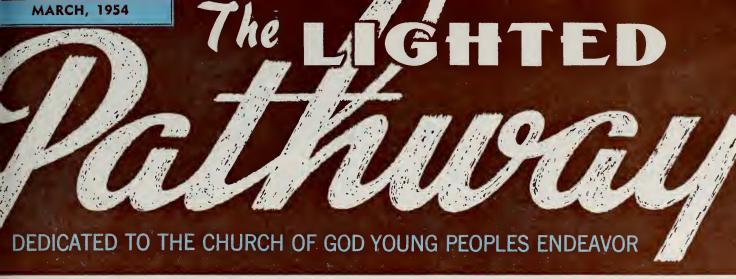
the other side of town, churchless communities, suburban areas, government housing projects, new subdivisions, slum sections, etc.?

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CHURCH OF GOD
Sunday School and Youth Department

1080 Montgomery Avenue, Cleveland, Tennessee





A SALUTE

AT THE Evangelical Press Association Convention held in Chicago, Illinois on January 26-28, Rev. Charles W. Conn, Editor-in-Chief of Church of God publications, was appointed chairman of the Church Journal Section. The E.P.A. is an association of about eighty editors representing some of the most influential evangelical magazines and church journals in the United States and Canada. The LIGHTED PATHWAY and EVANGEL are members of E.P.A.

Having served commendably in his capacity as a director of E.P.A. last year, Rev. Charles W. Conn was appointed to the Church Journal Section, which is easily one of the most important of the Association. Our church, as well as the unusual ability of our Editor-in-Chief, has been tremendously complimented and honored by this appointment. The LIGHTED PATHWAY salutes its former editor.

A STRIP OF BLUE Lucy Larcom

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine—
The orchards and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,

Here sit I, as a little child;

The threshold of God's door

Is that clear band of chrysoprase;

Now the vast temple floor,

The binding glory of the dome

I bow my head before;

The universe, O God, is home,

In height or depth, to me;

Yet here upon Thy footstool green

Content am I to be;

Glad, when is opened to my need

Some sea-like glimpse of Thee.

A little strip of sea.

—Selected.

The LIGHTED DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

CHARLES W. CONN LEWIS J. WILLIS GENEVA CARROLL Assistant Editor Church of Gad Publications The LIGHTED PATHWAY The LIGHTED PATHWAY

Vol. 25

MARCH, 1954

No. 3

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"Thy Word is a Light Unto My Path"

ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor Emeritus

National Youth Board

Ray H. Hughes, Chairman; Lewis J. Willis; Earl P. Paulk, Jr.; J. Newby Thampsan; O. W. Palen

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Stooping to Rise

TRUTH AS ETERNAL AS GOD and as vital as life is revealed in Christ's words, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted," Luke 18:14. This message was directed to a group of religious folk who lacked religion. They "trusted in themselves that they were righteous." The ruinous spirit of self-exaltation had seized them. In a very real sense they were symbolic of a multitude of so-called Christians today.

I suppose no evil is more far-reaching in its effects than self-exaltation. It not only excludes humility but also sincerity and honesty. While the spirit of self-right-eousness produces long prayers, fasts, tithe-paying, and a multiplicity of other great religious acts, it fails to provide justification because nothing has actually been done for Christ's sake. Unless this sin is uprooted, it will at last make a person a critical and presumptuous church hypocrite who persists in extolling the vices of others in contrast to his own imagined virtues.

Humility has always been an accompanist to true conversion. A careful search of the New Testament reveals that it is the only attitude consistent with Christian behavior. Not only is it seen as being the condition by which one becomes a Christian, but also the requirement for continual growth in the Christian graces. When one comes to Christ his first lesson is humility, and he continues to relearn it as he follows the footsteps of Christ. The words of Augustine emphasize this. He said, "Should you ask me, what is the first thing in religion? I should reply, the first, second, and third thing therein—yea, all—is humility."

But what is true humility? It is surely not a condition of pose or posture. Indeed, one of the most hypocritical and, consequently, repulsive circumstances is where one presents himself as being truly the standard of Christian humility. Genuine humility need not be advertised. When those who are so hyper-spiritual that they spend much time and many words impressing others of their great holiness, one suspects it is utterly insincere and a mere cloak covering a multitude of vanity and self-seeking.

Humility, however, certainly does not consist of self-depreciation. One is not expected to underestimate himself nor imprison his knowledge or ability in order to be humble. If he is competent above others, Christian humility does not require him to be ignorant of it. It only cautions him to be humble-minded and not overrate himself. Truly great people are humble because they realize their achievement did not necessarily originate in themselves, but only came through them.

The assertion that humility is weakness is a wicked lie. Rather, true humility is the essence of strength. Temptation and tyranny are broken by the powers of humility, for its goodness cannot be seduced or its greatness constrained. As someone wisely observed, "That which breaks opposition in this world is not, strangely enough, the pride of resistance, but the humility of nonresistance." Humility is possessed of such strength that it needs no outside assistance. No weapon can pierce its armor for it is constructed of enduring qualities. The implements of hostility are melted by the warm love of its charitable heart. It sucks the poison of hate from the venomous viper of jealousy and remains unharmed, for the evil is buried beneath its goodness. Satan is helpless against it, for it is one attribute he cannot successfully imitate.

WITH HUMILITY comes a sense of dependence. One realizes that everything he has, whether inherited or acquired, whether physical or spiritual, is his through the gift of God. The love he has is recognized as the result of the love God first had for him. If there is great faith, it is understood to be inspired through Christ who reveals the Father who is all powerful. If there is any goodness, it is still of God, for in the words of Coventry Patmore, "Every virtue we possess, and every victory won, and every thought of holiness, are His alone." And thus it is when this truth bursts upon us that we find no room for boasting. There is no basis allowed for pride.

Perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of humility is the laying aside of self. The history books prove that those who are most sincerely loved and to whom the world is permanently indebted are those who were content to shorn themselves and cry, "Let me be nothing; let my work be everything." This spirit of selfless humility is found in all who render any worthy service. It was apparent in the great life of Abraham Lincoln and very clearly evidenced on an occasion when, pleading for a certain need, he said, "Do not be afraid of hurting me. Do not spare me at all."

Above all, we find the eternal proof in the example of Christ, who, though the greatest, became "meek and lowly in heart." Although He was the only begotten of the Father, He "made himself of no reputation and took upon him the form of a servant." Being "Life" in the fullest meaning of the term, He, nevertheless, "humbled himself, and became obedient unto death." He descended into the depths so that He might ascend to the heavens and bring redeemed men with Him.

Perhaps, therefore, Massinger's words, "Be wise, soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise," constitute advice extremely needful today. So many within our own denomination aspire to rise to the heights. That desire is good if those so affected are humble enough to comprehend what comprises the heights. Sometimes our Lord calls us to low places, obscure ministries and menial duties. Often He sets us among the minority. Yet those who find strength to humble themselves are exalted in due time. In Christ's kingdom, we stoop to rise.

The lovely poem as written by Montgomery further emphasizes this truth.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
The most when most his soul ascends,
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

HALL WE INCLUDE James Harris this time?" asked Harry Alton, with pencil poised to write. "Seems to me he's been omitted rather often of late, hasn't he?"

The silence was broken by Sam Smiley. "It's okay with me to invite James," he said, with a grin; "but you all know he has so many 'toes' that someone's sure to step on one of 'em before the party's over."

Good-natured laughter followed. But when the committee adjourned James' name wasn't on the list of those to be invited. This didn't sur-prise James much. In fact, he didn't care particularly. For he was certain he had landed in a most unfriendly school the day he entered Glenvale High.

ALTHOUGH JAMES didn't suspect it, the student body that year was particularly fair-minded, which is why things were different earlier in the term. James had been included, then, in just about everything. His home training, personality, scholastic ability all seemed to draw him naturally into a favored circle of school leaders. Quite naturally and gladly that circle had opened to receive him. But his old enemy—which he didn't recognize—spoiled it all. Doubts and resentments plagued James. His inability to forget a grievance persisted. He became bitter and his conversation unattractive and boring. He felt certain that the algebra teacher was unfair in marking his examination papers, and that in history and Latin classes the teachers deliberately chose to ask him the most difficult questions. He felt sorry for himself because his Uncle Peter and Aunt emma, who had given him a home up-on the death of his parents, expected considerable work in return for his keep, and he hadn't much time to do homework.

These things formed the basis of his conversation. Every boy who chummed with him had to hear it. Harry Binney had seemed particularly attracted to James. For a few weeks they were inseparable chums. James made little effort to make new friends

as long as he had Harry.

But after a month or so, Harry managed to have other things which interfered when James expected him to go along somewhere. Gradually, they drifted apart. But James didn't mind much. He had found Benson Louden, whom he liked even better than Harry, because Benson was more sympathetic and could listen to James' tales of woe tirelessly-for a

Then one day Benson and Harry met to compare notes. "And the queer part," said Harry, "is that James' un-cle and aunt are the finest folks you'd want to meet. I think they treat him like their own son. The teachers he gripes about are among the fairest we have, and I've never heard anyone else complain about their marking of examinations."

Soon Benson began to drift away from James' intimate comradeship. James didn't mind too much. He'd just find another friend, if they wanted to



act like that! But it wasn't quite so easy as that. His reputation had spread. Many fellows treated him fairly, but none chose to become too "thick" with him.

JAMES FELT very bad. He knew he was being "left out" purposely. But he never suspected the real reason. They were just a bunch of snobs and clannish nobodies, he decided. Well, he'd fix them! He'd show them he didn't care a snap of the fingers.

But just about that time Matt Jefferson moved into a house near Uncle Peter's. Matt seemed to be about James' age, and a nice-looking boy. So James went over to visit him, not so much to be friendly as because he wanted someone to go skating with that afternoon.

Matt proved to be a bright-faced, jolly boy. He showed so much appreciation because James asked him to go along that he met with James' immediate approval. And when Matt listened to the usual tale of woe with more sympathy than any other boy had yet shown, James' heart leaped for joy. Here, at last, was a real friend! And the other fellows could just go as far as James was concerned!

IT WAS QUEER about Matt. James' other friendships usually terminated abruptly when his chums disagreed with his opinions. But Matt was different. He could disagree, almost violently, and still James didn't feel "sore." And before James had had time to tell Matt about the unfairness of his teachers, Matt was telling him about their kindness and fairness on his very first day at school. When Matt visited James' house for the first time he was so loud in his praise of everything he saw, and yet so sincere, that James found it impossible to complain—even about his lot as an orphan.

"This is just about the nicest house I've seen in town," exclaimed Matt. "And is this your room, James? Say, I'm going to fix mine up just like it,—that is, if Dad'll let me. You see, he had is, if Dad'll let me. You see, he had in the same of my placing so many doesn't approve of my placing so many tacks in the walls. And he's rather strict in a lot of ways—but I know it's all for my good, just as he says. Dad and I have sort of an 'understanding' as we call it. When he corrects me, I know it's for my own good, to help me keep from making the to help me keep from making the same mistake again." Matt looked at James with compassion in his eyes. "I'm sure sorry, James, that you

"TOO MANY TOES"

By CHESTER SHULER

"It's okay with me to invite James," he said, with a grin; "but you all know he has so many 'toes' that someone's sure to step on one of 'em before the party's over."

lilustrated by CHLOE STEWART

haven't any dad. But then, I should think your 'Uncle Peter is about the next best thing to a real dad. He seems like a mighty fine man to me."

Strangely enough for once in his life James didn't relate his own troubles, his lack of time to study, the work he had to do, or other real or fancied troubles. He was busy thinking about what Matt had just said. Could it be possible, he wondered, that these things were for his own good? It didn't seem likely, but then ...

James and Matt went places togeth-

James and Matt went places together constantly. But wherever Matt was, James noticed that he was the same appreciative, generous boy. Someway Matt's fine spirit seemed to knit itself somewhat into that of James. Little by little, he found himself saying and doing some of the things which Matt ing some of the things which Matt said and did.

AT FIRST, James felt he was just sort of a "copy cat," but when he happened to overhear, by accident, a conversation between his uncle and aunt one evening, he felt better. "James is getting to be 100 per cent more agreeable since he runs with that Matt boy across street," said Uncle Peter, and Aunt Emma gave hearty accent.

But it wasn't easy for James to "be

But it wasn't easy for James to "be like Matt." He had never been in the habit of thinking first of "the other fellow." Always he had been the one to be favored. Now he found it difficult to overcome many selfish habits which he had cultivated without being aware of the fact.

One day he surprised Matt by asking, "Matt, how do you do it?"
"Do what, James?"

"Always be so kind, and good, and—well, just the way you are? I'd like to be like you, Matt. But it seems the more I try, the worse I fail."

more I try, the worse I fail."

Matt looked astonished. "You—want to be—like me? Oh, don't do that!"

"But I want to be like you, Matt. Honestly. You're my—ideal. I'm so—selfish, and—" It was hard to say the words, to admit these things, but James was feeling desperate. "I want to be different—just the way you're different from other kids, Matt. How do you do it?"

of the control of the control of the control of you do it?"

Matt was silent for a bit. He looked grave. "Look, James," he said at length. "I'm fond of you, and I've never thought of you as being selfish. I'm the control of you are troubles you. thought of you as being senish. I'm sure I have the same troubles you have, for I'm naturally very selfish myself." He hesitated, looking at James with earnest brown eyes. "It's only by looking to Jesus, my Saviour, that I can overcome my temptations as well as I do. If I didn't do that, I'm sure you would never think me unsure you would never think me un-selfish. I was wondering, James, whether you are doing that, and—"

James looked troubled. "No, Matt," he said. "You see, I guess I'm not much of a—Christian. Even if I do go to Sunday School and church 'most every Sunday. So I'm afraid I don't un-

derstand exactly what you mean."
Matt's face lighted up. He linked arms with his chum and led him to a bench in the little park nearby. "I had supposed you were a Christian, James," he said. "But if you aren't, I with sou'd decide to become one real wish you'd decide to become one real soon. Jesus is a wonderful Saviour. But He's also a real Friend and Help-

soon. Jesus is a wonderful Saviour. But He's also a real Friend and Helper. Maybe this will sound strange to you, but honestly, I mean every word of it, James. It's very real to me. I couldn't get through a day if I didn't trust in Jesus and get strength to fight my temptations."

James looked at his friend. "I believe you, Matt," he said. "But I always thought such things were just for preachers and old people."

"Some persons think that a young fellow like me doesn't know what he's talking about when I talk like this. And so I don't speak of it much, as a rule. But, James, two years ago, I was saved in a boys' camp, and ever since then Jesus has been my daily Friend and Companion. When I make mistakes—and I make plenty—I never fail to confess them to Him. The Bible says, you know, that if we confess our faults or sins, Jesus will be our Advocate with the Father. So I hope, James, that you will decide to take Jesus as your Saviour too."

JAMES HAD never heard talk like this—not from a boy his own age, anyway. But it touched his heart age, anyway. But it toutled this heart as no minister's words could have done. "I wish you'd—tell me—more about this, Matt," he said, at length.

Out came Matt's worn New Testament. He read a number of passages, explaining the meaning as best he

could.

Soon afterward James did become a Christian. Then the boys were firmer friends than ever, for now they were brothers in Christ. They had real Christian fellowship, not just ordinary friendship. James saw, now, the ugliness of his selfishness, and the foolishness of nursing grievances. He worked hard to overcome his temptations, with Christ's help. It was hard, but little by little, he succeeded. He became thoughtful, earnest, kind, and generous. Soon he was popular with his schoolmates, who noticed a great change in his life. No longer was he left out of school activities.

I'LL SURELY have to take back what I once said about James' having 'too many toes,' 's said Sam Smiley one day. "He's no 'sorehead' now. Everybody likes James a let."

James is thankful to God for sending Matt to him. "I don't know what ing Matt to him. "I don't know what would have become of me," he told his friend one day, "if you hadn't come and helped me change my ways."

"Then give all the praise to the Lord, James," said Matt, quietly. "Without Him neither of us would be able to do anything good."

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The St. Paul of the South Pacific

By BENNIE BENGSTON

URING THE EARLY PART of World War II we became familiar with names like Guadalcanal and Bouganville, which most of us had never heard of before. Both of these belong to the group called the Solomon Islands; the Solomons in turn being a part of Melanesia, a collection of islands also including the New Hebrides, the Santa Cruz Islands, and the Bismarck Archipelago.

Many American soldiers lost their lives in the bitter fighting that took place before the Japanese were driven out. But few if any were killed by the natives, though only a few decades ago these islanders were the fiercest and most savage of cannibals. This was largely due to the fact that missionaries had risked their lives—and on several occasions lost them—to bring the gospel to even this dark corner of the earth.

NE OF THESE missionaries was John Coleridge Patteson, who for sixteen years labored with great success in establishing mission stations on the islands. Born in England, his father was Sir John Patteson, a well known lawyer. His mother was a Coleridge, related to the famous English poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Member of a distinguished family, educated at Eton and Oxford, and blessed with a fine personality, he could easily have remained in England where he certainly would have risen to a high position in the church. Instead he chose New Zealand and the islands of Melanesia, and a life of danger and hardship. But he accomplished a great work in Christianizing the islanders, training the natives to go out among their own people after they had been converted to Christianity, and influencing them to give up their savage and barbarous customs.

Patteson went to New Zealand in 1855 and for five years taught in the schools there. In 1860 he was consecrated bishop of New Zealand, and took charge of all the missions on the islands. This made it necessary for him to take many voyages about the islands, visiting the various mission stations, some of these being in charge of native teachers he had trained in New Zealand.

A missionary, then as now, had to be able to do a great many things in addition to preaching the Word. Patteson, always a humble man, was aware of the fact that, in spite of an excellent education, he still lacked some knowledge and skills. In a letter to a friend he wrote: "I can hardly tell you how much I regret not knowing something about the treatment of simple surgical cases. If I had studied the practical, drawn teeth, mixed medicines, it would have been worth something. Many trades need not be attempted; but every missionary ought to be a carpenter, a mason, something of a butcher, and a good deal of a cook."

ONE OF THE WORST things Patteson had to contend with was the traffic in slaves—rascally white traders slipping in and out among the many islands, swooping down on unprotected villages or isolated groups of fishermen, taking the natives captive and then selling them into slavery. This naturally antagonized the islanders against the white people—all the whites, the missionaries as well as the slave traders, for it was not easy for the savages to distinguish between the two.

A severe illness in 1870 nearly forced him to discontinue his work, but he slowly regained his strength, in part at least. "I think," he wrote concerning himself, "I shall have to forego some of the more risky and adventurous part of the work in the islands. I don't mean that I shall not take the voyages, and stop about on the islands as before; but I must do it all more carefully, and avoid much that of old I never thought about."

A YEAR LATER he was cruising the islands once more, and at

Fiji baptized nearly three hundred converts. Continuing the voyage the ship sailed to the Santa Cruz Islands with a view to opening a new mission there, in a field to which the gospel had not previously been brought.

Patteson knew that he was in grave danger there, for the natives were especially savage and warlike, and had but lately been harassed by the slave traders. He recorded in his journal: "I hear that a vessel has gone to Santa Cruz; and I must be very cautious there, for there has been some disturbance almost to a certainty." He continues: "I pray God that if it be His will, and if it be the appointed time, He may enable us in His own way to begin some little work among these very wild but energetic islanders."

When his ship touched at one of the islands several canoes approached the vessel and hovered around it. Bishop Patteson, hoping to gain the good will of the natives, stepped into one of the canoes which at once headed for the shore. Here he was killed in retaliation for those islanders who had been captured by the slave ships, five during the most recent raid. His body was then tossed into the canoe and set adrift.

AND SO ENDED the career of another gallant missionary, killed by the very ones he was trying to help. In no small measure his death was due to those of his own race, however, who practiced the infamous slave traffic, and so aroused the hate and ill will of the natives upon which they preyed. It was on the nearby island of Eromanga, in the New Hebrides, that another missionary, John Williams, was killed thirty-two years earlier.

Bishop Patteson had carried out a great and noble work in establishing missions on the islands. For years he had traveled up and down, and back and forth, across Melanesia, a veritable St. Paul of the South Pacific. His influence may still be noted a century after he lived there.



Have Fun With Your Diary

By WIRT BLAINE

"A year from now, you will feel just a bit superior as you review your record and know what you didn't know 365 days before that time."

Illustrated by CHLOE STEWART

OME PERSONS FIND that keeping a diary is a task which quickly becomes burdensome. But many others, after forming the diary habit, would not be without a diary. And indeed, keeping a daily journal, in some form or other, can

The modern-day diarist can obtain almost any form of diary he desires, from the smallest to the largest. If he prefers to write only a line or two daily, an inexpensive booklet can be had in the dime store. Then there are other specially-prepared volumes with larger daily spaces, and if he is one who prefers to keep a typed record, he may wish to use a loose-leaf notebook of convenient size. The latter gives just the space needed for each day's entry, be it long or short. Personally, I prefer this type of journal.

sonally, I prefer this type of journal.

The best time to start keeping a journal is when one is very young. The writer began at the age of about ten or twelve. Those first diaries aren't very artistic, but they certainly are interesting! Small "composition books" traveled with me daily, summer and winter. They bear the scars of hard usage and treatment. The entries are grammatically atrocious and chirographically poor. But they are brief, concise, and memory-provoking. The entry, "Jim broke through the ice today. Got wet feet and a tannen," is reminiscent of a skating trip—and results. "Mixed mortar today for the new Jones house. It was 105 in the shade," recalls an experience one July too warm for comfort. "Bud got kept in at school tonight for laughen when teacher was mad at some other kid," is likewise interesting—to one of the principals.

If a diary is kept faithfully it will provide a journal which can be helpful and valuable as well as pleasant to read, later. Experiences of the past can be recalled, and imroved upon. Former errors can be avoided. Pleasant memories become a source of delight and comfort, as well as inspirations of the provided that the first that the

"But I never know what to write," objects someone. "Nothing worth recording ever happens to me in this dry town."

That is difficult to believe. Something happens to someone every day, every place. In these days, for most

folks, there is great activity. Much more seems to be happening than formerly. We have experiences which were unheard of a few generations ago. All of these, whether they seem trivial or important now, will be interesting later.

After faithfully keeping a journal for about a year, you will find the habit has become fixed, and you probably won't want to discontinue. Looking back and recalling what you did a year ago today will be most interesting. Wondering and speculating what you may be doing a year hence may seem equally attractive. A year from now, you will feel just a bit superior as you review your record and know what you didn't know 365 days before that time.

now, you will feel just a bit superior as you review your record and know what you didn't know 365 days before that time.

"I tried a diary once," exclaims someone in disgust, "and I'll never keep one again as long as I live. I've never been so embarrassed—"

Of course, that can happen! A diary can become a source of embarrassment to its author. But it need not. A diary is a very personal article, and should be regarded in that light—by author and others. The author will, of course, write carefully, recording nothing which he may find embarrassing should other eyes chance to read. Others will certainly refrain from reading another's diary without his permission. But this isn't always the case, unfortunately! Sooner or later, other eyes are almost certain to read one's diary—unless it's been cremated

A diarist needs to practice the Golden Rule as few others do. He may hope that others use it in dealing with him, also.

WE CAN BE THANKFUL that there were diarists of some sort in the days when Jesus lived on earth. Men who, in some manner, kept a daily record of events. They probably didn't carry neat little books, such as we can have today, and with the possible exception of Paul, probably did little writing at the time. But they must have kept a "mental" diary . . such men as Matthew, John, and Peter, who journeyed with the Lord Jesus daily for three years. And Doctor Luke, companion of Paul, student and author, as well as physician, who was the faithful companion of Paul and

to whom "it seemed good . . . to write . . ." (Luke 1:1, 2).

These men, under the guidance of the Spirit, recorded for us such events as impressed them most. An example is their record of the day on which Jesus so kindly tried to take His tired friends "to a desert place" to rest awhile. This didn't work out, however; for when they had reached the other side of the Sea of Galilee a crowd awaited their coming, and Jesus healed their sick and taught them, instead of resting. Later, He told the disciples to give the multitude food to eat. They were so greatly astonished by this remarkable request that three of the four who recorded the day's happenings wrote down the words of Jesus, "Give ye them to eat" (see Matt. 14:13-23; Mark 6:30-46; Luke 9:10-17; John 6:1-15). Of course, Luke and Mark were not present. But it is supposed by many that Peter, who was very much present, later helped John Mark with his record.

And then how carefully they have recorded their frightful experiences on the black, turbulent waters of Galilee that unforgettable night! How frightened they were when Someone, whom they mistook for "a spirit" came walking on the water! And Peter's request of the Lord, when recognized, to help him walk on the water also. And finally, the miraculous stilling of wind and wave and the great calm, the astonishment of all.

Yes, those ancient diarists had something special to write about. But we, too, can have thrilling spiritual records also, if we wish, and if we live close to that same Lord of storm and wave, who can just as effectually still the storms that beat upon our lives today.

Why not record our own impressions, thoughts, meditations, discoveries in reading the Word? Our Christian experiences and problems? These things can be helpful some future day. They can also be of help to others. What was our favorite Bible verse today? Let us record it, or at least the reference. Did someone speak helpfully in prayer meeting this evening? If so, jot down his main thoughts. Births, deaths, weddings. Spiritual re-births especially; baptisms, sermons especially helpful...all will make inter-

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March, 1954

Your Best for Him

Dorothy C. Haskin

ENNY LIND was a world famous singer. One day, she and Mr. Sim Reeves, another singer, were practicing. Her husband, Otto Goldschmidt, came into the room. He said, "Jenny, you have sung those songs many times. Surely there is no need for all this practicing." "Mr. Reeves and I are singers and know what is best for us," she replied sweetly. Jenny Lind knew if she were to sound her best, she had to practice.

As it is true that Jenny Lind needed to prepare before she sang in public, so we, who have less talent, need to prepare if we are to be our best.

And how important it is that we be our best when we sing, play the piano, or take the topic in a Young People's meeting! It is for the Lord Jesus!

Rudy Atwood plays the piano on the "Country Church of Hollywood" radio program, the "Old Fashioned Revival Hour" and for many "Youth for Christ" meetings. He is an outstanding Christian musician. You might think that as often as he plays hymns and gospel choruses that he would not have to practice but he does often three and four hours a day.

If you are to play the piano for the young people's meeting, or Sunday School, practice the hymns every day so that you will play them smoothly. It is better to practice a short time each day, than hours on one day. Often those listening are touched by a song. A dying man said that his entire life had been changed by hearing Jenny Lind sing "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." If you are to sing, it will be smooth and with ease only when you have memorized the words.

only when you have memorized the words.

"'But I haven't time to memorize my solo,' someone complains. Then don't sing it," says Phil Kerr, composer, in his book Music in Evangelism. The church service is important, with the eternal destiny of souls depending upon the powerfulness of the song. Therefore, the singer should spend all the time that is required to fully prepare for such a service.

RECENTLY an album of Scripture readings by Charles Laughlin was placed on sale in Los Angeles. It was reported that all available copies were sold the first day and that buyers put their names on a waiting list. Charles Laughlin is an actor and admits that he is an agnostic. But he recognizes the beauty of the Bible and reads it aloud hour after hour. If he is willing to practice hours merely to perfect his art for money, how much more should we who know the Bible is the inspired Word of God practice, that we may read it properly and with due reverence.

If you have been asked to read the Scripture, read the selected passage aloud over and over again. You will become used to the sound of your own voice and thus, not be embarrassed. And it is the only way you can be certain that you will pronounce all the words correctly. If you are in doubt, look up the pronunciation and then say the word aloud until you

can repeat it with ease.

Spurgeon preached before the day of microphones to thousands. He was heard, not because he had a loud voice, but because he spoke distinctly and slowly. He did not slur a syllable. He did not clip his final d's or t's. He worked hard to make the best use of the voice which God had given him.

Raymond Swing works fourteen hours a day on his fifteen minute radio script and yet he is only a news commentator. Almost as soon as he has finished, what he has said is old news, but if you have a topic in the young people's meeting, you are speaking eternal truth.

I O PREPARE your topic, read the Scripture, the cross-references, the quarterly and any book which you have on the subject. Think over what you have read and add a thought or two of your own. In one young people's society, everyone who took part was required to add three original sentences to what he had read. It may not seem like much but those teen-agers had to think for themselves to have three original thoughts. It is better to say a little which you truly believe than merely to repeat what others have written. "Seek that ye may excel to the edifying of the church" (1 Cor. 14:12).

Some young people excuse a lack of preparation by saying that they want to speak as moved by the Spirit, but the men God has used have been prepared. Spurgeon locked himself in his study for hours to pre-

pare his sermons.

Even if you are only to give a testimony, it is well to give thought to what you are going to say. It is good to say, "I thank the Lord for all He has done for me," but it is more helpful to tell of a direct answer to_prayer.

You want the meeting to bring others closer to the Lord Jesus. That is why it is held. But they will only do so if they see that the meeting is important to you. And if it is, you will be your best for Him.

HE FATEFUL DAY had com€ That day when I could no longer put off visiting my littl friend Dickie Holmes.

"He is looking forward so happily t your visit," his mother said to me.

I wondered if she knew how un happily I was looking forward to i for Dickie had polio. Long weeks h had lain in an iron lung in the poli ward of the Los Angeles General Hos pital, and none but his nearest rela tives could see him. Now, contagio past, and the acute stage over with he had been moved, still a prisoner c the "lung," in an especially-equippe ambulance and with a police escort t Rancho Los Amigos—Ranch of th Friends—a continuation of the Gener al Hospital. He could have visitors. would be perhaps the first one outsid his family.

Faced with a ten-year-old boy help lessly paralyzed and lying in a con tinuously moving machine, wha could I say? What could I do? A fev months before he, with his family had gone with me and my family on trip to the desert. We had eaten lunch on the ground with the spring flower blooming around us and flinging thei sweetness to the demanding wind. H had taken pictures of Palm Spring and the mountains. He had gloried it the day as a youngster can. Now must not mention things like that fo fear of causing him regret. I must no mention his condition for fear o causing him grief. How would I ge through that hour?

I need have concerned myself no at all. When his eyes, focused to the mirror above him, lighted on me, million-dollar smile lit his face.

"Hi!" he said. "It's so good to se you. I haven't seen anyone but Mon and Dad and patients and doctor and nurses for ages. Seems more like living to see someone else again."

The pull of the respirator jerked his words, but his voice beat mine fo steadiness. "Hi, Dickie," I stammered "How are you?"

"I'm fine," he came back, "but sure feel sorry for some of the people here; they don't think they are eve going to get well; I know I am!"

And those words speak the character of Dickie Holmes. Faith, faith, and then more faith. Faith in the nursi who exercises him; faith in his parents; faith in himself; faith in the rightness of things; faith in God.

WHEN he had been in the hospital for six months the doctor told his parents they could take him



Dickie Holmes Wonder of Faith

By ENOLA CHAMBERLIN

He pays them every time he gives them one of his precious smiles; every time his calm faith asserts itself

home IF they could get a respirator; IF they could get a special room built; IF they could supply an auxiliary motor to take over on the lung in case of electric failure. It looked hopeless but Dickie didn't think so.

"Somehow it will happen," he said to his mother. "I'm sure I'll be home on my birthday." And he was.

The Carpenter's Union of which Mr. Holmes is a member, bought the respirator. Lumber yards and supply houses allowed a generous discount on materials. Workmen donated their time. The day before Dickie reached eleven, he came home.

Today, over two years from that time, and more than three years from the day he was stircken, he still relies on the iron lung for breath. Just recently he has been able to be out of it and onto a bed for four hours at a stretch. He can move his fingers and the muscles of his legs are strengthening. His body has filled out. The skin and bone he was have become plump and rounded flesh. His smile lurks in his eyes, ready to race out over his whole face when anyone speaks to him.

My husband said one time, "When I am down in the dumps all I need to do is go see Dickie. He generates faith like a dynamo generates electricty."

When the visiting nurse said Dickie was ready for a chest respirator and a hospital bed, but that the Foundation couldn't supply them, Dickie smiled one of his biggest smiles. A look of assurance, a look of having tapped a special vein of knowledge came over his face. "I'll get them," he said, "I know I will!" And he did.

Dickie's long illness, the work, the constant care could have worn his mother and father down; could have torn them to pieces. Instead it has uplifted them. It has broadened and deepened and sweetened them.

"If Dickie can be cheerful and keep his faith while bound to that respirator, how can we do other than be cheerful and keep our faith, too," they say.

Their labor for Dickie is a labor of love. He pays them every time he gives them one of his precious smiles; every time his calm faith asserts itself. They know now, as Dickie has always known, that he will some day be well. Along with him they have set their sights on that day, and they live each hour gratefully. They offer thanks to God for their own health, for their friends, for the many things without

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GOD IS DEPARTED

By KATHERINE BEVIS

HE NIGHT was dark. A lamp flickered on a table in one corner of a tent pitched on Mount Gilboa. Inside the tent a man paced. This man once had been God's chosen king. Now he muttered to himself as he walked the length of the tent floor, "Departed, departed!"

Years before, as a handsome lad of the village of Gibeah, he had gone three days' journey in search of his father's lost asses, accompanied by a servant. When they failed to find the animals, they decided to go see the prophet of God. It happened just at the time when Samuel was going to a

Only the day before God had said to Samuel, "Tomorrow about this time I will send thee a man out of the land of Benjamin, and thou shalt anoint him to be captain over my people Israel, that he may save my people out of the hand of the Philistines: for I

of the hand of the Philistines: for I have looked upon my people, because their cry is come unto me."

At the city gate the prophet warmly greeted Saul and his servant, after which he told them the animals had been found. Then to the young man's surprise, Samuel gave him a cordial invitation to the feast. It appears that the two men were entertained in the the two men were entertained in the prophet's home that night. The next morning Samuel took a vial of oil, and pouring it upon the head of Saul kissed him. Then he said, "Is it not because the Lord hath anointed thee to be captain over his inheritance?"

All these memories crowded through this man's troubled brain as he paced the floor of the tent tonight mutter-

the floor of the tent tonight muttering that one fateful word over and over again, "Departed."

The kind face of the old prophet was before him now, as he drew aside to peer out into the vast darkness of the night, to see if by chance the campfire of the enemy below might have moved a little nearer.

How far he had become removed from that day when he led his army against the Ammonites in the great delivery of Jabesh-gilead. Then he had been the idol of the nation. Now it was all different but the idol of the nation. it was all different. Just tonight this great king had been told, that within a few hours, he and his sons should die. His nation also would be defeated by the Philistines. The harrassed warrior sat down now in his tent. He drew his hand across his bearded face, as if to try to wipe some of the despair away that he felt so keenly.

Dropping his head on the table, he gave out a moaning wail which star-tled his faithful servant, who stood



"... He hath also rejected thee from being king."

helplessly by. This same servant had attended his king when the three hundred thousand Israelites and thirty thousand men of Judah had followed their leader's ringing trumpet against that tyrant Nahash.

One can almost hear him say, "Oh, that I had remained true and faithful to the God of my fathers. If I had only followed the Lord." Through his troubled mind raced memories which tore his poor aching soul. He recalled building his first altar to God, after that great victory over the Philistines. Then one by one as he had crushed the enemy—the Moabites, the Ammonites, the Edomites, and then the mighty Amalekites. With regrets he remembered the day he had proudly remembered the day he had proudly ridden in with the prisoner Agag. Yes, that was when he betrayed his God. Then he had slipped from the leadings of the Lord who had stood by him in all his battles. By listening to the voice of greed, he had spared the fat live-

stock with King Agag.

That same night God informed the prophet Samuel how Saul had disobeyed Him. Samuel became greatly grieved and cried unto the Lord all night. Early the next morning he went

to Gilgal to see Saul. With remorse Saul recalled going out to meet the prophet, and saying, "Blessed be thou of the Lord: I have performed the commandment of the Lord.

But Samuel questioned, "What meaneth then this bleating of the

sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?" As soon as the prophet knew the reason, he said, "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt-offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. . . . Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king."

He could almost see himself throwing the javelin at young David. At first he had loved the shepherd boy. When he heard the singing, "Saul hath slain his thousands and David his ten thousands," the green-eyed monster of jealousy had entered his heart

The scroll continued to unroll be-fore his mind's eye that dark night in the tent. With only his servant stand-ing by, he traveled mentally down that long road of tragedy—tragedy be-cause he had failed to be true to his

How Long he sat there, and how ageless the time seemed to pass, only that once great king knew. Soon a faint silver of dawn began to show across the eastern horizon. He listened as the sound of stirring iron came to him from far down below in the plains of Jezreal. He knew what it meant. The Philistines were getting everything in readiness to storm up the slopes of the mountain. Again he heard the words, "Departed."

His servant approached. "My Lord," his voice was sober with the danger of a tragedy that he felt so near at hand. Yet it was his duty to tell his lord that the hour was at hand for the beginning of the awful battle. "My Lord, it will soon be dawn," and the staring king nodded in understanding.

Once he had been a strong king, but not now. "Departed" rang again in his ears. Yet he must be out on the front.

not now. "Departed" rang again in his ears. Yet, he must be out on the front. He was still a king, even if he had failed to follow after the Lord. His men must not see him weak, even though he knew soon it would all be over. With an effort he threw back his shoulders. He must give the word to go forward, for was he not still in command of the army?

He gave orders for an assembly. The

He gave orders for an assembly. The chariots were brought and at the first sound of the trumpet, the troops formed before the king in rank. King Saul stood stately in his chariot. He looked over his army and then to the

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ATS WERE PLENTIFUL in my home community. There were gray cats, yellow cats, calico cats, black cats, and perhaps a few other shades. Some persons didn't care for black cats, claiming that they brought "bad luck." Personally, I preferred black ones, and although I once owned five of them at one time, I don't recall that they ever brought me any special ill fortune.

It is true, however, that some of my cats got into plenty of trouble. For example, my "Inky" had two favorite outdoor sports—fighting and "singing." Usually he indulged in both about midnight. And judging by the nicks in his ears and his frequent limps, it was easy to guess that he wasn't always the victor in combat—nor successful in dodging all of the articles hurled at him from upstairs windows. And once, when another of my black pets fell into a bucket of "white wash" (lime) which a neighbor had mixed for his fences, you can imagine how comical he looked with the lime dried in his black fur, and what a time he had washing himself clean.

I suppose that my cats weren't any smarter or nicer than yours, but anyway, they did teach me some good lessons, and I'd like to share a few stories with you concerning my cat friends.

ONE THING WHICH I learned from Inky was never to give up too soon when I wanted very much to accomplish something. We call this



perseverance. Inky didn't have any big name for it; he just went ahead and did what he set out to do.

Inky was originally a tramp cat. He came to our house first when only half grown. My folks decided they already had too many cats, and so Inky was placed in a bag and given to a man driving to a distant town. They asked him to let Inky loose near a farm where he could find a good home. But in a few days Inky was back at our door. He had definitely decided to live with us. And, after one or two more vain attempts to get rid of him, he was allowed to join our

Inky-and indeed all of my yelloweyed cat friends-had some bad habits. One was their fondness for bird meat. I loved birds, and often scolded my pets for trying to catch and eat

them.

One day Inky spied a fat red-breasted robin in a tree. His mouth must have "watered" for a bird steak, be-cause he began stealthily to climb the tree. Mr. Robin didn't seem to notice him at all. I was alarmed. I called "shoo!" to the bird, but he just sat there chirping cheerily. Inky flattened himself on a limb. Nearer and nearer he crept—just like pictures I'd seen of panthers in the jungles! I shouted at Inky, but he paid no attention to me. He was concentrating on the job at hand. He was using perseverance, too! And he was just *certain* he was going to have Mr. Robin in his jaws in another ten seconds. . . . But just as I, too, was certain that he'd succeed, Mr. Robin raised his wings and flew away.

I shall never forget the look on Inky's black face! Poor naughty, frustrated, disappointed Inky! He sat there switching his tail angrily. I'm sure he thought the bird was very unfair and that it had played a most unsports-manlike trick on him.

I believe that both Inky and I learned a good lesson that day. Anyway, I learned that a loving Heavenly Father, who makes birds, cats, dogs, boys and girls, also takes good care of all. To birds, He has given wings to protect them from cats. To cats, He gives sharp claws and the ability to climb trees, which protects them from dogs. To dogs. He gives sharp teath dogs. To dogs, He gives sharp teeth, and usually a friendly nature, which makes them friends of boys and girls. And to boys and girls He would like very much to give new hearts which would make them unwilling to throw

stones at birds or cats, or to harm them in any manner. Jesus once asked, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father" (Matt. 10:29). This means that if we injure even a little sparrow, God sees our cruel deed. Let us not forget that, and if we are Christians we certainly will not wish to harm any of God's little creatures.

THEN MY CATS taught me a good lesson about kindness, too. They liked to be petted—as long as I stroked their silky fur in the proper direction. But if I stroked toward their heads, first their tails would twitch, then wag, and then, well, after one or two encounters with their sharp claws I usually took warning in time! People are a lot like cats in that way, too. You have to handle them properly, and in the right way, if you want them to be kind to you.

Cats are very clean with themselves. My cats spent a lot of time washing their faces and necks. (Could there be a lesson here for boys—or is that why many boys prefer dogs as pets?) Cats don't often eat or drink im-

proper things. Have you ever noticed drunk liquor or beer? Have you ever noticed a big black or gray cat with a filthy cigarette hanging out of its mouth, singeing off its whiskers? Of course you haven't! And if that doesn't teach us humans several fine lessons, I'm very much mistaken.

CATS WILL WORK for their keep, too. All of mine were good and faithful at catching rats and mice. Farmers cannot afford to be without a good-sized cat family around their barns and granaries to keep down harmful rodents.

Let us thank God for all the nice pets He has made for us, girls and boys. And let us take good care of our pets, too. We should never forget that the same Creator made both our pets

and ourselves.

The "Golden Rule" in the Bible (Luke 6:31) should be used on our cats, dogs, birds, and other dumb creatures, as well as on all other people. Turn to Luke 6:31 and read it

now, won't you?

And next time you see a nice black cat, think of Inky and some of the

good lessons he taught.

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Chats About Cats

By JONATHAN WEST

"I shall never forget the look on Inky's black face! Poor naughty, frustrated, disappointed Inky!"

Poetry Page



SHOWERS OF GRACE By Mary Alice Holden

Now altar light glows brightly; Lord, thou hast sent Thy fire, Since I have offered rightly The whole of my desire.

I lay there my ambitions, The treasures of the years, But still no fire was falling No call came through my tears.

I gave my present moments, The place where I should dwell, The way I serve my Maker— And then the fire fell.

And with the fire came faith, too; Sweet incense from the flame Caused God to hear my pleading For grace in Jesus' name.

I stand beside the altar, Where smoke arising high Has touched the clouds of blessing That shower from the sky.

THIS I KNOW

Mrs. A. R. Howell

Though Satan will buffet And rough be the way, This one thing I know. Christ, who does reign With the Father above, Promised to conquer my foe.

He'll conquer my foes With His mighty strength. And He all my burdens will bear. If I go to Him And give Him my life, And live where He answers prayer.

LIGHT IN THE STORM

None could see a trace of light In all that stormy hour; The winds that raced the angry clouds Had wondrous, mighty power. But when the curtains of the clouds Were drawn to east, and west, The light beamed forth with healing ray

And gave the sky a rest.

Men, too, have storms within their hearts, Where faith has never been; And many of their fears are caused By willful, selfish sin.
But if by faith, these clouds are drawn, And scattered east and west,
The One who waits will enter in With healing Light—and rest. -Grace Cash

REVELATION

By Clifford Thomas

Inspiring thoughts are born in solitude, Unbroken quietness—when all is still; The heart responds in silent gratitude In answer to the challenge of God's

Though daily striving in His noble quest The spirit seeks to wing its flight away To that divine abode among the blest, Eye cannot see until the close of day.

BOOMERANG

By Pearl Yeadon McGinnis

A careless word was dropped one day, One quite by accident. It was not meant to harm a friend; Such was not the intent.

A careless deed was done one day Of small significance. It was not done deliberately With anger's pointed lance.

These only were life's little snares That, unsuspected, sprang, Though small today, in later years Come back a boomerang.

PAID AND REPAID

"Whatever is more, send the bill to me" Said one in the long ago As he left the wounded one at an inn To be eased of his pain and woe.

He paid a bill for one who could not; We can do that same thing today Our reward is a wonderful peace and

That will come in our hearts to stay! -Athie Sale Davis *Story of Good Samaritan, Luke 10:30-37.

THE CHRISTIAN Joseph Twing

The Christian should be happy too, Though trials and troubles he pass through,

And never should he wear a face That a mule could embrace!

Sometimes our trials will make us blue,

But that will never, never do, For on the happy Christian faces, Are shown the smiling Christian graces!

LEND A HAND Maifred B. Hunt

Oh Christians, we are needed To lift some load today, To give a friend a helping hand, And smooth some rough pathway, To cheer some soul in sorrow, Console some lonely heart Bring love to one whose life is crushed And hope to him impart.

To go to feed the hungry And give the naked clothes, To visit sick and wounded Of both our friend and foes, To tell the world of Jesus And all His saving grace Of how He died to save mankind, And give them life and peace.

Christians, Christians! Jesus needs each one, To work until we hear Him say: "Well done, My child, well done."

WE DON'T FIT IN! By Roy J. Wilkins

To family gatherings we must go Because they're "kith and kin," But they all like their drinks and smokes

And so we don't fit in! The people that we work beside Tell smutty jokes and grin; They know it makes us blush with shame

Because we don't fit in! The restaurants are blue with smoke, The juke box makes a din-And we are wishing we were home Because we don't fit in! We don't play cards or go to shows And dancing is a sin; We have much better things to do And so we don't fit in! We're "nice but odd" to worldly folks For Heaven we're bound to win, And since we're only pilgrims here We know we CAN'T fit in!

THE JOURNEY

One thought and one alone consumes me now-For this I stand and wait with bated breath,

Straining to see across the glistening prow

What lies upon the other side of death. -Louise Moss Montgomery



"One morning Dick, who lived nearby, called Bobby to play with him."

OBBY WATCHED Mr. Brown strike a match and lay it under one end of a great pile of cornstalks. Soon flames were pushing

up through the pile.

"Look Daddy!" the little boy sud-denly shouted. "A big rabbit was under the cornstalks. See him running across the field. There! There goes another one."

Next, a baby rabbit darted out. But, he was so frightened that he rushed one way, then the other, then under

again.

Mr. Brown lifted some of the cornstalks with his pitchfork and the frightened bunny ran out again. Bobby made a dash for him. He fell flat, but his outstretched arms caught and held the wee cottontail.

"Daddy, he will never find his mother and daddy. Please let me keep him for a pet," begged Bobby.

"Raising a rabbit is too much trou-

ble," said Mr. Brown.

"Please, Daddy. I'll take care of him

all by myself."

"Well, if you will do that we'll cover a box with wire for his hutch. But remember, I will depend on you to feed and water him, and keep the hutch clean."

BOBBY NAMED HIS PET Peter. For a week he went every day to the garden for fresh lettuce and carrots. He put fresh water in the pan. He changed the papers on the floor of the box.

Then one morning Dick, who lived nearby, called Bobby to play with him.

"After you have cared for Peter you

may go," said Mother.

Dick kept calling and Bobby wanted to go at once. "Peter doesn't need

Bobby and His Pet Rabbit

By CLEVA R. HANNA

Bobby discovered that disobedience caused him not only to burt Peter, but also a lot of people.

feeding every day," he said to himself. Pulling up a carrot he hurled it toward the box. It landed on top of the wire. Then Bobby climbed over the

Dick's goat to a little cart. But, Bobby wasn't happy. He had played a trick on Peter and his mother and he knew it was wrong. He could feed Peter later but what would his mother say when she found out? Would she ever tell him again that he was her little man, kind and honest like her big man, Daddy?

"You ride first—to the old barn and back," Dick was saying.

Bobby was still thinking. Suddenly he did not want to ride. He wanted to go home.

"You ride first," he told Dick, "while I run home to feed Peter."

garden fence into Dick's yard. Soon the two boys were hitching

MY FRIEND

My doddy takes me on his knee, When I'm all fixed for bed, And tells me 'bout the Children's Friend,

And wondrous things He soid: How once this Friend, long years

Took children on HIS knee, And talked to them so kindly, In a land call'd Galilee. How He could toke away their poin, And make the blind ones see, The deaf to hear, the lame to walk, And mean, old Saton flee! How glad I am that this deor Friend

Loves little girls and boys Enough to save them all from sin And give them countless joys! Do you know this friend of children,

So loving, true, and kind? I'll tell you: He is Jesus— For I'm sure that He won't mind!

-Chester Shuler

In the garden he pulled a tiny head of lettuce and a fresh carrot. Reaching Peter's cage he let both fall while he opened his eyes and mouth wide. Peter's foot was caught in the wire. He had tried to reach the carrot on top. One paw went through the mesh and he could not pull it out. Bobby was afraid to push it back through for fear Peter might jerk and break the foot. He began crying and ran for his mother. Now he was ashamed, and sad, and afraid.

AFTER MRS. BROWN had pushed the swollen paw back through Bobby told what he had done.

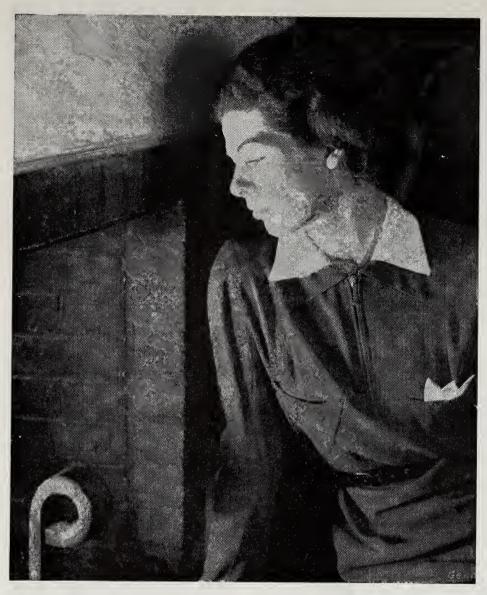
"It was my fault, Mother," he stammered with his head down. "I did not treat Peter right, and I sneaked away from you to play with Dick."

Mrs. Brown put her hand on her boy's shoulder. "I am sorry my boy acted that way," she said, "but I am glad he has told me about it. Tell Jesus too. He will forgive. Then you can start all over being my little man like Daddy." When mother had said that she walked away.

Bobby stood watching his limping pet. After a moment he dropped on his knees beside the box. "Dear Jesus," he prayed, "please forgive me for hurting Peter. And for sneaking away from Mother. I failed Daddy too, for he said he would depend on me. And I forgot it would make you sad when you saw me doing wrong."

When Bobby looked up Dick was coming toward him. "What's the matter?" he asked.

Bobby pointed to Peter. "I'm not going to leave my work or sneak away again. When I did it today I hurt Peter and a lot of people too."



ALONE

Text: Isaiah 63:1-3 "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat? I have trodden in the wine press alone; and of the people there was none with me."

By REV. S. A. LUKE

HIS TEXT describes a warrior that has gone into the territory of the enemy and after a long and terrible struggle is returning victorious. The prophet is asking why the blood-soaked garments, while the warrior is travelling with great strength and mighty power? He also asked about the remainder of the soldiers. Then with a loud, clear voice the warrior cries, "I have trodden the winepress alone and of the people there was none with me."

There are two conditions of loneli-

was none with me."

There are two conditions of loneliness. One is a geographical spot; the other is a state of being. It is possible to be walking the streets of a large city and feel the loneliness of "Gethsemane." Not all of our loneliness is similar to the experience of Robinson Crusoe in the ficticious story of his lonely plight. For many children and young people, the story of how Robinson Crusoe and his good man Friday, after being shipwrecked on a lonely island, made themselves content, has always been a "thriller." Today we see in the text how a soldier went into battle ALONE, fought all day until victory was won, yet came out with great strength and glory.

It is an eternal challenge to read the history of the great men of the Scriptures, how they were commanded to stand alone for God and see the salvation of the Lord.

ABRAHAM LEFT everything that was familiar to him and consequently became lonely. He went to Mount Moriah and stood alone before God to sacrifice his only son, all because he was "seeking a city that had foundations whose builder and maker was God." In the hours of loneliness God said, "Abraham, look to the heavens, I will make your seed as the stars of the heavens forever and forever." God spoke again, "Abraham, I will make your seed as the sands of the seashore." I imagine in that lonely hour Abraham could vision the endless chain of waves washing against the seashore. At last He led him to the peak of a mountain and said, "Abraham, look as far as you can in every direction, for I am giving this land to you for your children forever." What a wonderful reward for this land to you for your children for-ever." What a wonderful reward for a man who chose to be alone with God!

Many times we are called out from

Many times we are called out from pleasant circumstances, loved ones, friends and neighbors, to go to places that we do not know anything about. If God is leading, however, we will find we are happy because we are doing His will.

You may not understand why God calls a young man and his wife from their homeland and families to a heathen land, to be alone from friends and home ties but if you will ask the missionary he will give you the answer. He considers it far better to be alone if that is necessary to be in God's will. Yes, many times we have sent our own missionaries to distant lands; they left happy and with a smile on their face, but we never saw them again. What is our answer? The psalmist gives it in his words, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy, he

that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him." The next time we shall see the lonely missionaries they will be smiling, bringing in their sheaves.

Moses saw the blazing bush, heard the voice of God speak, withstood the physical handicap of being slow of speech and yet led God's children out of Egyptian bondage. There were times when he had to depend entirely upon God's power to work miracles and wonders, but God will always work wonders if He can find a man or woman who will get alone with Him.

Elijah, alone in a cave after the wind and storm had come and gone suddenly, heard the whispering voice of God Almighty. Later he stood alone and prayed. God heard him and sent fire to consume the sacrifice and rain to quench the thirsty, drought-stricken earth. Elisha, his successor, went alone to the bedside of a dead child and after closing the door stretched himself upon the form of the dead child. He prayed and asked God to restore life to the child. He would not be content with just the warming of the body but stayed alone before God until the child's life was completely restored. If all of God's people would visualize the backsliders as dead children, then shut themselves in alone with God for a season of real prayer and travail, there would be another resurrection of souls in our altars and the church would witness again one of the greatest revivals we have ever

Jeremiah felt the need for revival. He is called "the weeping prophet" for he wept alone before God for his people. While everything was crumbling into worldly corruption he retained his tenderness of heart and stood alone in the gap and made up the hedge until the victory came.

John the Baptist stood alone with als crude dress and rough diet and cried, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." He had power to stand alone and tell Herod the tetrarch all the evil he had done (Luke 4:19). His mode of water baptism was accepted by our Lord Himself and passed on to you and me as a definite step we should take. By doing this we let the world know that we are dead to the world, buried with Christ and raised to a new life of Holiness. Oh! how wonderful to know that each new convert today is affected by the ministry of One who dared to stand—to stand alone—as did John the Baptist.

By further examination of our text, we find the stranger Isaiah saw coming from Edom was a soldier or warrior. He had been in a battle. St. Luke, the fourth chapter, reveals the greatest conflict ever recorded. Jesus Christ the Son of God was tempted "forty days of the devil and in those days he did eat nothing." Afterward he was hungry, weak, and lonely. So the devil took advantage of this condition and gave Him the greatest trial of the ages. Both physical and spiritual battles were



REV. S. A. LUKE State Sunday School and Youth Director of North Carolina

fought, but thank God, this Great Warrior came out of the battle victorious. The Bible says that afterwards the "angels ministered unto him."

If you and I could see the need of getting alone with God we would immediately begin to enjoy some of the greatest victories we have ever experienced. Spiritually speaking, we would experience a great visitation of the Spirit. We have needed the wilderness experience many times in order to prepare us for the seasons of spiritual ecstasy and times of Christian fellowship.

Was sprinkled with seasons of lonely prayer. We read accounts of His "going into the mountain to pray," and "Jesus went alone to pray." He did this for a purpose. It's true He was God's only begotten Son, but He was also Mary's son made it imperative that He was alone and pray.

go alone and pray.

Gethsemane is another striking example of our Saviour's going alone in prayer. The most heart-breaking fact about Gethsemane was the fact that the disciples slept while Christ wept, alone. In His hours of weeping and praying alone the "Battle of the Garden of Eden" was renewed. The Second Adam was victorious when Christ said, "Father, not my will but thine be done." That which was lost by the first Adam in the Garden of Gethsemane. But He did it

ALONE!

Christ stood alone before Pilate. He bore the lashing of the scourge, and having His beard plucked out. He allowed the mob to spit upon Him and strike the face that was bloody and bruised. In His last hours He carried His cross alone until He fainted beneath the load.

The crucial hour of His loneliness came when He cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" How much lonelier could any soul be?

Tried unjustly, crucified like a thief and a traitor, and deserted by the Father of the whole world, He died alone, but lives today to redeem millions.

MANY TIMES mothers and fathers have lost their baby through death. To the church and finally to the cemetery goes the lonely procession. Back to the cruel earth will go the body and to the Saviour's arms has gone the soul. The home is silent for a while. The mother feels that she has been left alone. Even though the husband and the other children are there, she feels lonely. But suddenly the Christian mother realizes that God did not make a mistake. God carried the child to a beautiful resting place in glory and is really making heaven a more attractive place for the remainder of the family.

place for the remainder of the family. We should never question our Lord about the burdens that come our way, or the tears we have to shed. Neither should we fret because of the lonely nights of pleading prayer. We should never stop for a moment to question the justness of our God at the passing of our dearest loved ones, because in bold type like neon lights the Book of all books declares these eternal, hopegiving words: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away," Rev. 21:4.

MANY WONDERFUL and blessed promises are found in the Revelation of Jesus Christ as recorded by John. He who penned the wonderful mysteries of God, however, was alone on the Isle of Patmos. He said he was in the spirit on the Lord's day

in the spirit on the Lord's day.

First, he saw Christ in such a glorious manner until he fell at His feet as though he were dead. John in his lonely location received a view of the throne of God and the angels of glory. He also saw the Elders around the throne, but that isn't all. Suddenly, in closing this wonderful book, he exclaimed, "I see the Holy City new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven adorned as a bride for her husband."

I imagine the quietness of that lonely island was broken with the shouts of Saint John as he cried, "Yes, the streets are pure gold and every one of the twelve gates are pearls." Yes, he shouts, "The walls are of jasper and the Lamb is the Light for that city and there shall be no night there." Elevated above all things we see the throne, and there is a river as clear as crystal flowing from under the throne. Hear John as he says, "This is the River of Life, and the trees on either side of the river bear twelve different kinds of fruit and yield a new crop every month with their leaves for the healing of the nations forever." Yes, this was all experienced on a lonely island with all the world shut away, but who is the man that would not love to have been with John in this hour of loneliness?

Remember, a few seasons of being alone in this life will be rewarded by being in the innumerable host when

the saints gather home.

... Happy Home Circle ...

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON



A NEW MOTHER SPEAKS By Grace Noll Crowell

Before my baby came I wondered much

If I would love her with the same fierce love

That other mothers seemed to feel.
'Twas such

A strange wild longing to be certain of

A passion I had never known before . . .

And then she came—and like a blinding light

Love wrapped me close! It were as if
I wore

A fitted shining robe of dazzling white,

The garment was so perfect, I sank down

Upon my knees in gratitude and there

I pled with God for still another gown

To wrap me like a cloak, that I

could wear

It over the white garment Love had wrought:

A soft warm cloak of wisdom that I could

Be wise to teach her as she should be taught,

And thus be worthy of my mother-hood.

God's Granary Sufficeth

EV. CHARLES SPURGEON used to be fond of telling how he once laughed when preparing a sermon, the only time he ever remembered to have laughed in so serious a business. He was going to preach about Joseph. He had drawn a mental picture of the colossal stores of corn in Egypt, every granary bursting

with abundance. There was a supply for seven years. And there, in the midst of this vast conception, he saw a little mouse in one corner of the granary worrying itself to skin and bone in the fear that there wasn't enough to live on!

As mothers, do we not sometimes indulge in the fear of the mouse? Do we think the mothering job is too big for our spiritual and physical strength? Do we worry and fret fearing that the resources of grace may fail us? Or do we go bravely forward in the full knowledge that the granary of God's grace is amply sufficient for all our needs?

Dear Sister Horrison:

I hove been reoding your book "Youth ot the Crossroods" the lost few days. This book should be reod by every boy ond girl in Americo, along with the parents. It contoins chollenging Christian messoges suitoble for every age.

God bless you, Sister Horrison, for your lobor of love in moking possible this book. You ore to be highly com-

mended for this work.

-Respectfully yours,

Monuel F. Compbell, Overseer Montano and Wyoming

PRAISING THE LORD

THE story is told of a beautiful custom among the herdsmen in the Alps. The shepherds use a horn to call their sheep, but this horn has another purpose, solemn and religious. The instant the sun disappears, and while its last rays are still glimmering on the summits of the mountains, the herdsman who lives highest up the mountain takes his horn and trumpets forth, "Praise the Lord!"

Neighboring herdsmen take their horns and repeat the words, "Praise the Lord!" This continues for some time while on all sides the mountains echo the praises of God. Then there is a solemn stillness while everyone offers a silent prayer on bended knee. By this time it is dark and the herdsman on the loftiest height peals forth his musical "Good night" and "Good night." This is repeated on all the mountains from the horns of the herdsmen and the clefts of the rocks.

As mothers we have a far more im-

portant task than the shepherds of the mountains. We, too, have the watchful care of the same great God. Through the long trying day we have been held under the shadow of His wing. He has given us guidance when our own judgment would have failed. He has given us strength to go on when alone we would have faltered. Let us, like the mountain shepherds, pause a bit at the close of day and praise the Lord. On bended knee let us offer our prayer of thanksgiving for all His goodness to us and to our dear ones.

Our praises and thanksgiving may not reverberate through the mountains, but it will re-echo in the lives of our children. And there is no way of telling how far the reverberations may go.

ILLUMINATE THE WAY

THE wise mother is not an elbow-shover; she does not high-handedly try to push her child in the way he should go. Rather she illuminates the way so that the child can see rightly for himself. She realizes full well that the high privilege of motherhood is not to shove children's elbows but to illuminate their pathways.

Being an illuminator requires a high candlepower soul. This is one of the high requisites of successful mother-hood—a soul aglow with truth and right and understanding; a soul aglow with the love of God.

It is easy, but futile, to shove elbows; it is a task divine to be an illuminator.

TRUE POLITENESS

EVERY mother wants her little one to grow up having good manners, but it is hard to make the child understand why he must obey certain rules of behavior. Here is a definition in rhyme which may help both mother and child:

True politeness is to do and say The kindest thing in the kindest way.

It makes others happier to be treated kindly, and for this reason we ought to treat them so. Little rhymes like the one quoted may be easily grasped and put into practice by a young child.—Mothers Golden Now.

Note: We wish to recommend the David C. Cook "Mothers' Magazine" to our readers. Mothers, you need something to help you in the greatest calling, that of motherhood. Only forty cents per year. Order from David C. Cook Publishing Co., Elgin, Illinois.

Helps for the Tempted and Tried ...

it will be a light unto the troubled souls who may be stumbling in the dark. Help them in each trying hour to proy with the poet, "Oh, for a faith that will not shrink, though pressed by every fae, that will not tremble on the brink of any earthly was, that will not murmur or complain beneath the chastening rad, but in the hour of grief and pain, still lean upon its God." Amen. "Our Fother which ort in heoven, hollowed be thy nome." We proy os our poper goes out to the tempted ond tried this month

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON

NEARER THAN A BROTHER

Janice Hartman

I stood alone with darkness all around

My future was so dark I could not see. It seemed that I must fall beneath my burdens.

I stood alone against the enemy.

And as I stood with fearful heart and doubting,

I turned to friends who always had been near;

But in my need they seemed to wander from me.

They could not understand. They would not hear.

Then in my dire distress, I cried for mercy.

I fell upon my knees in contrite prayer.

I cried and groaned until the burden left me,

And rose to find the darkness was not

Where it had gone, I never quite could fathom;

But this I know that though I stood

There was One near Who understood my heartache,

Whose grace for every sorrow would

And now I know, whenever I'm in darkness

And find my burdens more than I can bear,

That I can come to Him and He will lift them.

When others have forsaken, He is there.

Yeors ogo o good old bishop was tossing in his bed ot midnight worrying over whot seemed to him the evils of a doomed world, when he thought he heard the Lord soy, "Go to sleep, Bishop, I'll sit up the rest of the night." God hos not gone to

THE STORM AND ITS AFTERMATH G. D. McNair

And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full. And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and they awoke him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish? And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. Mark 4:37-39.

Beloved, your life and mine is as a ship cast out on a voyage. We are travelers here on the sea of time. On this voyage we are continually facing the storms and hazards similar to a literal ship. Often the storms of life come thick and fast and so many are overwhelmed and fail to reach the landing safely. Too often they fail to ask God to help them during their stormy test. Notice on this ship the disciples came to Jesus for help. No doubt they were frightened. But Jesus came on the scene and said, "Peace, be still," and the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. Bless His

Dear ones, if your life seems to be one of storms and opposition, this same Jesus can speak, "Peace, be still" to your troubled soul, and only those who have had the experience can know of that calmness that sweeps over the soul of one over whom the clouds of opposition have passed, and the sunlight of God's love comes shining through. Such a victory! Hallelu-jah! Such a feeling that person has

words cannot express.

We can get a good picture of a storm-driven life from the voyage and shipwreck of the Apostle Paul on his way to Rome. Soon after they began this voyage a tempestuous wind arose. (Acts 27:14.) They could not control the ship so they let the ship drive and were shipwrecked. "And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was taken away," Acts 27:20. Often this is a picture of the individual life. Many times it seems there is no ray of hope, no sun, or stars to brighten our hope and cheer us on. Everything seems to be against us, and with us as with this shipwrecked crew—all hope gone and no chance to pull through. We hear the admonition of Paul, that noble saint of God saying, "Be of good cheer." May God give us more who, when everything is dark and looking gloomy, can say with a smile, "Be of good cheer."

For fourteen long days and nights no ray of hope for their rescue came, but that godly prisoner on that old storm-tossed ship came along with a sunny smile and said, "Be of good cheer." Hallelujah, I feel like fighting on, don't you?

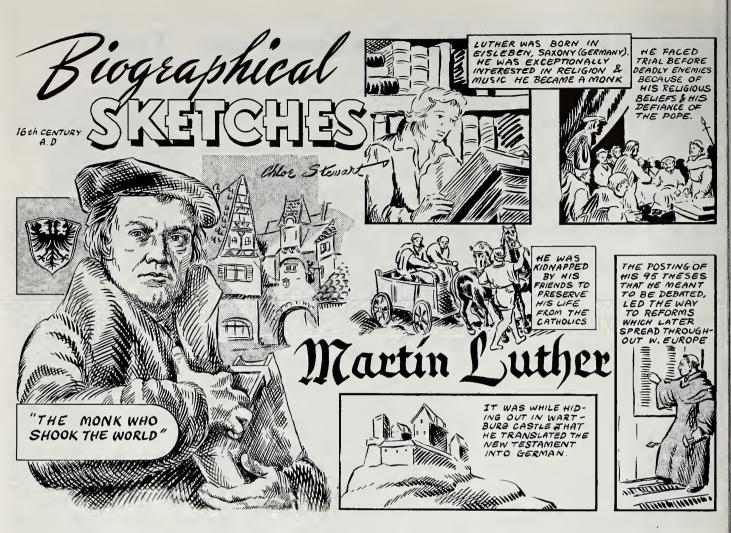
Say beloved, we have no time for discouragements. Let us ever fight on. Just beyond that dark, heavy cloud the sun is still shining, and if we will but fight on against the winds of op-position, just a little while longer, Jesus will step on the scene and say, "Peace, be still," and Oh! that calmness that Jesus alone can give. Say, I

feel it now, bless His matchless name!
In verse 31 Paul said to the centurion and to the soldiers, "Except these on and to the soldiers, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." If those soldiers had left that ship no doubt they would have lost their lives, but they fought on and not one life was lost. So it is in this spiritual warfare. If we fail to press and fight on we will be lost. This old ship of Zion is still sailing on and one ship of Zion is still sailing on and one of these days she will pull into the harbor safe forevermore. There we will never have any more storms. Praise be unto Him. Listen, beloved, this life is full of storms and oppositions. They are common to all man-kind. Only those who fight are those who win. Any one can ride, shout and sing "hallelujah" when everything is sailing smooth and there is no opposition, but it requires the genuine to stand amidst the storm and come through with victory. But when the battle begins and gets hard so many retreat.

Say, my friend, the time to fight and hold your ground is when the sky is darkest and the battle the hardest. It is here that the real material is brought to light. Sad to say so many have left the old ship during a storm and have been lost at sea, but the old ship sails on and soon will land safely in the harbor. Hallelujah! Soon He will step out and speak, "Peace, be still," and then comes that calm sweetness. God bless you all. Amen.

TO MY FRIENDS—
It was so nice of you to remember me with those beautiful cards and your words of appreciation at Christ-mas time. I would be so happy if I could only sit down and write to each one of you. But that would be a big task, so may I just send you a big GOD BLESS YOU.

-Mrs. Alda B. Harrison



MARTIN LUTHER

By Rufus L. Platt, M.A.

ARTIN LUTHER was born at Eisleben in Saxony, November 10, 1483. His childhood years were not happy due to the poverty of his home, the rigid discipline of his parents, the brutal treatment received at the hands of his first schoolmaster, and the terroristic dread of divine punishment.

Luther's father, a hard-working miner, was able to assist his son in securing an excellent education. His preparatory training was completed under the instruction of John Trebonius, one of the ablest humanistic teachers in Germany. In 1501 Luther entered the University of Erfurt where he received his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1502. Continuing his studies in philosophy, he won his Master of Arts degree in 1505. Complying with his father's wishes, he then matriculated as a student of law. But his legal studies were suddenly interrupted in July, 1505, when he decided to become a mank entering the Augustinian mondecided to become a monk, entering the Augustinian monastery at Erfurt.

The quest for salvation had become Luther's dominant interest. He asked himself this question: "When will you ever become pious and do enough to get a gracious God?" This quest for salvation prompted him to become a monk. The church of his day regarded the self-denial involved in the monastic life as the most certain way of securing the salvation of one's soul. He met all the requirements of the monastic rules and resorted to the practices of extreme fasting, frequent penances and other forms of good works recommended by the church. All this brought no peace of mind and his search for a satisfying religious

experience was intensified.

He studied the Bible and the writings of the early church fathers. Staupitz, an older monk and a wise counsellor, directed his attention to the message of the Pauline senor, directed his attention to the message of the Fauline epistles. There he rediscovered the long-neglected doctrine of justification by faith. The idea of salvation by faith gradually became for Luther the golden thread that runs through the Scripture record of God's redemptive work. "The just shall live by faith" became the golden text of his life. No longer relying upon his own good works, he gradually developed a vital trust in Christ that brought assurance of sins forgiven and certainty of reconciliation with God.

The new Luther, now fully convinced that he was saved by faith and gradually recognizing the full significance of the authority of the Scriptures, devoted himself both to the continuous search for a clearer knowledge of religious truth and the courageous application of each newly discovered truth. There was no immediate break with the church. On the contrary, he gave himself more unsparingly in its service. During the years 1512-1517, he was busy in three normally full-time jobs, acting as a supervisor in his monastic order, teaching theology in the new University of Wittenberg, and serving as the parish priest of the Castle Church at Wittenberg.

As parish priest Luther saw his parishioners victimized by an indulgence selling campaign that dramatized one of the worst types of financial exploitation then practiced by church authorities. On October 31, 1517, Luther posted his Ninety-Five Theses on the door of the Castle Church at Wittenberg. This act marked the beginning of the Reformation. The theses invited academic debate on the policy of the church in dispensing indulgences. They assert that "The Christian who has true repentance has al-

(Continued on page 22)



The New Year Brings a Birthday in Japan

By L. E. HEIL

VERY LAND has its own holidays and people of each nation have their individual celebra-tions. If Japan is different from other countries in this respect, it is in that the holidays are more frequent and the celebrations more complex. Japan is a nation which seems to revere its ancestors and their ways of living. During the holiday seasons people may be seen visiting the shrines and temples by the countless thousands. The women are usually dressed in the costume which was worn by their ancestors of a hundred years ago; even going so far as to wear wigs of long hair styled as it was worn a century

Having just entered into a new year, our attention has been drawn to the New Year as seen through the eyes of the Japanese people. Among all the special occasions of the year, the New Year Celebration is by far the most important to the Japanese and the

most interesting to the foreigners.

For centuries New Year's Day has been an important occasion in Japan. Odd as it may seem to the Western mind, January 1 was everyone's birthday. The reasoning was as follows: When a child is born he has progressed past the state of non-existence. Therefore, since he is now living, his age cannot be considered 0. The next number is unquestionably 1, so the new-born child is one year old. On January 1, the child enters a new year; so as he was one year old last year he must certainly be two years old now. Looking at it like this, a child born in February, 1953 becomes two years old January 1, 1954, although we would think of him as being just a little more than ten months old. By the same reasoning, a child born in November, 1953 is also two years old on January 1, 1954. In reality that child is only a little more than one month old.

Since the end of World War II, this has been changed to the extent that all age is legally calculated as it is done in other countries. However, the fact that the government has decreed that age shall be so calculated has not altogether changed the thinking of its subjects. In fact, when one is asked his age, he will frequently answer that in round years (complete years) he is 20, but by counted years his age is 22. Also the celebration goes on as it has

since the remote past.

In addition to the fact that the New Year brings a great birthday celebration for everyone, it also gives everybody a new start in life. By the last day of December, ev-ery individual is expected to have set-

tled all outstanding accounts. Every business, likewise is obligated to have its books balanced by the end of the year. Therefore, gigantic year-end clearance sales are to be seen everywhere as merchants endeavor to glean as much as possible from the spending crowds who are making prepara-tion for the New Year celebration. During the last three days of the

year a nation-wide campaign of house cleaning becomes the fashion. The inside walls, which are made up of numerous sliding doors (each door being only a frail wooden framework cov-ered with paper, quite similar to our American wallpaper) are taken outside, scrubbed, repapered, and re-placed looking new. The floors, made up in small sections (3 x 6 feet) of rice straw matting about two inches thick are also taken into the street in many places there is no back yard there they are beaten to remove the dust and disinfected to remove the

When the house has been completely cleaned, attention is turned to preparing food for the first three days of the new year, as no one wants to be bothered with household duties while such a gay atmosphere prevails. One young man who works in a rice shop told me this afternoon that the last four days of 1953, he was required to work both day and night that they



The above picture shows the fine investment by the people of the Church of God in the United States in procuring a real foothold for gospel propagation in the land of Shintoism.

Our missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. L. E. Heil are certainly worthy of such quarters because of the sacrifices made in response to their soul burden and the appointment given them by the Mission Board. They earnestly covet your prayers.

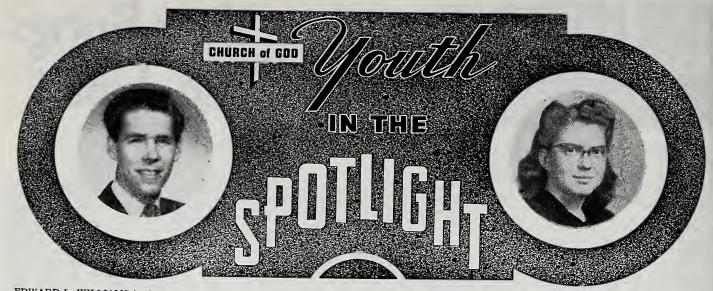
might have enough rice cakes to meet the demand of all the people of that area. These rice cakes are a delicacy which the Japanese consider as important for the New Year Season as we think of fruit cakes or plum puddings for the Christmas season. As the last day of the year begins to fade, Japan moves en masse to the large community bath house. I am told that by midnight every man, woman and child has bathed and awaits the New Year, with every preparation having

As WE APPROACH the end of a year and cross the threshold of the new, our thoughts quite naturally assume a reminiscent nature. For the Church of God of Japan, I feel 1953 has been a year of significance. Although we entered the year quietly and for the most part unnoticed and emerged at the end of the year in quite the same manner, certain incidents which transpired between the boundries of January 1 and December 31, 1953, are certain to have a marked influence on the Church of God and its future in the land of the Rising

Although we arrived in Japan in August of 1952, getting settled in a strange land and language study prevented our doing anything toward establishing a church work. During the first part of 1953, our time was given wholly to language study. Then with a little time out in the summer, we returned to language school in September and continued until the end of the year. At times it seems our efforts are useless as this language is so extremely difficult (the written language has ten thousand characters, everyone different and some having as many as 15 or 16 strokes to write them). At times like this we must look to the words of one of the greatest missionaries of all times—"Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." 1 Thess. 5:24.

We find in God's Word that Daniel was sent into a strange land as an ambassador of the Most High. Before he was ready to begin his active missionary program, he was required to spend three years in language study and acquainting himself with the ways of the people of the land in which he found himself. Daniel 1:4-5. We are trusting God to lead us to great victories in the coming year, which will more than repay us for all

(Continued on page 23)



EDWARD L. WILLIAMS is the talented young man for this month's spotlight. Edward is the son of Rev. and Mrs. H. D. Williams, state overseer of North Alabama. He was born March 10, 1928, at Elk Valoverseer of North Alabama. He was born March 10, 1926, at EIK Valley, Tennessee. At the age of nine years he made his decision for Christ. On August 2, 1947, Edward graduated from the high school department of Bible Training School and College. In September, 1948, he enrolled in junior college department of Lee College and that year he was elected the most talented boy of Lee. He plays the organ, year he was elected the most talented boy of Lee. He plays the organ, piano, and accordion. The first semester of the following year he was a member of the Student Council and president of the Student Body. On June 8, 1950, he graduated from the college department of Lee. That fall Edward enrolled in the music department of George Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee, but transferred to Birmingham Southern College, Birmingham, Alabama, after the first quarter. He completed the requirements for graduation the summer of 1952, and received his Bachelor of Arts degree with a major in music, June, 1953. After completing his college work, Edward did not begin to teach, but did what he felt God wanted him to do, to preach. After evangelizing for several months, he was licensed to be a minister in the Church of God on November 26, 1952. He is now assistant pastor of the Alabama City Church of God, with Rev. L. H. Aultman, pastor. Surely the Lord has a great ministry for this young preacher.

The young lady in the limelight this month is WANDA JUNE THOMAS, whose birth occurred June 15, 1932, in Akron, Ohio. God saved Wanda at the early age of six. Two years later she experienced the blessings of the Holy Ghost, after which she joined the Church of God in Akron. Since that time she has been active in church work. Besides playing the piano and accordion, she has taught Sunday School classes and acted as Y.P.E. president.

Wanda graduated from East High School, June, 1950. While in high school she was elected to the National Honor Society. After her graduation she engaged in evangelistic work in West Virginia and Ohio. In September, 1950. Wanda entered Lee College from which she graduated in June, 1952. Those two years were very happy years, during which time she was active in the Youth for Christ and Missions club. Her last year at Lee she was assistant director of the senior play, "Follow Thou Me." It was during this last year when she felt a definite call for mission work in Africa.

This young lady enrolled in the College of Education at the University of Akron, September, 1952. She anticipates receiving her Bachelor of Science in Education degree this June. While at this university she has taken an active part in the Christian Fellowship Group, the America. Childhood Education Association, and the Future Teachers of America. Her future plans are to work on the mission fields and teach others of the wonderful salvation which she enjoys.

Way of Introduction

Clark S. Culp is State Sunday School and Youth Director of Indiana. Clark was born in the city of Trafford, Pennsylvania, October 6, 1928, to Rev. and Mrs. L. T. Culp. His parents had just left the pastorate of a large United Brethren Church to minister in the light of the full gospel before his birth. Since being reared in a Pentecostal home by parents of high Christian standards, Clark learned at an early age to love and serve the Lord. In his early teens, God graciously poured out His Holy Spirit upon him, at which time he was conscious of the call of God to some phase of active Christian service. After graduating from high school, he pursued for a time the profession of a Mortician. However, realizing the hand of God was upon his life, Clark began launching out into Christian worksinging, playing his trumpet, testify-

ing, and preaching any time and anywhere he had the opportunity. He was quite active among the young people and often took part in the regular church services.

For a year he attended the Metropolitan Bible Institute in New Jersey. Then he transferred to Eastern Theological, from which school he graduated. For a time he served as assistant pastor of a large church in Washington, D. C., after which he was called to keep some evangelistic appointments. During this time he became acquainted with the Church of God. The uniformity of doctrine, fervency of worship, and reverence for the Word of God so greatly impressed him that he desired to be a member. After enjoying good fellowship with this organization, he united with the Church of God, August 17, 1950. The providential guidance of the Lord and the way He

has revealed Himself to this young preacher are the highlights of his Christian experience.

August 26, 1951, Clark married Margaret V. Sengstack, of Washington, D. C. For the next year he continued to evangelize until General Assembly, at which time he was appointed Sunday School and Youth Director, also secretary and treasurer of Indiana. This is his first appointment and God is blessing in a very marked way.

Clark believes that the young people of our church have a bright opportunity. He relates, "All around us new horizons are lifting, new destinies confronting, and stern duties awaiting. With the material and the message we have, I feel confident that the Church of God is going forward in great strides, using the victory of the Son of God."

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONTEST Boosts Attendance to Well Over 50,000 Per Sunday Above Church Membership

SUNDAY SCHOOLS INCREASED AS MUCH AS 243%.

BECAUSE OF LIMITED QUARTERS AND INADEQUATE FACILITIES SOME WERE INSPIRED TO BUILD NEW BUILDINGS. NEW CLASSES AND STAFF MEMBERS HAD TO BE ADDED, ONE PASTOR CONVERTED HIS PARSONAGE INTO A SUNDAY SCHOOL BUILDING.

GRAND PRIZE

A round-trip ticket to Mexico City for Pastor John J. Cody, and Superintendent Roy Ritcherson, of Carmi, III.

ARCHIE LUKE, State Sunday School and Youth Director of North Carolina, is the winner of the beautiful accordion, for having the most contest winners in his state.

CHURCHES FROM 17 DIFFERENT STATES AND ONE PROVINCE OF CANADA RECEIVE AWARDS.

THE LARGEST CHURCH IN OUR MOVEMENT REPORTS: "THE BIGGEST SUSTAINED ATTENDANCE IN THE HISTORY OF OUR CHURCH AS A RESULT OF THE CONTEST."

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONTEST WINNERS

GROUP A

Alabama City, Alabama First Prize
L. H. Aultman, Pastor

Pulaski, Virginia Second Prize
James L. Summers—Killed in an automobile accident last week of contest.

Greenville, Tremont Ave., S. C. Third Prize
James L. Slay, Pastor

Detroit, Michigan Fourth Prize
E. O. Byington, Pastor

Daisy, Tennessee Fifth Prize
Harry A. Mushegan, Pastor

East Chattanooga, Tenn. Sixth Prize
T. R. Morse, Pastor

S. Gastonia, N. C. Seventh Prize
Ray Collins, Pastor

Kannapolis, N. C. Eighth Prize
A. V. Beaube, Pastor

HONORABLE MENTION North Chattanooga, Tennessee W. J. Brown, Pastor

GROUP B

Savannah, Georgia First Prize
P. H. Hammond, Pastor
South Cleveland, Tenn. Second Prize
Cleo Watts, Pastor

Dallas, North Carolina Third Mrs. W. M. Wineberger, Pastor	Prize
Lumberton, N. C Fourth L. N. Ward, Pastor	Prize
W. Asheville, N. C Fifth A. V. Childers, Pastor	Prize
W. Gastonia, N. C Sixth J. R. Easom, Pastor	Prize
Rocky Mount, N. CSeventh A. A. Padgett, Pastor	Prize
Canton, Ohio Eighth J. H. Hughes, Pastor	Prize

GROUP C

.. First Prize Carmi, Illinois John J. Cody, Pastor Baltimore, Maryand Se J. E. Douglas, Jr., Pastor Second Prize C. F. Darnell, Pastor Third Prize Wake Forrest, N. C. Fourth Prize Frank Petrucelli, Pastor Lake Worth, Forida ______ Harold Douglas, Pastor Fifth Prize . Sixth Prize Akron, Ohio L. C. Caldwell, Pastor Winchester, Kentucky _____ Don Neal, Pastor . Seventh Prize West Miami, Forida Eighth Prize Dewey Herndon, Pastor

HONORABLE MENTION

Jonesville, N. C. —W. S. Williamson, Pastor Lowell, N. C. — James P. Cobb, Pastor Ruskin, Florida — Duane Mansell, Pastor Columbus, Ga. — L. O. Peck, Pastor

GROUP D

Blue Ash, Cincinnati, Ohio _____ Glendon Hale, Pastor Archibald, Louisiana Second Prize John Blow, Pastor Chattarory, W. Va.

Buck Gillispie, Pastor . Third Prize Manchester, Ky. ______ Jack Miniard, Pastor Fourth Prize Elkhardt, Indiana ______ E. E. Coleman, Pastor Fifth Prize Maple Creek, Sask., Canada _____Samuel Peterson, Pastor Sixth Prize Tumucari, New Mexico So John H. Moore, Pastor .. Seventh Prize Eighth Prize

HONORABLE MENTION

Charleston, Tenn. Central City, Ky.	Hiram Brumley, Pastor Bertha Carroll, Pastor
Columbia, Ky.	Mae Tucker, Pastor
Cottondale, Fla.	Lloyd G. White, Pastor
Crossville, Tenn	J. T. Rhymer, Pastor

THEY SAY . . .

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: "Granted us the presence of 25 or more persons who confessed they had not attended any Sunday School within the past 15 years."

"Members of the Roman Catholic Church, who hadn't ever attended Sunday School came to our church during the contest."

AKRON, OHIO: "The crowded auditorium caused us to have children's church in the basement. I discovered talent among the children that I didn't know we had."

UNION GROVE, GEORGIA: "As an outgrowth of the Sunday School contest, we now have children's church every Sunday morning at the 11 o'clock hour. This is something entirely new to our church, but it has proven very popular with both the children and the adults.

VALDESE, N. C.: "Our Sunday School has always been well organized, but never like this. Citizens of our area have been made to realize that the church is interested in their welfare."

KANNAPOLIS, N. C.: "A Branch Sunday School started."
"We might not win a prize but our school is definitely blessed."
"The most enthusiasm I have ever seen in our school."

March, 1954 Page 21

Heavenly Dew Will Give Us Poise

By Kay Boyle

OD SAID HE would "Be as the dew unto Israel," (Hosea 14:5). Dew is a source of freshness. It is nature's provision for renewing the face of the earth. It falls at night and without it vegetation would die.

Just as nature is bathed in dew, so the Lord renews His people.

Quietness and absorption bring the dew. At night when the leaf and blade are still, the vegetable pores are open to receive the refreshing and invigorating bath.

Spiritual dew comes from quiet lingering in the Master's presence. "Be still, and KNOW that I am God," He tells us.

We can be poised in the midst of the storms of this boisterous world.

EVERY ONE knows what it is to balance a cane on his hand, or to poise a cane by resting one end of it on the tip of a finger. After a little practice it is possible for one to hold the cane absolutely erect. This equilibrium is a state of rest brought about by the counteraction of two or more opposing forces.

Just so a man can poise himself in the midst of all the disturbing elements around him. By coming to Jesus, by waiting for His guidance and help, we are given this poise, the dew from heaven that will rejuvenate and revive.

Jesus was enthusiastic, blazing with enthusiasm, yet He never became fanatical. He was emotional, yet never did he become hysterical. He was imaginative, full of poetry and music, throwing upon everything that He touched a light of inspiration, yet He was never flighty. Jesus was courageous but never reckless, prudent but never a coward.

This Carpenter of Galilee was the Man of men. A Man who lived completely in the world of men, and lived in it more completely because His Spirit breathed another air.

If we will but wait on Him, He will send the DEW FROM HEAVEN.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

(Continued from page 18)

ready received pardon from God apart from an indulgence, and does not need one."

THE POSTING OF Luther's theses immediately produced a widespread discussion of the evils connected with the sale of indulgences. The field of controversy was soon extended to the discussion of the whole range of reforms needed in the beliefs, organization, worship, and practices of the church.

The church, directed by the pope, undertook to silence Luther. He was ordered to Rome for trial, but Luther's ruler, Elector Frederic of Saxony, refused extradition as he was unwilling to expose his most popular university professor to the almost certain death that would await him at Rome.

Luther was excommunicated by the pope in 1520, and he and all his followers were cast out of the church. At the Diet of Worms in 1521 Luther, standing face to face with the emperor and papal legate as the highest authorities of state and church, refused to recant and made his declaration of loyalty to conscience in these memorable words: "It is impossible for me to recant unless I am proved in the wrong by the testimony of Scripture or evident reasoning... My conscience is bound by the word of God, and it is neither safe nor honest to act against one's conscience. God help me! Amen!"

The term "Protestant" had its origin in a famous document drafted in 1529 by German princes who supported the Lutheran reform movement when Charles V threatened its suppression. The term has become a badge of honor.

Cast out of the Roman Catholic Church, the German Protestants organized Lutheran churches. Luther provided these churches with forms of organization, worship services, doctrinal standards, and materials for use in religious instruction.

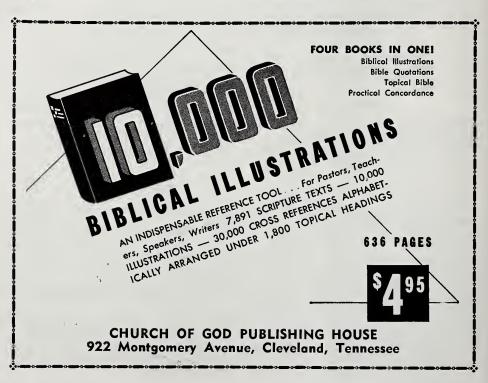
Luther's friends protected him from danger and supported him in his reforming activities which were continued with unabated zeal until his death in 1546. He translated the Bible into German, thus typing the development of the German language, moulding popular piety, and insuring the continuance of the reform movement. Rejecting the monastic idea of flight from the world, Luther emphasized the Christian vocation to godly living in all relationships of life in the world. Luther's associates, particularly students trained by him and inspired by his contagious enthusiasm for reform, spread his ideas throughout Western Europe.

GOD IS DEPARTED

(Continued from page 10)

plains from whence approached the army of the Philistines. The king tried to pray, but in vain. All he could hear, even above the noise of battle were the words, "Departed...departed."

To the officer on his right he gave the commands quickly, "Trumpet! then charge!" The king's chariot made a lunge down the slope toward the enemy. Bracing himself, as he turned just once and saw the chariots of Israel and his infantrymen behind him. The first king of Israel fell down a lost, hopeless soul, on the point of his bright shining sword. As the weapon plunged through his stately form, the soft morning breeze carried the words, "Departed, the Lord is departed from me and heareth me no more."



THE NEW YEAR BRINGS A BIRTHDAY IN JAPAN

(Continued from page 19)

of our tiresome hours of seemingly unending study.

In the first part of April a plot of ground was purchased on which was erected a fine parsonage and headquarters office for the Church of God in Japan. Work was begun on the house on May 6, 1953. This was the first material evidence that the Church of God has come to Japan to stay. The home is conveniently situated on the main highway between Tokyo and Yokohama; this highway being one of the best and most travelled roads in all Japan. Thus it is that the Church of God has its headquarters on Japan's main street.

Within three weeks after the completion of this home, we had moved to Yokohama and on August 30 the doors of a near-by school were opened for our first Sunday school meeting. The attendance that first Sunday was 38. Since that first meeting the attendance dropped a little at first and then gradually increased until in December the average attendance was 65. The record to date is 80 for which we are well pleased considering that our Sunday school is only four months old.

A piece of ground has already been purchased on which we plan to construct a fine building from which the Word of God can go forth to the people of Yokohama. This city has a population of one million and the Christian churches are few. A tremendous challenge confronts us, which we will endeavor to meet by God's grace.

Recently we started meetings on Tuesday evenings which are primarily for the purpose of teaching the Scriptures to those who wish to attend. The attendance has been small, but we feel the results are gratifying among those who have been attending. On the Tuesday evening before Christmas we had only four in the meeting besides the two of us and our interpreter. Until that time I had made no altar invitation as I wanted them to have at least a basic knowledge of Christian principles before asking them to accept Jesus Christ as their Lord. That evening, however, the circumstances seemed to be proper so I asked for a show of hands of those who wanted Christ as their Saviour. Every hand was raised, after which they united with us in prayer.

Although we were well remembered by many friends at home at Christmas time, which we greatly appreciated, we considered this far greater than any Yuletide greeting or gift, that God should visit us in this way during the season when we are always so much reminded of His great love. The fact that four heathen souls requested an interest in our prayers, and will with much care and assistance possibly become Christians, may seem to many only a small thing, but after more than a year spent in a land so engrossed in darkness in preparation for the Master's work, we consider this a zenith point of the year. Compared to

the gigantic reports of sweeping revivals in Japan which many of you have no doubt heard or read, four confessions may seem meager indeed. However, let me urge you not to settle into complacency and forgetfulness of the needs of this nation so steeped in idolatry.

With all due respect to those of different opinions, let us state that Japan has not experienced a revival as full-gospel people understand the meaning of "revival." Permit me also to say that I seriously doubt if another country in the world is as much in need of a nation-wide awakening as are the millions of Japan. Pray earnestly for a revival of Pentecostal proportions to sweep our Island Empire which will shake the foundations of a people which may be described as satisfied with its intellectual achievements and pacified with its idolatrous formalities.

If God shall see fit to send revival fires to all of Japan this year, we shall be most thankful. However, if this should not be his design, we yet have an obligation: we shall be held responsible for those opportunities which are presented to us in 1954. To an extent, our ability to completely meet the challenge and win the victory depends on the united prayers and financial support of individuals in the various cities and towns throughout America. Remember Japan in your giving and your prayers this year.

HAVE FUN WITH YOUR DIARY

(Continued from page 7)

esting and helpful entires, of which we need never feel embarrassed.

PERHAPS we are interested in a particular hobby. Data concerning experiments performed, observations made, special discoveries—all make interesting diary items.

Some folks who prefer the loose-leaf type of diary write as little or as much each day as seems fitting. Certain symbols may be adopted for frequent entires, such as: VND, very nice day; R, rain; etc. This saves time. "Secret" symbols could be adopted for certain entries also, if desired.

If you chance to be young in years, you may find it difficult to believe, but if you live long enough you will be old men and women some day. Then you will find your chief pleasure in recalling pleasant experiences of the past. A diary will become a treasure, and you will be thankful that someone inspired you to start when young.

Someone has remarked, "Whether or not we keep a diary, a record of our lives is being kept faithfully in heaven." The fact is that a record carefully kept from day to day should help us be more careful how we live and speak. For it isn't too much fun to record unpleasantries in which we have taken part!

Yes, a diary can be valuable, help-ful—and fun. But only if it is kept faithfully and consistently. Now is the day to start.



Barbara Ubryk

A BOOK OF FACTS!

A Nun's Life In A Convent
Court record, Most horrible Revelation
of Convent Cruelty on record. Beautiful, Innocent Barbara Ubryk locked in
a Nunnery Basement Dungeon 6x8 feet
for 21 years. Total darkness. Fed on
potato peelings, crusts of dry bread and
cold water once per day. Weighed 40
lbs. when taken by government. See
photo by Iron Virgin, an instrument of
death torture

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story and learn the truth concerning
convent life. 128 burning pages. Postpaid only \$1.00. The edition is limited
...so order at once.

BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE
Dept. L.P.
Decatur, Ga.

DICKIE HOLMES...

(Continued from page 9)

which Dickie would have died. And Dickie smiles on, a secret, knowing smile; a smile of faith; a smile which gives his parents courage to face the months that must intervene before he is well again.

Note: Of course Dickie cannot answer and his mother has no time to do so, but he loves letters and cards. Anyone wishing to add a bit more brightness to his life can do so by writing him. Dickie Holmes, 6711 Rostrata St., Buena Park, Calif.



YOUTH MUST KNOW OF THE POWER OF GOD

By Manuel F. Campbell

INTRODUCTION: If our nation is to survive, youth must be taught of the power of God. Yes, the youth of this sinful generation must find how to keep balance in this powerful age. He must learn how to draw on the power of God for his needs. He must learn how to yield himself to the plan of

God for his own life.

The most exacting problem for a young boy or girl to face, outside of salvation, is the decision on life's work.

Thousands and thousands of young people stand at this crossroad of life, standing there with youthful energy, youthful aspirations, and with a desire to please God. Many stand there much afraid of failure, but possessing too much courage to give up. Youth must have a guide. Youth must have a godly directive. Young people should adopt this motto for their tender feet: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Prov. 3:5, 6. Who knows better how to lead you than God?

YOUTH NEEDS SPIRITUAL POWER FOR HIS DAY

said, "For I am not St. Paul ashamed of the gospel of Christ for it is the power of God unto salvation." The Gospel of the Son of God is sufficient to reach the needs of the youth of this day. The Gospel has not lost its power. Give the youth the Bible in its power and beauty and you will see youthful lives transformed and utilized for the glory of God.

We have the power of electricity flowing into our churches, then we have human power and energy in operation, however; these alone will not warm cold hearts and fill our churches. If God does not move us and fill us with His power, our hearts will become hardened, our tears will dry up and our churches will become cold and

formal.

How then can we show youth the right way? Youth needs education, youth needs food, youth needs clothing, youth needs recreation, BUT MOST OF ALL YOUTH NEEDS SPIRITUAL POWER TO COPE WITH THE SINFUL FORCES OF HIS DAY. Let us

tell our young people of the power of the Holy Ghost. This power is more than equal to satanic invasions. Christians, let us lift high the burning torches of Christianity until youth can find the way home.

YOUTH CAN FIND PROTECTION IN GOD

Ask Lieut. R. A. Whitaker if God's power is sufficient for protection. For weeks he and six others drifted on the great Pacific Ocean Short of both food and water. Lieut. Whitaker had never been inside a church in his life. But out there on the high sea in a small rubber raft, he prayed and found the power of God sufficient for his needs.

Young people, out of your most grievous Christian trials, God can bring forth beauty, power, and deliverance. When you turn yourself over to God you are safer than if the armies of the world stood guard around you. Heavenly protection has been tested many times by the children of God and has been found sufficient in

all cases.

When discouragements come to you read Rom. 8:38, 39. "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Nothing can surpass these Scriptures in providing comfort for the discouraged young Christian. These precious verses present a challenge to test us, to try us, and to prove in our own individual lives that the power of God is real. As you face the future, rejoice in the fact that it is possible to claim the protection of God on your life.

YOUTH CAN BECOME SONS OF

GOD THROUGH CHRIST St. John 1:12, "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." Christ imparts to believers unusual power to accomplish marvelous results. Through Christ humble believing souls can become associated with God. The possibility of sonship was completed in Christ. Mark this down, young people. The greatest possible attainment in this world is becoming a son of God. The beauty of this generous invita-tion is that even the poorest can be-lieve and enter into the family of God. Our fellowship with Christ affects

us not only in this life, but even more in the life to come. Jesus does not save us and then leave us without hope. He is near us to bless us, and one day He will change us and make us after His fashion. Read from 1 John 3:2 these inspiring words, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall ap-pear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." When we see Jesus, mortal limitations will be broken forever. Imperfections must then give way to perfections. Tears will become jewels of joy. Sadness for the Christian will be lost in singing the songs of redemption. Twisted bodies will become straightened when waiting Christians shall behold their King.

Young people, be patient in waiting for Jesus.

YOUTH CAN STAND BY THE

POWER OF GOD

Jude 24, "Now unto him that is able
to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence
of his glory with exceeding joy." Men
fall when they fail to trust in the power of God. It is impossible for man to produce power to keep himself from falling. Remember, it is not your power, but it is the power of God that will enable you to stand. "Standing on the promises of God" is a firm foundation. There is no defeat in the Saviour. As you persue the course of life, on mountain peaks or in valleys deep, always remember that Christ can and will keep you from falling. Let Jesus lead you for He knows where you ought to go.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING ABOUT THE BIBLE

Psa. 119:9-16 NOTE: We are giving in this lesson material for a program on the Bible, hoping that it may stimulate Bible study among our young people. We would suggest to the leader that you use "What the Bible Means to Me Alphabetically," by distributing them among your members and calling for them by letter. Use other material as you see best.

WHAT THE BIBLE IS TO ME ALPHABETICALLY

The Bible is to me-

A—The Book of Authority. It is the authority on God, man, sin, salvation, heaven and immortality.

B—The Book of Books. "Bring me the Book," said Sir Walter Scott. "Which book?" asked his attendant. "There is but one Book," was the re-

C—The Book of Christ. Christ is the center and circumference of the Bible. He is its light and power, its hope and

peace for mankind. **D**—The Book of Directions. It tells the way to success, to real wealth, to happiness, to God and heaven. Jesus is the way

E-The Book of Eternity. Its beginning touches eternity past, and its ending touches eternity future. It is

both timeless and time-ful.

F—The Book of Faith. It tells what faith is, what it does. It tells of the heroes of faith, and the glories of a life of faith in God.

G—The Book of God. It reveals God, His personality, His love, His power, His purpose in the world, His redemption and His home on high.

H-The Book of Heaven. It is of heaven, it stoops heaven to earth, and it lifts earth to heaven. Its religion is

the religion of heaven.

I—The Book of Inspiration. It is God-inspired, and it inspires men. "How precious is the Book, by inspiration given."

J—The Book of Joy. It tells of the joy of the Lord, the joy of salvation, the joy of service, the joy unspeakable

and full of glory.

K—The Book of Knowledge. It tells of the knowledge that is highest, the knowledge of Him in whom are hid all

the treasures of wisdom.

L—The Book of Life. It reveals eternal life, abundant life, and it is itself a life-giving Book, its truths are lifefilled.

M—The Book of Miracles. It is itself a miracle of unity in diversity. It records miracles, and it works spiritual miracles today.

N—The Book of the New Birth. "Ye must be born again," it says. It tells how we are born anew, and if we are in Christ we are new creatures.

O—The Book of Obligations. It tells us our obligations to God, to each other and to ourselves. It gives the re-wards of duties done.

P—The Book of Prayers. The prayer of Solomon and the prayer of Jesus we find here, and God's answers to the prayers of His believing people.

Q—The Book of Questions. Great questions there are: "What think ye of Christ?" "What shall I do then with Jesus?" "Where art thou?"

R—The Book of Religion. Other books of religion there are, but this is the exclusive book on the only religion that came from heaven.

S—The Book of Salvation. It tells of Jesus in whom alone is salvation. It says, "Neither is there salvation in any

other."

T—The Book of Thanksgiving. It rings with the spirit of thanksgiving.

"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving." "Be thankful unto Him."

U—The Book of Unity. Written by forty different writers, through 1,600 years of time, yet unified in one personality, Jesus. Wonderful!

V—The Book of Voices. The voice of God, of praise, of conscience, of duty, of the Spirit—these are heard, and we see people obeying.

W—The Book of Worship. It tells us

the nature and glory of worship, the greatest and highest act of the soul on earth or in heaven.

X-I let X stand for the unknown quantity, for the unknown answers to questions and problems, whose solu-

tions are reserved for heaven.

Y—The Book of Youth. Jesus was a young man. The apostles were young men. Youthfulness and vigor thrill its

truths and purposes.

Z—The Book of Zeal. It tells of the zeal. It tells of the zeal and enthusiasm that marked the Master, the prophets and apostles. It inspires zeal today. Therefore commit it, admit it, submit to it, transmit it.—Henry E. Hodge.

GIVING WHAT WE HAVE Mildred Austin

Scripture lesson: Acts 3:6. THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER Many say if they had what So and So had they would give; but God wants what we have, not what we have not. If we could only think of the great price the Son of God paid, then I'm sure we'd be willing to give our all. Of course, there are some who are more financially able than others, but where we haven't the money to back the church up we can use our prayers, our talents, and our time. There are many more ways of giving to Jesus than by money. If we devote our en-tire time and finance to God's great cause, it still wouldn't be compared to what God gave for us. So, dear friend, let us just pray that God will help us to give and do more for Him in payment of His great goodness to us.

FIRST GIVE SELF 2 Cor. 8:1-5

When Paul exhorted the Corinthians, we find in 2 Cor. 8:5, "And this they did, not as we had hoped, but first gave themselves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God." So we see we have to first submit ourselves, then God will make us able to give our prayers and our offerings to Him who is our Keeper. Nothing we can give will help us in the end, unless we have first given our hearts to Jesus. Of course, offerings and going to church will not save our souls, but all we have and all we are must be given unreservedly to Him.

The devil seems to make it so easy to serve him through the things of the world, and as surely as we have the world to cling to, we'll never find time for Jesus. When Paul was writing to the Ephesians, he said, "Neither give place to the devil." The devil can find so many things to hinder us. Just the little work we haven't done will pile up into a mountain, seemingly, when time for services at church begins. And, of course, we always have that for an excuse! So many say, "Well, I just don't have the time." We'd better take time, because we'll surely have to take time to die, but is Jesus going to find time for us when we haven't found time for Him? Our time used in serving Jesus is the most valuable time there is. After all, our time is going to be made into a mansion and a crown for us after awhile.

GIVE YOUR TALENT Matt. 25:14-30

We've all heard comments such as these: "Oh, if I could only sing like she can!" "Oh, I do wish I could testify like some people"; or "I'd be so happy if I could play the piano!" If everybody were like that we wouldn't have anybody to enjoy testimonies or preaching or singing, would we? I'm sure everyone has a telent. Maybe it is praying or perhaps a winning way with the sinners, or just brightening the day by visiting a sick person. God surely isn't pleased when we use our talents for the devil. Many people who have talents are always uplifted and improved greatly when they begin serving God. It takes great and small talents to put over this great program for God. If we'll only pray as we should, I am sure God will increase our talents and make us a greater blessing.

> GIVE YOUR MEANS Prov. 3:9

"Honor the Lord with thy substance." Now, isn't this enough to know that God wants us to give of our means financially and spiritually? Some people remark: "Oh, I'll get to heaven whether I pay my tithes or not. I'm saved and that's all that really matters." How could we get our churches built and how can we send our missionaries to foreign fields if everyone should feel like this? We're surely going to reap just like we sow and if we give nothing, the Lord will give us nothing in return. Can we refuse to give a little when Jesus gave His all for us? God helps us to have that giving spirit. If God's people would give what they have, God's work would grow by leaps and bounds. Let us give and give, so we'll be able to see and enjoy the goodness of the Lord. We'll surely have to send up something to build our heavenly mansion with, won't we?

THE HOUSE OF WORSHIP Clyne W. Buxton

TO THE LEADER: A lesson about God's house seems to be needful always. Church of God young people often attend church several times a week. Since they are in the house of God so often, it is needful that they be well taught concerning love and re-

spect for the Lord's house.

I. WE SHOULD LOVE GOD'S HOUSE. Even though the church house is a noble place to meet and associate with other young people, it is not designed for social gatherings. The church is a building where God meets men and men meet God. It is a filling station where God refills souls with His Spirit for tomorrow's battles. We, therefore, are to respect and reverence this meeting-place. After we have attended God's house a few times it becomes a sacred place to us, a place that we love. Note how the Psalmist felt about God's house: "Lord I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth." (Psa. 26:8)

II. IT'S A PRIVILEGE TO GO TO GOD'S HOUSE.

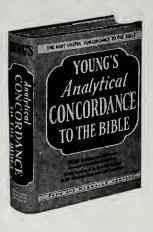
Attending church is a most profitable way for young people to spend their time. The writer of Psalms states, "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wicked-ness." It pleases God for us to worship in His house, and those who praise In his house, and those who praise Him there are happy. Zechariah 8:21 reads, "And the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord and to seek the Lord of hosts: I will go also." Attending God's house offers many privileges. Those who go regularly almost never encounter trouble larly almost never encounter trouble with law enforcement officers. At church young people can associate with other young people in wholesome environment. Most of all, the privilege is afforded one to meet and worship God.

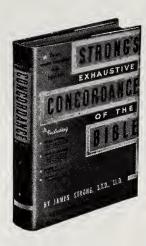
III. THOSE WHO ATTEND GOD'S

HOUSE ARE BLESSED. Psalm 84:4 reads, "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee . . ." It is a sweet and warming feeling that comes when one remembers that he has just returned from worshiping God at church. Even the next day when he remembers the blessing received at church the night before he "will be still praising thee . . ." A contrasting feeling indeed is this to the accusing, guilty feeling that comes when one neglects going to the house of the Lord. It is a great consolation indeed to know that "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

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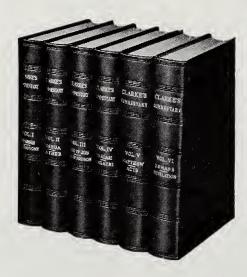
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CHURCH OF GOD PUBLISHING HOUSE

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RAY H. HUGHES, General Youth Director

Preparation Time for V.B.S.

o YOU PLAN a Vacation Bible School this year? Did I hear you say your schedule was too full? Do you mean you are going to disappoint those youngsters in your church and community? Can you afford to deprive the children of your constituency of a summer program of training? We must realize that nothing, though it may appear to be, could be more weighty than building the lives of children. It has been said, "You save a child, and you save a life as well as a soul. You save a child, and you save a future." "A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame," Proverbs 29:15b.

We cannot afford to let our children feel we are not interested. When

dren feel we are not interested. When they see other children going to their Vacation Bible Schools, they will wonder, "Why isn't my church having a school? Don't they love us children?"

Summer is a busy time—youth camps, camp meetings, vacations, evangelistic campaigns, and this year the General Assembly. But remember, the majority of those who attend Vacation Bible School range from age four to eleven. Few, if any, of these will attend a youth camp; so if you do not have a school, they are completely left out. The real purpose of this article is not to convince you that Vacation Bible School is really important, but to urge you to prepare now for what we feel you know is important

To avoid the last-minute rush, why not appoint your staff now? Set a date for your school. Some of your workers will have to arrange their vacations to comply with the date of your school. Many factories are arranging for vacation time now.

Decide upon the course to be used. This year we are recommending the series "Pioneering With Christ," which is a brand-new course that can be ordered from the Church of God Publishing House, 922 Montgomery Avenue, Cleveland, Tennessee. After the course is decided upon, it should be ordered immediately, so as to have the material for the teachers to study and prepare their handwork. It will be much easier to secure a competent staff of workers when they know they will be privileged to study the material and have time for planning. Now is the time to have an organizational meeting with your staff and plan for the promotion and publicity of the school.

Last year the Church of God conducted 536 Vacation Bible Schools. Our goal for this year is 700. Supplement your teaching time with a V.B.S.

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN SUNDAY SCHOOL Average Weekly Attendance for December

	GROUP AA	
North Carolina		20,605
Tennessee		18,333
South Carolina		15,054
Georgia		14,394
Florida		13,714
	GROUP A	
West Virginia		10,568
Kentucky		6,510
Ohio		6,416
Virginia		6,333
		4,543
	GROUP B	
California	GROOF B	4,371
Illinois		3,781
Michigan		3,567
Pennsylvania		3,057
		2,876
	GROUP C	
Missouri	GROUP C	2,885
Maryland		2,442
Oklahoma		2,344
Arkansas		2,120
		2,038
	*GROUP D	
Artgone		1.254
Wangag		
New Mexico		706
	GROUP E	
		857
Washington		
		0.0
	GROUP F	379
Oregon		
		199
Nahaalsa		
		101
	GROUP G	35

Wyoming		
Massachusetts	o in this group	9
*Only three state	es in this group.	

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN YOUNG PEOPLE'S ENDEAVOR

Average Weekly Attendance for December

Average weekly	Accelia	ince ioi zerra	
G	ROUP .	AA	
North Carolina			9.634
Tennessee			9.029
Georgia			8.740
Florida -			6 215
North Alabama		+	5.234
North Alabama			0,001
	GROUP	A	
West Virginia			6,201
Ohio			3,911
Wirginia			3.199
Texas			3,336
201100	GROUP	10	
California	GROUP	Ъ	2,722
California			2,702
Illinois			2,102
Pennsylvania			1,920
Michigan			1,034
South Alabama			1,479
	GROUP	C	
Missouri			2.027
Oklahoma			1,739
Maryland			
Indiana			1.416
Arkansas			1,323
			2,020
•	GROUP	D	
New Mexico			649
Arizona		,	623
Kansas			481
	GROUP		
Washington	GROOF	14	410
washington			287
North Dakota			281
Delaware			279
			267
Maine			201
	GROUP	F	
Colorado			255
Idaho			182
			129
Oregon			114
District of Columb	ia		63
	GROUP		3.77
Minnesota			17
Connecticut			13
Central Canada			8

NATION'S BIG TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL Average Weekly Attendance for December

*	
Greenville, Tremont, South Carolina	829
Kannapolis, North Carolina	
Missionary Ridge, Tennessee	
Detroit, Michigan	
Pulaski, Virginia	
Alabama City, Alabama	474
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	444
Lenoir, North Carolina	438
Middletown, Clayton Street, Ohio	425
North Cleveland, Tennessee	387

NATION'S BIG TEN IN Y.P.E. Average Weekly Attendance for December

in orange in control	
Daisy, Tennessee	
Orphanage at Sevierville, Tennessee	_ 286
E. Louisville, Kentucky	_ 255
Lake Dale, North Carolina	_ 252
Newport News, Virginia	_ 246
Whitwell, Tennessee	_ 236
Lumberton, North Carolina	231
Rossville, Georgia	229
Kannapolis, North Carolina	_ 227
Greenville, South Carolina	208

NATION'S TEN LARGEST HOME DEPARTMENTS

STATES REPORTING HOME DEPARTMENTS

West Virginia	5
South Carolina	4'
Ohio	4
Florida	2
North Carolina	2
Pennsylvania	2
Tennessee	2
Virginia	2
	2
Georgia	ĩ
Kentucky	1
Mississippi	1
Mississippi	
Arkansas	1
Illinois	
South Alabama	
North Alabama	
Texas	
Maryland	
California	
Missouri	
Washington	
New Mexico	
Louisiana	
Montana	
Colorado	
Maine	
Oregon	
Kansas	
Iowa	
Indiana	
Arizona	
North Dakota	
Wisconsin	
Massachusetts	

	A	Since ssembly
SAVED	1,842	52,678
SANCTIFIED	752	24,848
FILLED WITH HOLY GHOST	574	19,374
ADDED TO CHURCH	701	17,103
NUMBER OF SUN SCHOOLS ORGA SINCE ASSEMB	ANIZEI	220
NUMBER OF YOU PEOPLE'S ENDI ORGANIZED SI	EAVOR	S
ASSEMBLY		197

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	_
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Koko helps solve a great mystery	\$1.00
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WINKY MEETS THE GYPSIES	
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Ready

By CHESTER SHULER

In 1915, Sir Ernest Shackleton's steamer Endurance was crushed by ice, and he was forced to abandon his exploration of the Antarctic. With his crew, he succeeded in drifting, on an ice floe, to Elephant Island, where a camp was built on a narrow beach.

Accompanied by five men, Shackleton left Elephant Island in a whale boat on April 15, promising that he would surely return and rescue the twenty-two men left behind.

For more than four months, those twenty-two men watched, waited, hoped, and doubted. Fortunately, the second in command, a man named "Wild," never lost hope. He was certain Shackleton would come back.

Every morning when Wild saw that the sea was clear of ice, he rolled up his sleeping-bag and said to all hands, "Roll up your sleeping-bags, boys. The boss may come today-and when he comes there'll not be a minute's time to lose. We will have to move out of here while the sea is clear."

Day after day passed. And then, on August 30, Shackleton and his little boat glided to the beach! Every man was packed and ready. In thirty minutes, the boat was moving back to sea with every man on board.

"How fortunate you were all packed and ready when we came!" exclaimed Shackleton when the excitement had died down somewhat.

He was told why they were ready ... of Wild's unwavering faith ... of their own hope.

In due course, all were safely homeward bound.

Can you imagine any of those men, after they had packed their stuff a time or two and no boat appeared, saying, "Aw, I'm not going to pack today. There'll be time enough to get ready when we see the boat coming!"?

Of course, we can't imagine that. But how much more important it is, today, to heed Jesus' warning:

"Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh" (Matt. 24:44).

Be ready!

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

CHARLES W. CONN Editor-in-Chief Church of God Publications

The Lamplighter

LEWIS J. WILLIS Editor The LIGHTED PATHWAY

GENEVA CARROLL Assistant Editor The LIGHTED PATHWAY

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No. 4

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Thy Word is a Light Unto My Path"

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The First Easter

By ST. JOHN



N THE DAY after the Sabbath, very early in the morning while it was still dark, Mary of Magdala went to the tomb, and she saw that the stone had been removed from it. So she ran away and went to Simon Peter and the other disciple who was dear to Jesus, and said to them,

"They have taken the Master out of the tomb, and we do not know where they have put him."

So Peter and the other disciple went out of the city and started for the tomb. And they both ran, and the other disciple ran faster than Peter and got to the tomb first. And he stooped down and saw the bandages lying on the ground, but he did not go in. Then Simon Peter came up behind him, and he went inside the tomb, and saw the bandages lying on the ground, and the handkerchief that had been over Jesus' face not on the ground with the bandages, but folded up by itself. Then the other disciple who had reached the tomb first went inside, too, and saw and was convinced. For they did not yet understand the statement of Scripture that he must rise from the dead. So the disciples went back to their homes.

But Mary stood just outside the tomb, weeping. And as she wept she looked down into the tomb, and saw two angels in white sitting where Jesus' body had been, one at his head and one at his feet. And they said to her,

"Why are you weeping?"

She said to them,

"They have taken my Master away, and I do not know where they have put him."

As she said this she turned around and saw Jesus standing there, but she did not know that it was he. Jesus said to her,

"Why are you weeping? Who are you looking for?" She, supposing that he was the gardener, said to him,

"If it was you, sir, that carried him away, tell me where you have put him, and I will take him away."

Jesus said to her,

"Mary!"

She turned and said to him in Hebrew,

"Rabbouni!" which means Master.

Jesus said to her,

"You must not cling to me, for I have not yet gone up to my Father, but go to my brothers and say to them, 'I am going up to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God."

Mary of Magdala went and declared to the disciples, "I have seen the Master!" and she told them that he had said this to her.

When it was evening on the first day after the Sabbath, and the doors of the house where the disciples met were locked for fear of the Jews, Jesus came in and stood among them and said to them,

"Peace be with you!"

Then he showed them his hands and his side, and the disciples were full of joy at seeing the Master. Jesus said to them again,

"Peace be with you! Just as my Father sent me forth so I now send you."

As he said this he breathed upon them, and said,

"Receive the holy Spirit! If you forgive any men's sins, they are forgiven them, and if you fix any men's sins upon them, they will remain fixed."

But Thomas, one of the Twelve, who was called the twin, was not with them when Jesus came in. So the rest of the disciples said to him,

"We have seen the Master!"

But he said to them,

"Unless I see the marks of the nails in his hands, and put my finger into the marks of the nails, and put my hand into his side, I will never believe it."

A week later, his disciples were again in the house, and Thomas was with them. Although the doors were locked, Jesus came in and stood among them, and said,

"Peace be with you!"

Then he said to Thomas,

"Put your finger here and look at my hands, and take your hand and put it in my side, and be no longer unbelieving, but believe!"

Thomas answered him,

"My Master and my God!"

Jesus said to him,

"Is it because you have seen me that you believe? Blessed be those who have not seen me and yet believe!"

There were many other signs that Jesus showed before his disciples which are not recorded in this book. But these have been recorded so that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and through believing you may have life as his followers.

After this Jesus again showed himself to the disciples at the Sea of Tiberias, and he did so in this way. Simon Peter, Thomas called the Twin, Nathanael, of Cana in Galilee, the sons of Zebedee, and two other disciples of Jesus were all together. Simon Peter said to them,

"I am going fishing."

They said to him,

"We will go with you."

They went out and got into the boat, and that night they caught nothing. But just as day was breaking, Jesus stood on the beach, though the disciples did not know that it was he. So Jesus said to them,

"Children, have you any fish?"

They answered,

"No."

"Throw your net in on the right of the boat," he said to them, "and you will find them."

They did so, and they could not haul it in for the quantity of fish in it. Then the disciple who was dear to Jesus said to Peter,

"It is the Master!" . . .

None of the disciples dared to ask him who he was, for they knew it was the Master. Jesus went and got the bread and gave it to them, and the fish also. This was the third time that Jesus showed himself to his disciples, after he had risen from the dead...

It is this disciple who testifies to these things and who wrote them down, and we know that his testimony is true.

There are many other things that Jesus did, so many in fact that if they were all written out, I do not suppose that the world itself would hold the books that would be written.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN Chapter 20 Chapter 21:1-7, 12-14 Chapter 21:24, 25 Smith-Goodspeed Translation

NOTE: After reading Smith and Goodspeed's translation of the Easter story, as it was recorded by St. John, your Editor was constrained to present it thus without any editorial comment. May the Spirit of Him who arose triumphant from the grave quicken each of you to greater service for Him.



"The door opened and the yellow light from the inner chamber flashed out into the shadows. His wife's old nurse approached and bowed low before him."

APHENATH-PANEAH, preserver of life, viceroy of the Pharaoh, paced restlessly up and down the long Hall of Pillars adjacent to the living quarters assigned to him by the monarch.

Moonlight flooded the open spaces between the monoliths and made strange patterns of light and shadow upon the beautiful mosaic floor. All around were evidences of that wealth and grandeur which was Egypt—the Egypt of which he so strangely formed a part.

It was a night of anxiety. Once in a while the far door of his apartment opened and servants flitted in and out. A cry rose in his heart.

"Protect her," he pleaded soundlessly; "take care of her, my beautiful one. Bring her safely through this hour, O Eternal Spirit!"

He must not enter her chamber now; others were there. He knew that the devoted nurse who had accompanied her from the House of the Sun when she became his bride would be hovering near her. Wise Shiphrah would be there. All necessary care would be given. And did not the servants love her? And did they not all know that she was the beloved of Pharaoh's chief minister?

Yet a strange, restless anxiety sat upon him like a dark cloud. Suddenly it seemed that the floodgates of memory opened, and things long kept behind the closed doors of the past flashed once again upon the screen of his consciousness.

A BLACK TENT in the wilderness. Beside a pallet within that tent knelt a man and a young boy gazing despairingly at the form of a woman lying there. Nearby stood a serving woman. The newborn babe in her arms cried, and the woman on the pallet stirred. Her eyes fluttered, a long sigh escaped her lips, and then she was still.

With a groan, the man placed his left arm around the shoulders of the lad, and then with his right hand gently closed his wife's eyes. Rising, he stretched out his hands to the serving woman.

She placed the babe in his arms, murmuring gently, "Son of Sorrow." "Nay, nay," said the father, "Son

The wild spirit of the East does not easily forgive, does not lightly forego revenge. Bitterness corrodes the soul; it is not easily wiped out in an instant. Can one erase the ugly scars of the past?

of the Right Hand."

18. 6

As he faced this picture, the great viceroy recognized that from this scene of early boyhood came a part, at least, of that anxiety which would be scoffed at as weakness by his Egyptian fellows.

But once the gates are down, memory has a way of keeping them open for a time. Other pictures came, and they, too, had dark shadows.

He realized that he was facing a crisis. This was not a battle for recognition, for favor, for power. This was a conflict within himself.

A Voice spoke. Somewhere from the great deeps of the spiritual world it called to the depths of his soul.

The pictures shuttled before him the scowling faces of his half-brothers evil with jealousy, bent on murwere never bound, carried relentlessly to Egypt, exposed on the slave market—these things had made deep marks on his spirit.

THEN HIS SERVICE in the house of the captain of the guard and the favor of his master; years of faithful labor, and then the cruel prison and again the darkness of despair. The ingratitude of the prisoner he had befriended, the two long years of waiting there in the gloomy corridors and dungeons—but then the favor of the Pharaoh, and Asenath!

And now in the gloom that had overcast him, in the midst of vague and nameless forebodings born of memories of the past, it seemed to him that this one beloved, this only one of his own, might be snatched from him.

will you trust in Me?"

Zaphenath-paneah bowed his head, and his spirit cried out in the anguish of inner conflict:

"Help me, O God of my fathers! Thou who didst strive with my father at the brook, Thou who didst make him a Prince of God, hear me now and deliver me, not from outward enemies, but from all bitterness of soul tonight. Deliver me from dark despair and woeful imaginings; deliver me from every evil feeling toward my brothers! And as a new life is born into the world tonight, create within my heart a new life of forbearance and loving-kindness!"

As he prayed, the tension of his spirit broke. A great quiet flooded his soul. A sweet contentment and serene trust touched him there.

A DOOR OPENED and the yellow light from the inner chamber flashed out into the shadows. His wife's old nurse approached and bowed low before him.

"Come, Excellency."

Quickly, eagerly, he tiptoed into the chamber and knelt beside the couch of Asenath. She raised her hand and

A quiet flooded his soul and a sweet contentment and serene trust touched him there for he had found

THE NEW LIFE

By A. M. QUICK

Illustrated by CHLOE STEWART

der; their rough hands as they tore from him the beautiful coat with long sleeves and of many colors, the gift of his kind father; the deep pit with its steep sides against which he clawed in vain as he tried to escape; then a ray of hope as they came and pulled him out—hope plunging to despair when he saw the wild Midianite slavers standing by bargaining with them.

To be a slave! He, son of the free and powerful, son of the wide plains and green pastures, son of him who was called a Prince of God!

And as he walked the cool pavement of that magnificent Hall of Pillars, the Voice spoke:

"Can you forgive and forget?"

Memory spared him nothing. Bound as even his father's boughten slaves

Again the memory of his dying mother pierced his spirit like an arrow. Would Asenath die, too? Would dark despair again be his lot? Would his achievements in Egypt become as dust and ashes in his mouth?

Again the Voice spoke: "Will you forgive; will you forget the bitterness of the past; will you trust in Me?"

The wild spirit of the East does not easily forgive, does not lightly forego revenge. Bitterness corrodes the soul; it is not wiped out in an instant. Can one erase the ugly scars of the past?

But now it seemed that the Voice spoke gently, tenderly. An odd feeling came over him that it bore some strange likeness to a Voice he had heard in childhood, in the tents of his father. Again it came:

"Will you forgive; will you forget;

drew his face down to hers—down to her face and the face of the babe lying in the crook of her arm.

"Your son!" she said softly.

A great wonder and joy illuminated his face.

"What will you name him, my husband?" whispered Asenath.

"His name? Let it be Manasseh, Beloved, for this night God has made me forget all my hardships, all my toil, all the bitterness. O my Princess of the Sunshine, a new life has been given to us!"

Zaphenath-paneah, preserver of life, viceroy of Egypt, favorite of the Pharaoh, touched with a gentle finger the cheek of his newborn son.

The boy Joseph, son of Jacob, and the black tents of his shepherd kin seemed like a far-off dream. NASMUCH as the life and experiences of a mission-ary, or a worker in foreign fields are generally little known, and greatly misunderstood by the average

AN INTRODUCTORY STATEMENT

layman on the home front, we have felt a great urge to submit "African Diary" to our readers and friends in the

U.S. and Canada. In this we hope to describe for you the small and large events that make life interesting: The feelings in the heart of a missionary on leaving home and homeland; the experiences during the sea voyage, and the indescribable emotions that come to one's heart when the land of one's adoption appears low on the horizon; the thrill of setting foot on another continent, followed by the ache that comes to the heart when one views the need of the heathen; the problem of getting used to strange customs; and the peculiar feeling that comes over a family traveling through a strange land, with thoughts of home crowding into one's mind like bursts of rain on the roof during a quiet night; the warm touch of the Christian friends who open their hearts and homes to make you know that you are accepted into their fellow-

All of these things are experiences of the missionary, and we hope that by bringing them to our many thousands of friends in the homeland, we may draw the homeland closer to us, and ourselves closer to the hearts and prayers of the people in the homeland.

The hardest moment in the experiences of a departing missionary is that last final moment of farewell. It is more difficult than the great decision at the altar,

THE FAREWELL AND DEPARTURE FROM HOME

when after hearing the voice of God, and weighing the cost, one finally says, "Here am I; send me." As one approaches

this moment he tries to ward off the feeling and lump in his throat by talking about other things, but as the day gets nearer, the missionary finds himself quietly weeping during his waking hours of the night or times when he is alone during the day. He does not want to break down at the last moment for fear that he will be misunderstood, and some may think that, now that the final hour has come, he is sorry that he accepted a misfinal hour has come, he is sorry that he accepted a missionary appointment. That would not glorify God, so he must keep the glory of the call of God uppermost in his mind so that it will conquer those natural outbursts of emotion that are so easily misunderstood.

At last the final moment comes, when his luggage is in the car and the dear ones stand with tears in their eyes, and words seem such useless things. Like a soldier going off to the uncertainty of battle, one must embrace his loved ones, and hold their firm grasp in his own hands for a few long moments, and as he looks deep into the eyes of those who looked lovingly down at him in his cradle, there is a moment of great reason to glory in the fact of immortality. As he realizes that he may never look into those eyes again and the het tages again. look into those eyes again, and the hot tears chase each other down his cheeks, there is a moment of exultant triumph in the fact that he is a Christian, and under his breath he says, "O grave, where is thy victory—O death, where is thy sting?" When he embraces the brother death, where is thy sting?" When he embraces the brother or sister in what may be the last earthly embrace, he gets a flash vision of the years of yesterday. In the brief moment of that embrace, the years of youth go racing by again, and he stands not with the hard hand of a grown man in his own, but with the soft hand of a little boy in his own chubby child's hand, and plays in the sun by the house of his boyhood, without a care in the world

With a great lump in his throat he turns away, for he feels the emotion of his soul nearing the breaking point, and without further words he steps into his car and drives away with tear-stained cheeks and a waving hand. He looks back just once more to feast his eyes on the family and home of his earthly pilgrimage and then sets his eyes to the road that leads to—where? ???

As we drove out of the gate of the old homestead in Western Canada, the sum was setting. It was a glorious sunset like one sees only in the great Canadian plains. It spoke to us of the sunset of one phase of our ministry, and as the golden light flooded into the car we thought of all the pleasant years we had spent working for the Christ of Calvary in the ministry of The Church of God.

You will share the pathos of a missionary family as they prepare to leave their homeland, their mingled emotions as they sail from their native shore, the memorable voyage to a new land and the thrill of anticipation when they view their adopted country, as you read-

The years of Bible School and radio work in Western Canada came back to us, the many months of school in the Dakotas, and once more the hundreds of friends that we met in Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, the Carolinas, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Missouri came to our minds.

Now this ministry on the home field was coming to a sunset, and a new day was going to dawn.

The next morning, October 6, dawned beautiful and cloudless. It seemed like a guarantee for a successful

ministry in our new African appointment, and a good omen for the new phase of ministry that we were entering. During the remaining two weeks that were left

to us in America, we visited our relatives and old friends in Western Canada, the Dakotas, and Iowa. Then we traveled on to New York, stopping for visits with Brother and Sister C. R. Spain in Indiana, and Brother and Sister David Lykens in Pennsylvania. We feasted our eyes on the American countryside as we went, knowing that it might be a long time before we would see it again. The autumn display was in full color, and we shall never forget the beauty of the wooded hills of Pennsylvania. Every place we stopped brought, the same experience of finding it hard to say good-bye to people we had known and loved for many years, but at last the towers of New York City reared their heads above the mist and we realized that our life in the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave" was almost at an end—for the time being at least. We drove directly through the city to the home of Brother and Sister Sindle, Overseer of New York State. Though we hauled our heavy trailer, we had no trouble, and the hospitality in the Sindle home was everything that a true Church of God home could be. to us in America, we visited our relatives and old friends could be.

For a couple of days we did last minute shopping for things we could buy more reasonably in New York. We got some fine photographic equipment, which we are now using in Africa to take pictures which we hope will help the friends back home to understand conditions here. Twenty-four hours before we were to sail we took our Oldsmobile down to the pier and saw the ship that was to take us to Africa. We left the car there, and the next morning, bright and early, the Sindle family brought next morning, bright and early, the Sindle family brought us to the boat. They came on board with us and we were shown to our stateroom, which was beautiful indeed. In a few minutes we bade farewell to the last members of the Church that we were to see on American members of the Church that we were to see on American shores. After the Sindles had left the ship, we walked around the decks, and were thrilled to find two missionaries on board with us. They were the Rev. and Mrs. Charles Pruitt, a young couple who were heading for Rhodesia. During the course of the voyage we had wonderful fellowship, as they were the only other born-again Christians on the ship.

Soon we felt the great ship slowly moving, and the little tugs came along and gently nudged her out of

little tugs came along and gently nudged her out of her berth at the Brooklyn Pier. As we moved out of

The AFRICAN DIARY

By M. G. McLUHAN Principal Berea Bible Seminary Union of South Africa



Fram left ta right: Dwayne, Mrs. M. G. McLuhan, Rev. M. G. McLuhan, and Darlia.

the harbor we saw numerous other vessels, some coming in, others going out. We got some fine pictures, and stood at the rail with mixed feelings. When we passed the Statue of Liberty we had some sad moments, and tears brimmed in many eyes. As we saw her upraised "lamp beside the golden door," we realized that we were going out of that great door—not coming in. We remembered how the sight of that upraised lamp had brought a thunderous victory shout from the throats of our boys returning victoriously. We imagined ourselves fugitives from persecution abroad, or immigrants from the crowded cities of Europe—and for the first time in our lives we realized what the "lady with her lamp" can mean to human wanderers who come to find life and happiness in the fair land of America. We were going out to set foot in a land which held many uncertainties, and as that grand old statue with her upraised symbol of freedom faded into the mists we prayed that sometime under God's grace we might be privileged to come back through that great harbor and see her wave a welcome, instead of a farewell. We went below for lunch and when we came on deck again the great continent of our birst, where on deck again the great continent of our birth, where liberty and human freedom had treated us so royally for nearly half a lifetime, was fading from our view in the mists of the horizon. We turned away to purposely the mists of the horizon. We turned away to purposely occupy our minds with something else that would draw the curtain over the drama of glorious memories that were marching past our eyes. We could no longer live on our memories, for the future belongs to those who look to it. "Africa," land of enchantment and mystery, became the goal of our vision, because we know that those who dream of yesterday only, are never ready to serve God and face the trials of tomorrow when it comes.

The sea was calm and beautiful when we sailed out of New York, but it did not stay that way long. In the late afternoon we hit a strong northeast wind which whipped up the great white-capped rollers. The ship began to pitch and roll and soon many records felt sick. We re-

many people felt sick. We returned to our stateroom where we could get some relief by lying still. The storm reached its fury by one o'clock in the morning, and the ship was rolling so badly that chairs, suitcases and shoes began to chase one another across the floor in a crashing madcap game of follow-

the-leader. The ship staggered under the impact of the heavy seas, and as the baggage kept crashing around, I decided I had better get up and try to wedge it securely between the bed and the wall. As I did the ship heeled far to starboard and here came the cases crashing at me. I tried to get hold on a large suitcase, but it ran under my guard and into my toes. I finally got it, but by that time I was dizzy, and my stomach was informing me that something had to be done very quickly so I headed for the bathroom. As I stood up, the ship leaned far to port, and out from under the bed came my typewriter and slammed me on the ankle. Once in the bathroom I lost my supper, and for the moment at least I did not care if the cases made a hole in the boiler room. They were surely crashing about, but I felt better and They were surely crashing about, but I felt better and succeeded in getting them wedged in a tight place. We were all sick, but in spite of the sickness we had some good laughs that night.

It was a nightmarish experience, but there is something grand and awe-inspiring about it. The momentary shudder of the ship—the hissing salt spray whipping the plate glass windows of the stateroom—the inner groaning of the great engines, and the crazy changing angle of the decks, all these things together create an experience never to be forgotten. That night was our introduction to our new life, and what an introduction

The morning dawned grey and rough, but as the next day wore on the sun peeped through and the wind subsided and we all started eating food again. It tasted

subsided and we all starter very good indeed.

In Psalm 95:5, we read "The sea is His and He made it;" and in Jer. 5:22, the Lord says, "Will ye not tremble at my presence, which have placed the sand for the bound of the sea by a perpet-

THE BROAD SEAS AND
VOYAGING EXPERIENCES

it; and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail; though they roar, yet can they not pass over it." As we plowed steadily, day in and day out, across the tractless waters I thought of the verses mentioned above, and had a new view of the power of my Creator. We took a direct route from New York to

(Continued on page 23)



JOHN KNOX

By Rufus L. Platt, M.A.

OHN KNOX was the chief figure of the Scottish Reformation. He was the founder of the Scottish Church and has been called "The Father of Scotland." The birthplace of this great man is unknown. His parents sent him to Haddington where he received his preliminary education. After he finished grammar school, he was sent to the University of Glasgow, where he studied philosophy and theology. He was ordained for the priesthood, but instead of entering upon the pastorate, he became a teacher. His study of Augustine and his association with George Wishart made him a Protestant.

Conditions in Scotland, both politically and religiously, called for a man of Knox's genius. The people of Scotland were poor and backward, the ministry was corrupt, and the churches were no longer preaching for the souls of men. The church held in its grasp the largest share of wealth in the kingdom. Corruption within the church and the cruel death of George Wishart by the papacy caused the people to feel the need of a reformation.

After the death of Wishart, Knox felt the call of God upon his heart to preach against the Roman Catholic Church. In his preaching, he asserted that the Roman Catholic Church was the synagogue of Satan and that the pope was the Antichrist. The path of duty was not an easy one, for the castle of St. Andrews where Knox and his followers were meeting was besieged by the French Fleet and Knox was carried into bondage. He was made a galley slave for nineteen months. The men were chained together and to their oars with insufficient room for any muscular action, sometimes under a stifling deck. He was compelled, sometimes, to labor for twenty-four hours without relief. Knox held on to God in prayer, and God gave him strength to endure the brutal treatment of the French.

AFTER HIS RELEASE he spent five years in England, where he exerted a considerable influence. He declined the Bishopric of Rochester in 1522 because he foresaw trouble under Mary. After Mary "The Bloody" ascended the English throne, he fled to the Continent and spent some time at Frankfort; later at Geneva he became an ardent disciple of Calvin.

Knox returned from the Continent in 1550 as a thundering prophet of God's Word, who feared neither noble nor sovereign. He prayed, "Give me Scotland or I die." He immediately set out to do his part in bringing Scotland to her knees. He laid down his plans for reform. There was much opposition, but the majority of the Scottish people fell in line with Knox. After a long fight, Protestantism won an almost complete victory.

The Scottish Parliament of 1560 officially proclaimed the reformed faith the religion of Scotland. Knox became (Continued on page 23) HE HEAVY BOX and tray hurt my back!" complained Nathan, as he strapped them

on.
"Frowning doesn't help! Why do you do it?" asked his sister Miriam, poking the fire under the little oven in which she was baking honey cakes.

"Because every day I must carry this heavy box and tray and sell cakes. I never get to run and play. I never go to the temple to celebrate the feast days!" As he grumbled, Na-than kept moving the strap to find a place on his humped shoulders that was not sore.

Miriam put her fingers to her lips, pointing to the inside of the house where she knew their mother was working. She whispered, "I am sure Mother doesn't like working like a slave. She cannot help that she is a widow, and that we have to help to earn the living."

Nathan's frown left his face. "I'm a selfish donkey!" He added, "Rather like a whining camel with my hunch back!"

"Sh-sh! Even if your back isn't

straight, you are strong and healthy otherwise! Tumbling off the wall when you were small caused that, Brother."

"Give me the rest of the cakes, Miriam, even if they are hot! Today people will be flocking into Jerusa-lem for the Passover Feast, so I must get to my place under the palm trees before the other boys do!"

As THE children were putting the fragrant cakes on the tray, their mother came out on the terrace, wiping sweat from her fore-

"Miriam, go with Nathan today! Help him sell the cakes and then you can both go to the temple and wor-ship with the crowds at the feast."

Miriam clapped her hands. Her dark eyes sparkled. "I couldn't leave you with all the work. Let us help and you go, too!"

"I shall go another day! Go along. The holiday will do you both good!" She smiled and shooed them out to

the dusty road.
When the children came to the cluster of palms where Nathan stood and sold his cakes, another boy was already there, his tray half empty. "Crowds today," he smiled at Miriam. "I've heard Jesus is coming to Jerusa-

lem today!"
"Jesus?" questioned Miriam. "Who is He?"

Nathan's eyes lighted until they looked as if fire were back of them.

"He's the Prophet who heals people. I have prayed to see Him! If only He would give me a straight back!'

Miriam stood dreaming and smiling for a minute, then she said, "Come, Nathan. Let us hurry and sell our cakes! Maybe we can find Jesus in the temple, if He does not come along this road!"

"Cakes! Fresh honey cakes!" shrilled Nathan. Miriam echoed him as crowds of pilgrims and carts of all kinds stirred the dust of the road. Some walked. Some rode camels or little grey donkeys. Some had horses laden with tents and food. Roman soldiers swaggered or rode horses. Water sellers jostled in and out of the crowds. Peddlers of all kinds yelled. Miriam tried to see and hear everything, for it was so different from working quietly at home.

"Just a few more cakes in the box! One more trayful to sell and we'll be through," exclaimed Nathan, jingling coins in his money bag.

I HEAR SHOUTING and singing!" exclaimed Miriam.

"Maybe Jesus is coming!" Nathan trembled. "What a crowd of people! They are throwing their garments in the road!"

"Listen," said Miriam. "The children in the front are singing 'Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest!"

Two bearded men in brown robes walked to the palm trees and pulled branches. "We must have palms to wave for the Son of David! Jesus is our King!"

Nathan forgot everything except that he wanted to see Jesus. He pulled the tallest man's sleeve. "Is this the Jesus who heals?"

"Yes, indeed!" smiled the man. "He heals the sick! He makes the blind to see! The lame lean for joy! He is rid

see! The lame leap for joy! He is rid-

ing into Jerusalem!"

"That must be Jesus on the white colt!" cried Miriam. "Look at His kind face! How the sun shines on His hair!"

Miriam grabbed Nathan's hand. "We must go to Him!"

"I don't want to spoil His proces-sion!" Nathan drew back shyly. "All these people!"

"We can just stand on the roadside and call. He will hear us," answered

Loudly, above the shouting and singing, Nathan called, "Jesus! Jesus! Please help me!"

Nathan's brown fingers clutched Miriam's until she thought her bones would break, but she made no complaint as she joined in the calling, "Jesus, please heal my brother!"

I HE CROWD PADDED on with the shuffling sound of many feet. The dust made Nathan sneeze. A shower of flowers fell over the children as someone threw them before

Jesus.
"Jesus doesn't hear me!" Nathan cried, tears running down his cheeks.
"Jesus is going past!"

Miriam ran out. "Jesus!" she called loudly as she could.

Nathan joined her, "Have mercy on me, dear Jesus!"

Then Jesus turned to Nathan, and in all that crowd seemed to be looking at him alone. He smiled and nodded. His lips moved, but Nathan did not know what He said. He did know he felt a thrill through him and he could straighten his back.

"Thank you, Lord!" shouted Nathan, laughing and crying at the same time! "I'm straight, Miriam! My hump is gone!"

Nathan and Miriam made their way through the crowds to Jesus. "Thank you, Jesus!" They kissed the hem of

His white, seamless robe.
"His smile makes the sun look dim,"

Miriam whispered to Nathan.
"Let's go to the temple with the children and join the singing," exclaimed Nathan.

Miriam nodded, whispering to Nathan, "Now since your back is straight, you won't have to sell cakes. You can do other work!"

Nathan nodded and kept on singing, his heart brimming with happy thanksgiving and love for Jesus, "Hosanna! Thou Son of David!"



Nathan's Palm Sunday

By ESTHER MILLER PAYLER

ICTURE THE KING of Judah shut up in Jerusalem like a bird in a cage! All around the city great towers were built to hem in the royal family. Even banks of earth were raised against the gates of the city to prevent escape. The rec-ord doesn't tell us how long King Hezekiah was thus in captivity, but we can be assured he spent a great part of this time in seeking after God and His will

Who had power to do such a thing to Hezekiah? None other but Sen-

nacherib, king of Assyria.

What had happend? you ask.

This king of Judah had offended the great king of Assyria.

Now you are eager to know the facts! aren't you?

The political position of Hezekiah, at the time he ascended the throne, appears to be that of a tributary of Assyira. Since his father Ahaz had made a voluntary compact with Assyra, this involved the son's subjection. There was no way to become free from this obligation, or restore his country to independence, except by an analysis of the solution open and avowed revolt. But Hezekiah was wise enough not to become entangled in this at once. It rather appears that he paid his tribute, as it became due, regularly, both to Shalmaneser and to Sargon, deferring this open rebellion which he had probably contemplated from the first. Sennacherib. Sargon's son and successor had erib, Sargon's son and successor, had been crowned king of Assyria when Hezekiah decided he had become strong enough to set his kingdom free from the Assyrians. At this time he refused to pay the taxes laid upon his kingdom.

When Sennacherib mounted the throne, he found the condition of affairs in Babylon more critical and requiring his immediate attention more than that of any other portion of his dominion. It took several years to re-cover Babylon to the Assyrian Empire. Not until then was he able to turn his attention to the western provinces and set himself to the task of placing matters there on a satisfactory foot-

First, the Assyrians subdued the other countries, leaving Hezekiah without an ally, and last of all, turned upon Judah. With an army of prob-ably two hundred thousand soldiers, he swept over the land, especially on the west and on the south, ravaging the west and on the south, ravaging the territory and besieging and taking the fortified places, gathering spoil and captives at every step. By force of arms, Sennacherib took forty-six of Hezekiah's strong-fenced cities, with the small towns which were scatwith the small towns which were scattered about. From these places the Assyrian king carried off 200,150 persons men, women, and children—together with horses and mules, camels, oxen, and sheep, after which he caged Hezekiah in Jerusalem.

After some length of time the king of Judah was compelled to ask for terms. He sent an embassy to the As-syrian king at Lachish with these words, "I have offended; remove from me; that which thou puttest upon me I will bear." The reply which he received seemed favorable. Then HezeKiah not only sent the sum Sennacherib required, but an additional present besides. After that the Assyrian king returned to Nineveh with his spoil. From the record, that heathen king appears very pleased with himself, thinking he had wholly crushed the dangerous rebellion which had threatened his national power in southwestern Asia.

Although Sennacherib had brought under subjection the kingdom of Judah, he failed to know the power of Hezekiah's God. It appears that he thought himself the greatest king on the large ways to far as to say earth. He even went so far as to say no God could save Judah out of his

PERHAPS A REVIEW of the righteous reign of King Hezekiah and the manner in which he led his nation back to God would be helpful here. Hezekiah was twenty-five years of age when he became king of Judah. Of all the kings who ruled over the kingdom after its separation from Israel, he is the most remarkable. Even the interest attached to the history of the separate kingdom culminated in him. Hezekiah was a statesman, a warrior, a poet, an antiquarian, an en-gineer, and a leader of a most impor-tant religious movement. At that early date, Judah seemed to be at a point of dissolution. It was to this king that the nation owed her recovery, which gave her a fresh lease of life and enabled her to outlive her sister kingdom (Israel) by nearly a century and a

The very first year Hezekiah became king he had the doors of the Temple opened and hired workmen to repair the building. The renovation of the building had been neglected so long until it had almost fallen into decay. Hezekiah also summoned the decay. Hezekiah also summoned the priests and Levites, assembled them in the open space east of the Temple, and said to them, "Listen, O Levites; purify yourselves and purify the temple of the God of your fathers by removing the filth from the sacred shrine." The priests and Levites were the proper ones for the king to call on for this duty—they were in charge of the sacred matters, and would naturally be the ones supposed to sanctify the Temple. the Temple.

Hezekiah and his people should have been able to look back at their fathers with pride and joy, telling how they had taught them to live for God and to put their trust in Him. Instead of that, they were compelled to restor things destroyed by their fathers, an to correct that which their father had wronged. The king said, "Our fa thers have erred in the sight of God They have shandoned God; they have They have abandoned God; they hav ignored his dwelling place, and turne their backs upon him." But this right eous leader did not stop there. He di-something about it!

The idolatry of the former genera tion had been so complete that th doors of the Temple had been locked Even the lamps of incense had been extinguished, leaving the Holy Plac desolate. As punishment for this evi in Judah, God permitted the Israel ites, who had not at that time been taken captive by Assyria, to kill and destroy many of the men of Judah it battle. In one day the armies of Israe had killed 120,000 soldiers of Judah The northern kingdom had also taker 200,000 men, women, and children of Judah to Samaria with them as cap

King Hezekiah had the Temple opened as in former days. The idole were taken away, the altar made holy to the Lord, and the daily offering placed upon it. The priests lighted the lamps in the Holy Place and stood before the golden altar offering incorporate. fore the golden altar offering incense The Levites, dressed in their robes sang the psalms of David, while the silver trumpets made music. The people came up to worship in the Temple as they had not come in many years. The Lord was pleased with all this and blessed Judah.

For some length of time the Feast of the Passover had not been kept King Hezekiah sent messengers throughout all Judah requesting the people to come up to Jerusalem to worship the Lord in this feast. Since it took sixteen days to cleanse the Temple and the regular time for the Passover was the fourteenth day of the first month, the king chose the fourteenth day of the second month for his feast. He sent men through the land of Israel to invite them, also, to come up with their brothers of Judah. Most of the people in Israel had become worshipers of idols; hence, they had forgotten God's law.

The response made to this appeal was not very hearty, nor very general, but still the appeal succeeded to a certain extent. As Hezekiah's messengers passed from city to city through the country of Ephraim and Manas-seh, even unto Zebulun, they were for the most part treated with derision.

"Nothing can make a man truly great but being truly good and partaking of God's holiness," Matthew Henry.

Judah's Wost GODLY KING

By GENEVA CARROLL

Illustrated by CHLOE STEWART

Hexekioh took the letter which Sennacherib hod sent to him into the house of the Lord and spread it out before the oltar.



However, a number did accept the royal invitation. Each family roasted a lamb and with it ate the unleavened bread. Then they praised the Lord who had led their fathers out from Egypt to their own land.

After this feast, when the people had given themselves once more to the service of God, King Hezekiah began to destroy the idols that were everywhere in Judah. He sent men to break down the images, to tear in pieces the altars to the false gods, and to cut down the trees under which the altars stood. The king called upon all his people to turn from the idols, to destroy them, and to worship the Lord God. In this way Hezekiah led his nation back to serve God. A period of great temporal prosperity appears to have followed on Hezekiah's restoration of the religion of Jehovah. "The

Lord was with him," says the writer of Kings, "and he prospered whether soever he went forth." The author of Chronicles adds, "Hezekiah had exceeding much riches and honor."

UNTIL THE KING voluntarily revolted against Assyria, it appears that Judah had no wars to fight. Nevertheless, God was a bulwark for Hezekiah, and this king of Judah had no intention of sinking permanently into the position of an Assyrian vassal. The garrison of Jerusalem was intact, and he still had hopes of aid from Ethiopia and Egypt. It would seem that scarcely were the soldiers of Sennacherib withdrawn from his country, when Hezekiah sent ambassadors laden with presents to the court of Memphis. In his message the king urged that a strong force of horse-

men and chariots be sent to Palestine. Hezekiah promised that if this request should be granted, he would shortly renew the struggle. Perhaps he was received into alliance. At any rate he took heart and began to think and say, "I have counsel and strength for the war."

Before he openly revolted, news of these proceedings and intentions reached Nineveh. Sennacherib marched at the head of all his forces for a second time, intending to invade Palestine. However, since he considered Egypt his greatest enemy, he first pressed southward through the Philistine plain until he was stopped by the resistance of the city of Lachish. For a long time he besieged the

place without success.

While thus engaged, Sennacherib sent a threatening message to Hezekiah. Perhaps he thought he would frighten the king into surrender. Accordingly, he sent three of his chief officers, accompanied by a strong escort, to the Jewish capital. The Rabshakeh, who could speak Hebrew, took

shakeh, who could speak Hebrew, took the word. Standing near the wall on the north side of the city, he addressed, in a loud voice, the deputies whom Hezekiah had sent to meet him. In a scathing speech, wherein pride, disdain, and irony were skillfully blended, he sought to impress those who heard him with a sense of the irresistible might of Assyria and with the utter hopelessness of their cause.

Even though fear filled the hearts of Hezekiah and his people, they received the words of the envoy in total silence. Learning that they had effected nothing, the envoy returned to their master and reported that the king and people were inflexible.

Hezekiah took the letter which Sennacherib had sent to him into the house of the Lord and spread it out before the altar. There he called upon God to help and save his people. He had already sent princes to report the matter to the prophet Isaiah, asking that the prophet give them some word from the Lord. In those days God rarely spoke directly to those who prayed to Him, even if it were the king.

The message which Isaiah gave was very encouraging. The prophet said, "Thus saith the Lord, the king of Assyria shall not come to this city, nor shall he shoot an arrow against it. But he shall go back to his own land by the same way that he came. And I will cause him to fall by the sword in his own land. For I will defend this city and will save it for my own sake and my servant David's sake."

The Assyrians boasted themselves as being mighty men of valor. They thought their army was the greatest on the earth, but the Lord said that even the women of Jerusalem could defeat the Assyrians. Sennacherib's words had been directed to Hezekiah and his message had been an attempt to intimidate the king of Judah. In reality he had insulted and blasphemed God.

Just at that time the king of Assyria heard that a great army was marching against him from another land. He turned away from the land

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IGHTSEERS VISITING the Ford Motor Company and other automobile factories in the Detroit area are introduced to the assembly line and allowed to witness the assembling of automobiles. They will see the unsightly chassis swung into position on a conveyor. As the chassis progresses along the conveyor, workmen on either side add various parts to it, making adjustments here and there, until at last it emerges from the assembly line, under its own power, a finished product.

After a tour through the Ford plant one day, it occurred to me that all of us are on the assembly line. Eventually we will be finished and leave, ready for an eternity of happiness or

woe.

and in a few short months she had taught me her language and enabled me to communicate with others.

My parents taught my tiny hands to work and to be useful. Then they gave to me the knowledge of God, who had so loved me that He had given His only begotten Son to die on the cross—the just for the unjust—that He might bring us to God. At a very early age I learned I was a sinner. When I could scarcely lisp a few words, my parents taught me to pray, "Our Father which art in heaven," and "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Our home wasn't a rich one. In fact, we never seemed to possess quite enough of the necessities of life, but it was a great workshop. As the days stretched into months and years, from

debtedness to them.

My parents introduced me to the Church of God in early infancy. I cannot recall a time when I did not attend Sunday School and worship at the house of God. Even though many may be unwilling to admit it, I proudly acknowledge my debt to the Church.

Although I learned early in life about God and prayer, the Church watered the little seed so tenderly sown in my young heart and brought me to the point of a dynamic conversion. The Spirit of God came into my heart, for I was born anew and from above. I became a new creation, a son of God, created in Christ Jesus into true holiness. All the other labor expended on me eventually would have proved a loss without this crowning

"Life is a quarry, out of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character," Goethe.

Life's ASSEMBLY LINE

Illustrated by CHLOE STEWART

childhood through adolescence, new lessons were learned, new ideas and responsibilities added.

There were also disciplinary corrections designed to remove flaws and trends that might mar the product upon which my parents had expended so much love and care. So I was progressing along the production line.

Then one day my parents bought me a book and a slate and sent me down the road to the public school. This was the beginning of a long period of wearisome, toilsome training. Each schoolteacher acted as a workman on the assembly line. How he did work on me with his unsavory assignments of multiplication tables, rules of grammar, musty old history, geography, and other studies unlimited.

Sometimes they used persuasive means of pounding it into me. But each of these teachers added something to me. I am in no position to boast of originality, since I came into the world with nothing. I am somewhat of a composite of all the things my parents, the schoolteachers, and other interested parties have made me. Many of those worthy workmen are long since gone, and my recollections of them are rather dim, but with sincere gratitude I acknowledge my in-

work of the Spirit. Certainly the Church plays an imperative part on the assembly line.

By F. W. LEMONS

The workmen along life's assembly line are numerous. It seems to me that all the friends and companions with whom we have associated have richly contributed to our lives. I should like to name some of them, but the task is just too great. I am eternally grateful for the faithfulness and love of a good and loving wife, and understanding family, and the faith of a brother in Christ that did not fail in adversity. There is the tolerance of another who taught me forbearance, the loyalty of some when others did not understand, and the confidence of a brother who stuck by me when he saw me fall against the ropes and sink to the floor. When my enemy said I was down for the count, his courage brought me back to my feet before the gong sounded.

I cannot forget the shabbily attired, unassuming little saint who gave no great offerings, but whose spiritual stature was sufficient to reach God in her closet as she prayed for me and my ministry. This has made a lasting impact upon my life. How often have these loved ones refreshed me. Life has been fuller, richer, and more abounding because these friends were

WHEN I MADE my first appearance in what I have since learned to be this earthly sphere, I was a tiny bundle of human flesh, only a few inches in length, weighing no more than six or seven pounds, yet containing an eternal soul. I was totally ignorant of my surroundings. I knew not why I had come here, when or where I should go, or what I might do while here. Furthermore, I was totally helpless. I barely knew when I was hungry and when things displeased me. Left to myself I could not

have survived more than a few hours.

The loving Creator, however, placed me on the assembly line in an environment most conducive to my wellbeing and development. He placed me in a Christian home. Although I was helpless and penniless and destined to be a liability upon my parents for many years to come, I soon discovered that I was greatly loved by them. They lavished upon me their very best. My mother held me lovingly in her arms, fed me at her gentle breast, and ministered cheerfully and untiringly to my every need.

My only means of expressing my desires and dislikes was a very unintelligible and usually discordant cry. My mother seemed to understand it. however. We managed to get along,



"The workmen along life's assembly line are numerous."

along the assembly line.

IN ORDER TO KEEP our picture true to life, it must be observed that there are those along the line with various tools—screwdrivers, wrenches, and hammers. Their appearance may be less encouraging than some of the others previously mentioned, but none the less important. Certainly we find the presence of the knockers along life's assembly

line, but seldom do we pause to thank God for them or to recognize that they, too, may make a worthy contribution to us. But "we know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

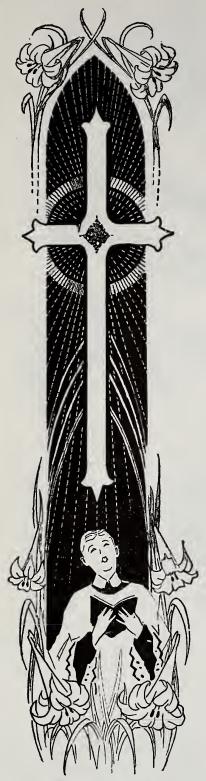
Perhaps all knockers are not all good within themselves, but the great Master Designer will work them out for good. There are those with little understanding who pound on the right and complain, "You're leaning

too far to the right." While at the same time another on the left hammers persistently and says, "You're leaning too far to the left." Between the two knockers I seek the will of God through the Word and prayer, and He keeps me right in the center of the road.

I have been on the assembly line a long time and am not discouraged

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EASTER HYMN

Arise, O soul, this Easter Day! Forget the tomb of yesterday, For thou from bondage are set free; Thou sharest in His victory, And life eternal is for thee. Because the Lord is risen.

-Author Unknown.

ARLY SPRING FLOWERS were in bloom, and the birds were beginning to greet the new day with their songs as Mary Magdalene, weary from a restless night, rolled from her bed. In those early hours, "The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre. Then she runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him."

Permit me to hastily sketch a picture of these two disciples, Peter and John, the first men, except possibly the guards, to see the empty tomb. Peter had just spent the three most hectic days of his life. When following the Messiah, he had always been one of the three in the "inner circle." It was Peter that night who had walked on the water; it was he, with the other two, who had accompanied Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration. Then had come the frightening night of the trial, and Peter had de-nied his Lord. He had loathed himself since that hour.

Judas had committed suicide, and the other disciples were downcast. The last three days had been full of gruesome hours for Peter. Amidst all the perplexity, however, his heart still throbbed with love for the Galilean, whom he missed so acutely. Then came the Magdalene with the startling news that the body of his Lord was not in the tomb. He was shaken from his despondency with the thought that if Mary's story were true, where was his Master?

John must have received the news with equal anticipation. He was still a young man and a very trustworthy and lovable disciple; it was he "whom Jesus loved." These two started racing to the tomb.

Both Peter and John ran at top speed. John, the younger man, "did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre. And he stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in. Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself. Then went in also that other disciple, which came first that other disciple, which came first the sepulchre and he saw and he to the sepulchre, and he saw, and be-lieved. For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead."

BECAUSE PETER had played the part of a coward and denied his Lord, it does not follow that he had lost interest in his Messiah. He ran to the tomb. When he reached it, John was standing outside, but Peter, breathless from laborious running, by-passed John and dashed inside the sepulchre and on over to the crypt. This was the same Peter—always ready to move toward Christ.

Note what he found inside the tomb.

On the cold slab there lay the grave-

Ordinarily to visit a tomb of death. But to visit Christ's

A TRI

clothes, bandaged at the end of the sleeves, the legs, and at the waist. But there were no arms in those sleeves! No legs inside the grave trousers! No body under the waist ties! No face between the product the waist ties! No face between the product the state of t tween the neck of the graveclothes and the turbin! He was not there! He had arisen! Oh, hallelujah! Oh, the joy that surely filled Peter's breast! His thoughts must have been retroactive to Lazarus' tomb, or Jarius' daughter.

As the sunlight of that Easter morn ing gleamed into that old tomb, a little ing gleamed into that old tomb, a little light must have filled Peter's heart. Hear him as he turned to the other disciple and exclaimed, "Oh, my Lord is risen!" He knew that no power other than that of the Almighty could have removed the body from those graveclothes, leaving them undisturbed, like the shell of the chrysalis after the butterfly has emerged.

Then came John into the tomb.

after the butterfly has emerged.

Then came John into the tomb. With my mind's eye I can see him and Peter now. Together they stand and in silence view the cold marble slab. John surveyed the empty graveclothes "and he believed." Sure, they believed! How could they doubt? The proof was before them. If you and I had been in that tomb that resurrection morning, we, too, would have believed. Those two disciples believed, even though they did not understand, "for as yet they knew not the scripture that he must arise from the dead."

THE MODE OF burial in the Eastern countries in Christ's day the Eastern countries in Christ's day is worthy of note here. Coffins were unknown among the early Israelites, and are unused by the Jews of the East even today. Hence, when Christ's dead body was placed in the tomb, it was laid upon the crypt, or marble slab, in only its graveclothes. The graveclothes, probably similar to the fashion worn in life, were swathed and fastened with bandages, the head being covered separately.

Spices were used when the means

Spices were used when the means could be commanded. A portion of these was burned in honor of the de-ceased. Jesus' body was thus prepared for burial, using a portion of the spices given by Nicodemus, who at first "came to Jesus by night." He was then placed in the tomb given by the rich man Joseph of Arimathaea, who was a member of the Sanhedrin and a disciple of Christ.

In Christ's day a sepulchre was

the heart-rending knowledge that a loved one is the prisoner realize anew that death has been taken prisoner.

TO THE TOMB

By REVEREND CLYNE W. BUXTON



Rev. Clyne W. Buxton, Pastor Lott Road Church of God Mobile, Ala.

either a natural cave enlarged and adapted by excavation, or an artifi-cial imitation of a cave. Sometimes they were marked by pillars or pyramids. Such as were not otherwise noticeable were scrupulously "whitened" (Matthew 23:27) once a year, after the rains before the Passover, to warn passersby of defilement.

passersby of defilement.

The sepulchre in which the cold body of Jesus lay was a tomb in a garden near Calvary. It was hollowed in the rock and unused as yet, for it was the Arimathaean's "own new tomb." Since Joseph of Arimathaea was a rich man, the tomb which he had prepared for his own body at death was probably quite elaborate.

The slab in this tomb, upon which Christ lay, had a small step at either end of it. A prominent minister and his wife were visiting Christ's tomb in Jerusalem a few years ago, and as

Jerusalem a few years ago, and as they studied it, the minister's wife asked a friend why the small step was asked a friend why the small step was at either end of the crypt. The friend answered that the Bible gave the answer, so the lady found these words in John's Gospel, "and seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain." Therefore, in Christ's tomb the steps served as seats for angels! as seats for angels!

MARY Magdalene stood at the threshold of the sepulchre while the early sun streamed in about her. But even the rays of the sun seemed as meaningless as the warble of the as meaningless as the warble of the birds about her. She gazed into the empty tomb, which was brightened by the sun shining in. But wait! Was the tomb really empty? Objects began forming on either end of the cold slab; they must be angels! Mary, her eyes dimmed with tears, seemed not to realize that they were celestial beings. But then she heard the voices of the angels, "Woman, why weepest thou?" And Mary, being a victim of despondency, still seemed not to realize that angels were talking to her. She gave the agonizing cry, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

As that child of God stood sobbing pitiably, Jesus, the resurrected Christ, approached, and His shadow must have covered Magdalene as it flowed into the tomb. Sorrowfully, she turned

into the tomb. Sorrowfully, she turned to her Christ, thinking Him to be the gardener of rich Joseph, who had come to work the spring flowers. She

said to Him, "Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

Mary was viewing and conversing with her risen Lord face to face. She was the first to see Him since His resurrection, but she recognized Him not. To her He was only a hired hand of To her He was only a hired hand of Joseph! Was it not so with the disciples on the road to Emmaus? To them their risen Lord was a stranger. In a sense, Jesus is a Gardener. It was He, the pre-existent Christ, who made the beautiful Garden of Eden. He placed the gorgeous roses, the lilies, and other flowers there. He is the Gardener, for He divinely cares for all the flowers in your garden and mine. Listen! Through His efficacious work at Calvary and His trip from work at Calvary and His trip from the tomb, He opens the gates to the Garden in heaven, where the fruit of the tree of life is free to all who care

to enter those gates.
When Jesus called Mary's name, she recognized Him. The name "Mary" meant much to Jesus, for that was His mother's name, as well as several of His followers. Also, the name of Jesus meant everything to Mary Magdalene on that Faster morning. dalene on that Easter morning.

LET US TAKE a retrospective look at the soldiers who stood watch at the tomb. They must have been somewhat dubious of their task. They probably had heard very unusual things about this Man who now lay a corpse on the other side of the stone door. They were keeping their watch, however, marching back and forth before the mouth of the tomb with clock-like precision, so that each with clock-like precision, so that each time they passed, it was directly in front of the tomb. But as the old Jewish Sabbath wore off and time became the first day of the week, queer things began to happen. They began to shudder with fear as light shone around the tomb, even though the moon had long been gone and dawn as yet had not begun to break. The event that was about to take place was signally epoch-making, and was to be pricelessly valued for all eternity

The earth began to quake, the evangelist states, and an angel came and rolled the stone away and majestically sat upon it, in benediction to the finished work of Jesus Christ. The guards lay upon the ground as dead men. When they finally came to themselves, they were very frightened. Isn't it in-

teresting to note that these two men, Roman soldiers and sinners, were the first to witness the resurrection! The Lord came to save sinners. He dined with them and always helped them. And on that Easter morn sinners, not saints, may have been first to view the empty tomb.

JESUS HAD ARISEN! He was alive. A little boy found a dead bird and asked, "Mommie, what's the matter with the little birdie?" "He is dead, Dear." "What is 'dead'?" "His little life is gone out of his body." "Mommie, will the 'dead' come off the birdie?" was the little boy's final question. Our Lord was totally dead. His tion. Our Lord was totally dead. His body lay cold in the dismal grave for hours, but on that resurrection morning when the Magdalene met Him in the garden, the "dead" had "come off Him"; He was alive forevermore. It is a glorious truth today—Jesus lives. Since He lives, all who will may live eternally, if they so choose.

My uproved one permit me to tall

eternally, if they so choose.

My unsaved one, permit me to tell you, in conclusion, of a great nursery that threw away a large pile of bulbs as useless. A man took one of them home and planted it. There came out of that supposedly ugly and worthless bulb the prettiest lily the man had ever seen. The sinner may be a piece of scrap lying unnoticed in a rubble heap, but Christ can resurrect that heap, but Christ can resurrect that dead life to a beautiful and useful one. Sinner, you are potentially a King's child. You were not born to die; you were born to live. Take a trip to the tomb; behold Christ's resurrected Being, "and Christ will give thee light." Amen.

OUTWITTED By Edward Thompson

The world cannot bury Christ! The earth is not deep enough for His tomb;

The clouds are not wide enough for His winding sheet.

He ascends into the heavens,

But the heavens cannot contain Him, He still lives-in the church which

burns unconsumed with His love; In the truth that reflects His image; In the hearts which burn as He talks with them by the way.

-Selected

... Happy Home Circle ...

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON



A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

God gave a child into my care,
A trust so great I stood dismayed.
That grave responsibility

Was given me to face . . . I prayed Oh, earnestly, that God might guide My hands, my heart, my feet, my tongue;

That I might not mislead the one Who was so little and so young.

And lo, the child was leading me!
Within his earnest lifted eyes
I saw the heav'n from whence he
came,

I marked his wonder and surprise; I saw the world as he must see The sun's gold light, the clear starshine—

All life took on a brighter hue

As I walked with his hand in mine.

"A child shall lead them . . ." Jesus knew

That this is oh, so very true!

THE UNSEEN BUILDING

HAT HAVE YOU been doing since I saw you last?" I said to a friend whom I had not seen for a long time, and she replied:
"Oh, washing dishes."

"Nothing else?" I laughed, and she answered:

"Making beds."

Life does seem to be like that sometimes. Just getting breakfast and washing the breakfast dishes, turning back the beds to air and then spreading them up again when they have aired, dusting the living room today and finding it needs dusting all over again tomorrow, and so on, and on, and on, in the same old humdrum, never getting anywhere—or apparently never getting anywhere.

But do you suppose we really are getting somewhere, after all? Perhaps life isn't as much at a standstill as it seems to be! All these steps that appear to be around in a circle within the four walls of our own kitchen—maybe they are really steps one after another on the road that leads to a brighter future.

ONE DAY NOT LONG ago I was looking at a canopy which had been temporarily placed over the sidewalk because a new building was going up right there. The canopy was necessary, of course, and pedestrians might well be glad that it was there, but it did make the walk rather gloomy. Moreover, the vicinity was cluttered with rubbish and looked very unattractive. It simply wasn't a nice place to walk, and, if I had lived in that city, I think I would have grown very tired of walking along that particular block every day, and seeing nothing but the canopy overhead and the clutter underfoot.

If I had lived in that city, I say, but I didn't—and thereby hangs a tale. I had come there on business, and was waiting in the outer office until the man I wanted to see should be at leisure. While I waited, I was looking out of the window, and it was a very high window. I could look down into the street and see this canopy, and see the people walking back and forth (probably very tired of the same old canopy and the same old clutter), but from my vantage point I could see something above the canopy which the people on the sidewalk did not see:

A beautiful building, nearly finished, and almost ready for use.

Life is like that, more often than we realize. The work of building goes on, unseen to the people on the sidewalk below. We walk back and forth under the canopy our heavenly Father has spread for some reason of His own which we fail to understand. We can't understand just why He does not see fit to let us know all about the building which He is erecting above that dark screen—but we don't have to understand. That is His business, not ours, and we can safely trust to His superior wisdom.

The stately marble building is going up, and some day the canopy will be

taken away, and we will see it. We will see beautiful traits of character which have been developed through our faithful attention to routine duties. We will see what a power for good this clean, orderly, beautiful home has been in the lives of all who lived here; and we will see how much happiness it has given. We will see our children grown to beautiful Christian manhood and womanhood, because we have faithfully and patiently taught them the Christian virtues.

THE BUILDING OF LIFE is going up—we can safely trust the Master Builder for that. The building of life is going up, and if the canopy hides it from our eyes, we must just have faith that it is there, and that we will see it when it is finished. Sometimes God lifts our spirits to a vantage point from which we can view His nearly finished work, but usually He asks that we trust His wisdomand the experience of saints throughout long ages has proved His wisdom trustworthy. The building of life is going up, stone by stone, even when we don't seem to get anywhere. The building of life is going up, but even this is not all. The building of life is going up, and so is the building we are to inhabit for eternity.

"In my Father's house are many mansions," Jesus said, but His next words seemed to imply that there were not yet enough. These mansions were all occupied, and more would be needed; therefore He said, "I go to pre-

pare a place for you."

Jesus is preparing for each of us a heavenly mansion, in which we are to live by and by, and at the same time He is preparing a rich life into which we are to enter in this world, as soon as our development reaches the goal He has set, and the humdrum routine may be just the discipline we need to help us reach that goal. This world, too, is the Father's house. Here He dwells in the hearts of all who know and love Him, and where He is, there is heaven. Those who have God in their hearts are in heaven now, and their heavenly mansions are being perfected and made yet more beautiful by every bit of discipline which teaches them to know God better and love Him more dearly.

Our mansions—for this world and the next—are now in preparation. If we don't see them yet, we will not complain; but look forward with the eye of faith, and then the days of waiting will be bright with glad anticipation.—The Baby's Mother.

... Helps for the Tempted and Tried ...

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON

THE ABUNDANT LIFE SCRIPTURE LESSON, Jno. 7:37-39

HEN DR. GEORGE TRUETT was at the University, there was a skeptic among the seniors. The students said: "He doesn't believe as we do; do all you can for him." One night he stood at his door and said: "I want to ask you one question, 'Is Jesus real to you? Can He help you?'" The Dr. said: "He is real; when my soul was storm-tossed, He spoke the word that brought peace."

The young man said: "I believe you and I will seek Him." The next morning at the close of his address he said: "Is there another man here who has found Jesus

to be real?"

The young man started down the aisle. A thousand men threw their hats into the air and shouted, then bowed their heads and wept. There was joy on earth and in heaven because another man found Jesus to be a reality in him. Is Jesus Christ real to you? Are His promises real and literal or are they figurative and unreal? How may we come more fully into this blessed fellowship with the Divine?

First: We must take time for meditation and prayer. "But I have not time." Oh, you are wrong. God gives us all the time there is and expects us to use it to the best advantage. Luther could not get through a busy day without rising early and giving from two to three hours

to praver.

Second: If we would know the exquisite joy of fellowship with Jesus, we must fellowship with those who love Jesus. Our companionships influence us very vitally. God reveals His secrets from one to another. We can learn from one who walks with God more than we can learn in any other way.

AMANDA SMITH WAS a slave before the

war; after it she earned her living at the washtub. She was converted at a street meeting and sanctified under the preaching of John Inskip, then became a world-wide evangelist, though not able to read or write. The crowned heads of Europe sat at her feet for spiritual instruction. At the General Conference at Cincinnati, the whole august body rose to their feet and gave her an ovation. Led to the platform, she thrilled the bishops and delegates, and she was the peer of any of them in spiritual things. I would sit at the feet of the blackest African I ever saw if by doing so I could learn to know Jesus better.

Third: We must love and study the Bible. We cannot know Jesus, the Living Word, unless we know the Bible, the written Word. The Bible tells God's way to us and our way to Him. The neglect of the Bible among Christians is the secret of the low tide of spirituality.

Fourth: We must set our faces against all forms of evil. Sin separates us from God. It shuts us out of heaven. There is no gaining admittance into the secret place of felicity without going through the strait gate of purity. Holiness and happiness are so joined that God will never suffer them to be separated. Sin, both actual and inbred, is the work of the devil which Jesus came to destroy.

What all Christians need is: a deeper crucifixion; a thorough illumination of the Spirit; an eclipse of the world and a deeper humility.

When we come into this fellowship our hearts will be cleaned and our vision will be cleared.

"Yea only as the heart is clean Will larger vision yet be mine, For mirrored in its depths Are seen, the things divine."

Those trees who have their lower boughs of activity on earth have their top branches of hope in heaven. Oh, the joy and blessedness of this fellowship. This is the life that grows more abundant every day, full of exquisite charm, rapturous delight, transporting vision, and celestial rayishment.

"MY YOKE IS EASY" Lucile Enlow

Most christians are carrying heavy loads which God never intended that they should carry. These unnecessary burdens keep us from bearing the ones we ought to bear, the prayer-burdens of the heart of God. And so long as we are tugging at the Lord's side of the yoke, we are hindering the perfect teamwork to which He invites us. It is our side of the yoke that is

easy. He will bear the burden and the heat of the day.

With a delightful sense of freedom, I have come to realize, in fact, that I have only my half of any bargain to keep. For years I tried to keep both, but now I am concerning myself only with what is required of me. I am the one who may not be faithful. God can be depended upon.

So when He says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," I will simply come. With my eyes upon the One altogether lovely, my heart aglow with the light of His countenance, I will come unto Him. He gives rest.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass." How often have I "committed" a (Continued on page 23)

STEP BY STEP

"As thou goest, step by step, I will open up the way before thee," Prov. 4:12. (Heb. Translation)

Child of my love, fear not the unknown morrow, Dread not the new demand life makes of thee; Thy ignorance doth hold no cause for sorrow, Since what thou knowest not is known to me.

Thou canst not see today the hidden meaning Of my command, but thou the light shalt gain; Wak on in faith, upon my promise leaning, And as thou goest all shall be made plain.

One step thou seest—then go forward boldly, One step is far enough for faith to see; Take that, and thy next duty shall be told thee, For step by step thy Lord is leading thee!

Stand not in fear, thy adversaries counting, Dare every peril, save to disobey; Thou shalt march on, all obstacles surmounting, For I, the Strong, will open up the way.

Wherefore, go gladly to the task assigned thee, Having my promise, needing nothing more Than just to know, where'er the future finds thee, In all thy journeyings I go before.

-Author Unknown.



EASTER JOY Daisy Conway Price

I, too, O Christ, denied you,
And felt the dawn-winds blow Cold and gray upon my cheek, And heard the cock's loud crow;

I, too, sat silent while the scribes With cynic wisdom tried, Buffeted, reviled and mocked, Condemned you—crucified.

But I have seen the dead arise, The spring wake fair and strong; And doubt has changed to soaring faith,

Despair to love and song.

-Selected

EASTER MEDITATIONS

Could I but climb up Calvary's hill At Easter time when all is still, And from Mount Olive steep high-

Spread my petitions on the sky, And could I kneel where Jesus knelt, And know the anguish that he felt, I think that God would lend an ear-And my petition clearly hear.

Yet mortal man would never dare-To pray—as Jesus prayed up there. That all the world through him might

Complete forgiveness for their sin-The angels must have stood in awe-At what they heard and what they saw

And when the last sweet word was said-

I seem to know—each bowed his head. -Alice Whitson Norton

EASTER DAY Arthur Hugh Clough

Weep not beside His tomb, Ye women unto whom He was great comfort and yet greater

grief; Nor ye, ye faithful few that wont with Him to roam,

with Him to roam,
Seek sadly what for Him ye left, go
hopeless to your home;
Nor ye despair, ye sharers yet to be of
their belief;
Though He be dead, He is not dead,
Nor gone, though fled,
Not lost, though vanished;
Though He return not though

Though He return not, though He lies and molders low; In the true creed He is yet risen indeed; Christ is yet risen.

-Selected

AT THE GARDEN TOMB A. M. Quick

They laid His body tenderly In the chill of the rock-hewn room, And left Him there on the marble bare Of Joseph's garden tomb.

I think they breathed a bitter sigh As they left Him there alone, And gazed once more as they closed the door At last with the massive stone.

For it seemed like the end of the world had come And every hope was fled, When in dark despair they left Him there Silent, and cold, and dead.

But they came again in the early light Of the world's first Easter Day, And the Savior fair was no longer there,

And the stone was rolled away: For their Lord had triumphed over

death, Over death, and sin, and the grave, And creation rang as the ransomed sang

Of Jesus, the Mighty to Save!

THE LORD IS RISEN John Oxenham

The Lord is risen! Now earth again Lifts up to heaven the joyful strain, Life-out-of-Death's eternal gain— The Lord is risen, is risen, is risen, To wake the souls of men.
The Lord indeed is risen
From out His earthly prison, And now, all kings above, He reigns forevermore— The Lord of Life, the King of Love, Life's loving Conqueror.

The Lord is risen! Immortal Love, That for mankind so greatly strove On earth below, in heaven above-The Lord is risen, is risen, is risen To show that God is Love. The Lord indeed is risen
From out His earthly prison,
And now, all kings above,
He reigns forevermore—
The Lord of Life, the King of Love, Life's loving Conqueror. -Selected

THOUGHT FOR EASTER

O happy world today if we could know The message of that morning long ago! There is no dark despair that cannot be

Evicted from the heart's Gethsemane; For faith is always more than unbelief.

And vibrant courage triumphs over grief.

-Mary E. McCullough (Selected)

TO THE TOMB Raymond Kresensky

This morning I went to the tomb To find the Christ. In the dull light of the room I sought the Sacrificed. In old rituals, in quiet forms, By old altars I bent Like one who warms His hands by dead fires. A sacrament Of beauty I found—the tomb.

This morning I went to the tomb and bowed Before old traditions, and dead. Outside in the midst of the crowd One man spoke with lifted head:
"Why seek the living among the dead?
He walks the road to Galilee Breathing the perfume of early flowers.

He hears the song of the birds. He sings In tune with men. The dark hours He misses the bird that wings Its daytime course. But in the night— His presence is the light!" -Selected

EASTER Lucy Larcom

Breaks the joyful Easter dawn, Clearer yet, and stronger; Winter from the world has gone, Death shall be no longer. Far away good angels drive Night and sin and sadness; Earth awakes in smiles, alive With her dear Lord's gladness.

Open, happy flowers of spring, For the sun has risen; Through the sky glad voices ring, Calling you from prison. Little children dear, look up, Towards His brightness pressing; Lift up every heart, a cup For the dear Lord's blessing.

GAIN IT IS the Easter season. As the full significance of Easter dawns upon our consciousness in its simplicity and gran-deur of reality, life takes on an entirely new meaning. Easter means much more than an assurance of "life after death." It means that here and now, this very day and hour, we have the knowledge that life in its fullest aspect lies within our reach.

It has been nineteen centuries since the angel at the tomb of Jesus declared to those who came to seek His body, "He is not here, but is risen!"

These words spoken by the angel that morning, this assurance of a living Christ, have given hope to men

down through the ages.

Webster's Dictionary defines Easter as a festival of ancient times held in honor of the goddess of spring or light, for whom it was named. Also, it is defined as the day on which the Christian Church celebrates our Saviour's resurrection, falling on the first Sunday after the first full moon that falls on or next after the vernal equi-

That defining of the word, Easter, as being named for the pagan goddess and epitomizing the spirit of the an-nual rebirth in the earth, could make it fall on any fixed date every year, as far as the Christian world is con-cerned, but the blessed Easter Day of Webster's second definition is that season in which the Christian world rejoices that the grave could not hold our precious Redeemer, that He burst its bonds asunder and came forth to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to those bound, to comfort those who sorrow, to give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

ALL OVER THE world the commemoration of the resurrection of Jesus Christ is observed, and the customs are many and unique. Some of these many customs may seem pagan to us and not in accord with this holy season, but if we will read the history of their origin, we will very readily see that they are truly based on definitely religious concepts.

It is shocking to those of us who have been born and reared in Christian America to hear or read of how some foreign peoples observe this most

holy of Christian holidays.

The people of Greece have a peculiar ceremony on Good Friday. A wooden effigy of Jesus Christ is carried through the streets of the cities. A great crowd follows this wooden effigy as it is carried from one main street to the other, and then the procession continues on to the designated burial place. This so-called "funeral" is to express sorrow over the death of Jesus Christ.

Ireland carries out a great program in celebration of this holy season. Throughout the country, old and young alike compete for a prize — this prize a cake. On Shrove Tuesday (Shrovetide being the three days before Ach Wednesday) fore Ash Wednesday), the Tyrolese farmers have what we would call a "case of nerves," for in all the rural districts of Ireland, the young people celebrate this day much as we do our Halloween. The youth even lead the farmer's cow into his kitchen garden, and finish the day by hiding his gate and hoisting his cart and wheelbarrow to the roof of his home. Then on Easter dawn, a great feast is held, and this feast breaks the Lenten fast.
In Mexico, instead of an effigy of

Jesus, the natives prepare thousands of effigies of Judas Iscariot. These images, all shapes and sizes, are hanged, beaten, and then burned on

this holy day.
In Spain, this day is celebrated in dancing, this being an inherited tradition handed down to these people who are such lovers of music.

Typical of the Lenten season is the hot cross bun. The emblem of the cross on which our Saviour died that dreary, dark Friday these centuries ago can be easily seen on the delicious top crust of these buns. There has been a strange superstition given these buns, a tradition handed down from olden times, and still believed by many, and it is that the eating of hot cross buns protected the home from fire for the ensuing year. Another superstitious belief concerning these buns is that the ground-up crumbs of one of these buns added to water was good for medicinal purposes and could be used for this the year around.

The eating of these buns on Good Friday really originated from the pagan custom of eating cakes in honor of the goddess Eostre. Many believe the word Easter derived from this fair

goddess of spring.

HERE IS A commemoration of this holy day in America, one that has become a tradition, and which we all feel is in keeping with this blessed, joyous time. This tradition, now nation-wide, originated in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. About three o'clock Easter morning, the Moravian Trombone Choir of this little town sends a message to the people round about, calling them to service. In just a little while, there in the old burial ground near the Moravian church can be seen thousands of people gathering. Just as the sun peeps over the purple hills that surround this little town of Bethlehem, all these thousands of voices ring out in glad singing, accompanied by the trombones. Thus, the greeting of Easter Day in this way and what we know as our Sunrise Easter Service was born. In different states and places, they may be held a little differently, but all of them are held at the rising of the sun on this blessed day.

Honolulu, for instance, holds her sunrise service at the "Punchbowl." This is an extinct volcanic crater, and since this crater, which is now a national cemetery, overlooks the city, all the people gather there for the sunrise service to commemorate the res-

urrection of the Lord.

Mount Davidson, in San Francisco, California, is a scene of beauty on Easter morn. The people move reverently up the winding paths of this mountain where at the ton stands a mountain, where at the top stands a mighty illuminated cross. Here with their heads bowed in worship to the King of kings, they greet the sunrise on Easter morning.

These services, at the rising of the sun on this Easter Day, keep us aware of the fact that the literal, bodily resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ is the foundation of the Christian faith.

HIS resurrection proves His deity, that He came from heav-en's throne, that He has the power to raise the dead, that there is life beyond the grave, and that His shed blood is a sufficient atonement for man's sin.

Other religions take their followers to a tomb and stop right there. Christianity, however, triumphs over the tomb and takes its followers to heaven's throne, to the very presence of the Creator, who makes His followers "a new creation."

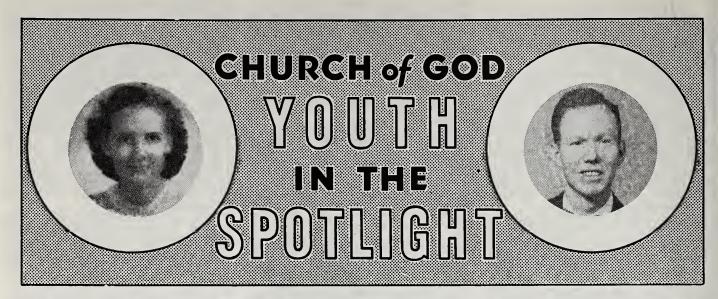
The miracle of the resurrection is related to every word and work of Jesus Christ. Calvary was the climax of ALL His teachings.

Doubtlessly, the most significant words ever spoken were those of the angel who said,

"He Is Not Here! He Is Risen!"

By KATHERINE BEVIS





Faye Singleton is a fine young lady whose simple inspiring Christian experience should serve to invite other young people into God's harvest field. She was born November 26, 1926, in Fort Worth, Texas. Faye is a graduate of the Fort Worth High School, the Elliott Business College of Houston, Texas, and International Preparatory Institute of San Antonio, Texas. She graduated as valedictorian of her class from I.P.I. While there in school she helped with Sunday School and Daily Vacation Bible School work among the Spanish children. She also served as secretary in the Latin American offices, and student-teacher in the school. One summer she visited the churches in Mexico and Guatemala to acquaint herself with the Spanish missions. Faye went with an evangelistic team to Puerto Rico in the fall of 1952. When she wasn't playing the accordion or preaching in the services, she was busy in the local church street meeting, in home visitation, or translating lessons for the summer workers' school. For the past fourteen months she has helped in campaigns in several of the West Indies Islands, where her life has been a special blessing to the young people. Since being saved in 1945 she has dedicated herself unreservedly to the Lord and missions.

Newel Crouch is focused in the Spotlight this month. Newel was born November 13, 1928 at New Home, Texas. In 1939 the family moved to Artesia, New Mexico, where he later graduated from high school. At the present he is employed as a Department Manager with J. C. Penney Company, Inc.

In 1945 Newel was saved and two years later received the Holy Ghost and joined the Church of God as a charter member. Before entering the armed services he served as Y.P.E. president, Sunday School teacher, and district Youth Director. He entered the service in 1950 where he served two years, fifteen months of which were spent in Germany. While in Germany he received a very warm welcome from all the Lausters. He also toured several sections of the mission work. In each place he was received as a brother in Christ and of the Church of God.

After returning from service in September, 1952, he has served in the capacity of Y.P.E. president, Sunday School teacher, and Sunday School superintendent. Recently Newel married Leota Cooper of Carlsbad, New Mexico, who is also a Church of God member. We predict greater things in the future for this young couple whose desire is to love and serve God.

By Way of Introduction

RLIS L. ROBERTS is the State Youth Director of Oklahoma. The birth of Arlis occurred February 13, 1928, near Fairland, Oklahoma. Later the family moved to Liberal, Missouri. There Arlis lived with his family on a good farm until his marriage in 1946. He married Nadine Gray of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, on Christmas day. Nadine has been a wonderful belomeet, for this young wonderful helpmeet for this young man. Her Christian life and prayers have proven a blessing to many.

Just a few days after their marriage, they found the Church of God in Pittsburg, Kansas, where they moved. Rev. W. E. Dowdy, then state overseer of Nebraska, came to Pittsburg to conduct one of the greatest revivals Arlis had ever attended. During this revival this young man reing this revival this young man received the Holy Ghost. Since then he has been a regular attendant of the Church of God. He united with the Church in June, 1947.

In 1950 the couple moved to Amaril-

lo, Texas. While there Arlis realized that he would never be happy until he carried the gospel to a lost world. On a Sunday night before Christmas, that same year, he surrendered his will and life to God.

Before entering the ministry, Arlis was employed at Fugate Meister Motors in Pittsburg, Kansas. There he served as Service Manager; later being promoted to Sales Manager. He also served for a time as Department Manager for Montgomery Ward at Amarillo, Texas, and Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

Before entering his work as a minister he served the Church as clerk, Sunday School superintendent, Y.P.E. president and district Youth Director.

Arlis did his first evangelistic work in Texas. From there he went to Kansas as State Youth Director, after which he entered Lee College in the fall of 1951.—There he finished his high school training and received his diploma. He also took courses in Religious Education and Junior College

at Lee. Later he attended a term at Bartlesville Business College at Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

This young preacher considers one of the greatest highlights of his life when he united with the Church of God, even though it meant giving up his own people and being disinherited and discounted by them. and disowned by them.

May 31, 1953, God blessed their home with a son, Herman Lowell, who has brought worlds of sunlight and happiness to his parents' hearts.

Lamentations 3:27, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

It is this preacher's firm opinion that the youth of the Church of God has the greatest opportunities in more unlimited fields than the young peo-ple of any other church. Ours is a ple of any other church. Ours is a great Church with a great future, and a great government and competent leadership! It should be the ambition of every youth to bear the yoke of such a great cause.

"The VARIETY Page"

Spotlight Personalities

The following names of young people have been featured in the LIGHT-ED PATHWAY spotlight since January, 1952, when the first list was published. Each name is given with the date of its appearance.

William Dewey Alton, December, 1952 Rachel Anglin, January, 1952

Laverne Barker, July, 1953 June Becker, March, 1953 Martha Blackwell, February, 1952 Doris Boumont, April, 1952 Bobby Brown, October, 1953 Sybil Butler, August, 1953 Stanley Butler, August, 1953

W. R. Collins, June, 1953

Allene Daniel, February, 1953 Daisy Denson, June, 1953 J. E. DeVore, March, 1952 Sara Louise Dunn, February, 1954 Wroten Dunn, February, 1954

Margaret Gaines, December, 1952 R. H. Gause, April, 1952 David Glover, March, 1953

Virginia Heil, December, 1953 Wayne Heil, December, 1953 Bill Heron, April, 1953 Joel D. Hobbs, January, 1953 Sylvia Mae Hughes, November, 1953

Oneta Johnson, October, 1952 Ruth Kinsolving Johnson, March, 1952 Ruth Joplin, August, 1952

Bobbie Mae Lauster, November, 1952 John E. Lemons, February, 1953

Wayne McAfee, May, 1952 E. Lamar McDaniel, January, 1952 Bernice Hand McKelvey, April, 1953 Roosevelt Miller, September, 1952 Alene Moore, September, 1953 Raymond Morris, February, 1952

Virgil E. Nettles, September, 1953 Harvey A. Norman, June, 1952 Ruby Kinsolving Norman, June, 1952

Mary Daniel Platt, January, 1954 Lacy D. Powell, July, 1952 Doris Greene Powers, October, 1953 William H. Pratt, August, 1952

Esther Reynolds, January, 1953 Morris Riggs, November, 1952 Charles Rosson, January, 1954

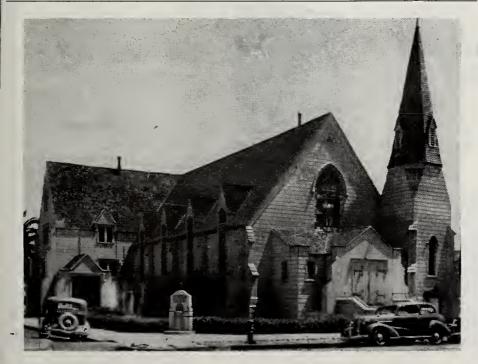
Paul S. Shoemaker, July, 1953 Jean Suleiman, July, 1952

Wanda June Thomas, March, 1954 Bennie Triplett, October, 1952

Adina Vaught, September, 1952

Lucille Settle Walker, May, 1952 Edward L. Williams, March, 1954 Jim Winters, November, 1953 James E. Wynes, May, 1953

Clara Vik Yecha, May, 1953





In a recent drive to raise money on a new church, the Y.P.E. of the Copeland Church of God, held a contest in which eight contestants competed for the crown of "Miss Y.P.E." The contestant getting the largest amount of money in the six weeks' contest was crowned on Christmas Eve as the climax of our Christmas program.

Pictured in the center with her escort, Douglas Rigney, is the winner, Catherine Cooper, who brought in \$64.00. Voncille Rigney, right, won second place with \$48.00, and Imogene McRae, left, won third place with \$47.00. During this contest we raised \$167.00 to be paid on our new church. The contestants are to be commended for their good work. We have a wonderful group of young people who are ready and willing to do their part in the Church.

As president of the class for three years, I have thoroughly enjoyed my work with this group. They have really been a blessing to me.—Daisy Jordan, president of Y.P.E., Rt. 2, Millry, Ala.

ONE TREE, ONE CHURCH Enola Chamberlin

More than half a century ago, Rufus Murray felled a redwood tree in the grove at the lower end of the California Sequois forest. He sawed 78,000 feet of lumber from the one huge log. About 57,000 feet of this was good building material. The remainder made forty cords of wood. With the lumber from this one tree, a church was built on B Street in Santa Rosa, Calif.

The Church, Gothic in design, is fifty-six feet long, thirty-seven feet wide and thirty-two feet high. It is sixtynine feet to the top of the spire. The part across the rear containing the library, the committee rooms, and the chapel with space for the Sunday School, is thirty feet by forty feet.

Bob Ripley of "Believe It or Not" fame, planned to move the church to a location where it could be preserved for future generations.

Easter Morn Is Wake-Up Time

By MONNA GAY



ANDY HAD NEVER in her young life been up quite so early. Shivering into her clothes in the grey light she hurried downstairs where Nan was ready and waiting

for her.

This was Sandy's first sunrise service and she was excited. Reaching the landing that led into the dining room, Sandy heard the church bell as it pealed out its first sweet notes that Easter morning. Nan's voice brought her little mind back to the present, "Your gloves? Sandy, ladies ALWAYS wear gloves to church."

Quickly, Sandy tripped back to her room, and in no time was back where Nan stood waiting.

Nan was older and she had attended sunrise services before. She knew just what to do and how to act and Sandy wanted to be just like her. So, reaching hold of Nan's hand, the two of them walked out the door and down the path that would lead them to the church on the hill. The little white church that Sandy called "her church." The only church, in fact, that she had ever attended.

"How queer and grey it is outside," said Sandy. She had never seen the outside world so early before. It looked so dark, so different to

her without the sun's rays.

"Yes," answered Nan, feeling very grown-up, even though she was just twelve. "The earth is still asleep, you know, Sandy."

Just then in one of the shadowy trees a little

bird began to twitter.

"The birds are awake," said Sandy, "just lis-

ten to that one sing."
"Yes," answered Nan, "the people have awakened them as they walked to church this morning." Even then, Sandy and Nan were making a crunching sound as they walked over the ground that was carpeted with fallen twigs.

THE CHURCH WAS lighted with bright burning tapers. Sandy could smell the fresh spring flowers as she entered. But, ever though it was "Sandy's Church," it seemed strange and mysterious before sunrise.

Sandy walked very sedately down the aisle still holding Nan's hand tightly.

The two sat down. All was silent and still Then as they listened to the familiar story of the three women who came so early that morning long ago to the tomb of Jesus Sandy reing long ago to the tomb of Jesus, Sandy remembered how they found the tomb empty. This was the first sunrise service she had ever attended, but she had heard the Easter story

many times.

Sitting there, silently listening to the words of that first Easter story, Sandy thought how sad it must have been for those three women as they approached the tomb where they thought

they approached the tomb where they thought Jesus was lying. Then, how surprised they must have been, upon arriving at the tomb, to find an angel sitting there. And the tomb, EMPTY!

"HE IS RISEN!" they heard the angel say.
Sandy kept so quiet, but her little heart was just bubbling over with joy as she thought how the sun must have begun to shine that other Sabbath morning, just as it was shining now, casting its lovely little latticed patterns on the ground outside the church window.

ground outside the church window.

She also was thinking how the birds, that morning so long ago, must have burst into happy song, just as the church organ now pealed forth its glad notes of "HE AROSE."

Sandy joined in the singing. Her heart was very happy and as the service ended, the church bells again rang out, and with each chime it. bells again rang out, and with each chime it seemed to say "AWAKE! AWAKE! JESUS IS RISEN! AWAKE ALL THE WORLD THAT IS ASLEEP AND SING THE GLAD STORY WITH THE BIRDS. AWAKE, FOR IT IS EASTER!



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"AFRICAN DIARY"

(Continued from page 7)

Capetown and for days we saw no

other ship, and no sight of land. The weather was beautiful when we rossed the equator, and of course, all those on board who had not crossed hat imaginary line before were ini-lated into the order of the "Shell-backs." They had various interesting tems in the ceremony like a fresh raw egg massage, a lemon pie in the face, and walking barefoot on boiled macaroni. The latter felt surprisingly like worms when one was blindfolded. We all took our initiation in good fun, nowever, and a burly Scot and I tossed wo of the "initiators" into the swimming pool to finish it off in good style. The ladies were treated with more respect, of course, but the unfortunate crew members who had not been over before got everything in the book. We got along well with the passengers because we let them know where we stood as far as their cocktail parties, etc., were concerned. We were asked to take charge of the ship's Sunday morning services, and we did that each Sunday morning of the voyage. It gave us a good chance to preach the gospel to those people, and the meetings were quite well attended.

The first land we saw was Ascension Island, and a few days later we passed St. Helena, where Napoleon died in banishment more than one hundred years ago. Finally on a beautiful Sun-day morning we were told that we would be in Capetown in the early afternoon. It was Sister McLuhan's birthday, Nov. 8, so she had a great birthday present—the thrill of land-ing on African soil. From the moment we were told of the time of our landing, we stood on the deck and strained our eyes for the first glimpse of the land of our adoption. Our hearts were pounding as we stood at the rail with our cameras ready, and with mixed feelings and memories chasing each other through our minds.

(To be continued)

Next Installment: "Africa, Land of Contrast, Paradox, and Opportunity."

JUDAH'S MOST GODLY KING

(Continued from page 11)

of Judah and went to meet these new enemies. Then the Lord sent upon the army of the Assyrians a sudden and terrible plague, so that in one night nearly two hundred thousand of them died in their camp. The king himself hastened back to his own land. While worshipping in the house of Nisroch his god, Adrammelech and Sharezer, his sons, smote him with the sword. Thus ended the life of the boastful monarch. In this manner the Lord worked a miracle for Hezekiah and his people.

Hezekiah is listed as the best king of Judah because he chose to follow the Lord. He gave his attention and time to cleansing the land from idolatry and leading the people in the worship of God. Because of his earnest intercessory prayer, God even length-

ened his life fifteen years.

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LIFE'S ASSEMBLY LINE (Continued from page 13)

about it. I am confident that "He which hath begun a good work . . . will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ," Phil. 1:6b. There are evidences that He is doing a good work because, like Paul, His "working worketh in me mightily." I shall arrive at the end of the production line at last trusting that neither the Master nor I shall be disappointed.

He has placed me on this line and I shall not question His wisdom in the matter. It is all according to His eternal purpose for me to be conformed to the image of His Son. This process has begun already. When Jesus comes, I shall see Him as He is, and in an instant all remaining imperfections will disappear and "I shall be like Him." All of which shall be to the praise of His glory.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

(Continued from page 8)

the recognized church leader, and at the request of Parliament prepared a confession of faith.

Upon his deathbed he said, "I pro-fess before God and His holy angels that I never made merchandise of the sacred Word of God, never studied to please men, never indulged my own private passions or those of others, but rejoice in the testimony of a good conscience." As his remains were lowered to their last resting place, Morton, the regent of Scotland said, "There lies a man who never feared."



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(Continued from page 17)

pressing need to my Lord, and then set about trying to bring it to pass, if not actually, at least in my mind. Of course, I am not speaking of something that is up to me to bring to pass, but of the answer to a problem that only God can solve.

Why should I sit up nights trying to figure out God's half of the bargain?

Mine is to commit.



YOUTH REFUSES!" Earl Golden

INTRODUCTION: Things offered to youth today are numerous beyond description. It would be impossible to delve into the endless chain, both good and bad. Man must not be a negative creature but must have negative qualities and the ability to say a firm, "no," when "no" is the answer that is needed. We shall proceed to study the lives of some young people in the Bible who refused evil, thus hoping their examples shall inspire and strengthen modern Christian youth.

> LESSON I "MOSES REFUSES!"

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Heb. 11:24-26, "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompence of the reward."

INTRODUCTION: Moses at the time of our lesson was around forty years of age. He was not a young man as we determine age today but according to the age standards of the day in which he lived, he was a comparatively young man. This is verified by the fact that he lived to be one hundred twenty years old.

I. WHAT MOSES REFUSED

He "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter," Heb. 11:24a.

Every Sunday School scholar remembers the familiar story of baby Moses hidden in the bulrushes of the Nile River and found by Pharaoh's daughter. As the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter he was in line for all the royal privileges and nothing that Egypt afforded was refused him.

It is indeed a wonderful inspiration for modern youth to study about a young man who, with every advantage of royal position in his favor, said "no" to it all because he knew in his heart that he was not an Egyptian but of the royal family of God. As such he must sever his Egyptian re-lations in order to receive the spiri-tual benefits afforded God's chosen people. It is significant that today there are many positions that must be sacrificed in order to maintain our

spiritual position in Christ.

II. WHAT MOSES CHOSE

"Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," Heb. 11:25.

Moses recognized two important facts. First, he recognized that God's people sometimes suffer affliction, not because they are evil but because they are seeking to overcome evil with good. Second, he recognized that the pleasures of sin are temporary. There is no lasting pleasure in sin.

Young people today should recognize these two facts when they pre-pare to make life's greatest decision. They must choose between temporary suffering and temporary pleasure. Temporary suffering will be rewarded with lasting pleasure. Temporary sin-ful pleasure will be followed by lasting suffering.

III. WHAT MOSES ESTEEMED

Esteeming the reproach of Christ

greater riches than the treasures in Egypt," Heb. 11:26a.

The same spirit that possessed Moses must have possessed Paul when he wrote in Gal. 6:14, "But God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world."

Christian youth today should proudly sing, "So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rugged cross and exchange it some day for a

crown."

IV. WHAT MOSES RESPECTED
"For he had respect unto the recompence of the reward," Heb. 11:26b.
His respect for the heavenly reward stayed with him from his call at the

burning bush to his death on Mt. Nebo. Our respect for the heavenly reward should and must be our motivating influence from our justification to our

glorification.

CONCLUSION: If we will refuse as Moses refused; choose as Moses chose; esteem the things Moses esteemed; respect the reward that Moses respected; we will have God with us through life and in death.

THE CROSS AND THE CROWN Beatrice Hamilton Odum

SETTING FOR PROGRAM

At the beginning of this part of the service, all lights should be dimmed with the exception of a spotlight which is focused on a large picture of "Christ in Gethsemane," by Johann Heinrich Hofman, or some other pic-ture of Christ. A slide of this painting may be projected, if preferred. There should be no shadows or objects to detract from the single impression created by the picture. All selections are to be rendered unannounced from backstage, in order to maintain a worshipful attitude.

All musical selections, Scripture, poetry, and readings should be on the theme of Christ in the Garden. Be sure that they are thoroughly pre-pared and reverently rendered. The following brief outline is merely a sug-

gestion:

"In the Garden 'Neath the Old Olive Trees

Solo—"Alone"

Scripture lesson—Matthew 26:36-46 "'Tis Midnight and on Olive's Brow" Poem—"Go to Dark Gethsemane" (Christ and the Fine Arts, p. 345) "'Neath the Old Olive Trees"

Visualized sermonette Invitation hymn—"I Gave My Life for Thee"

At the time for the visualized sermonette, another light may guide the attention of the audience to the speaker. Be careful not to destroy the sacred atmosphere that prevails. The sermonette is not a different part of the service. A smooth transition from the picture iself, to the follow-up in the lesson, is essential.

The speaker will have prepared in advance, a black cup (painted or covered with black paper), a miniature cross, and a golden crown fastened by a red cord several inches long, to the cross. The cross and crown are to be placed in the cup until time for their appearance in the lesson.

SERMONETTE

Christ, as He prayed in the Garden, was in great agony because upon His shoulders rested the weight of the sin of the world. He, the Man of sorrows, was to become sin for us that we, through His sacrificial death, might have eternal life. In this dark hour, human sympathy failed Him—even the three closest disciples were unable such with Him while He prayed. Such suffering! (Luke 22:44) as He asked the Father that if it could be His will, to let the cup pass from Him. But His obedience to God was made manifest when he prayed, "Not my will, but Thine be done" (Luke 29:42).

This block cup represent the cup of

This black cup represents the cup of death which Christ submissively drank. (Hold up cup for audience to view.) It is not a beautiful cup to look upon; but neither was the cup of death to be desired. Christ drank of the cup, however, tasting death on the cross for all men (Hebrews 2:9). (Take the cross flow the cup, leaving

the crown concealed.)

The sinless Christ became our substitute, shedding His blood on Calvary, because without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin (Hebrews 9:22). We are not only saved, but are also kept through the power of His blood. This red cord represents the bloodline in a Christian's life from the time of the salvation until we see our Lord face to face. How wonderful it is to know that Christ loved us enough to die for us, and His blood covers every sin!

Our Christ, when He was crucified, was placed in a tomb. But the grave could not hold Him! On the third day He rose triumphantly, and is now seated at the right hand of the Father, making intercession for us. One day He is coming back to claim His own, and for a thousand years we shall reign as kings and priests, with Him who has been crowned King of kings and Lord of lords. (Display the crown, and speak as the Spirit leads you.)

What are you doing with this Man who is called Christ? Is He an Honored Guest in your life, or have you

spurned His grace and refused to crown Him as Lord of your life? He gave all that He had, for your salvation. Won't you surrender to Him now, and let Him rule in your heart? Listen to the words of our invitation

"I give my life for thee; what hast thou given for me?" Let it challenge you to answer fervently, with the

poet—
"Were the whole realm of nature mine.

That were a present far too small; Love so amazing, so divine,

Demands my soul, my life, my all."

A SOWER WENT FORTH TO SOW By Manuel F. Campbell

Text: St. Luke 8:4-8. Christ takes this simple illustration of the sower and makes one of the greatest revelations I have ever read concerning the heart. He gives the "whys" and the "wherefores" on the various ways people respond to the appeal of the gospel. He gives us an inside view of what goes on within the heart. He gives us a picture of the sower, the heart, and the malicious work of San Let us consider the four classic tan. Let us consider the four classified groups and profit thereby.

As we study this lesson there are four things which should impress us:
(1) that Christ desires our hearts be filled with the Word of God; (2) that only good, conditioned hearts will produce a good harvest; (3) that the sower is not responsible for the way hearers respond to the seeds of the Word of God that are planted in each heart; (4) that each person is responsible to God for the way he cares for the garden of his own heart.

SOME FELL BY WAY SIDE

In this first class we see the faithful sower casting forth his precious seed. It will be well to bear in mind that the seed is the Word of God. The soil is the soul of man. The sower is work-

ing for a spiritual harvest.

We are amazed at the reproducing power of seed. This is the wonderful work of God. He gives the tiny acorn the power to produce a mighty oak. Marvelous are the ways of our God. The acorn gives us an oak, wheat seed planted gives us back wheat, the corn, likewise, gives us corn. Each reproduces after its kind. The seed of the Holy Scriptures is planted in our hearts that we might grow in the im-

age of our God. In this first group the seed fell by the wayside. This represents a class that is willing to hear, but unwilling to hold the seed and give it a fair chance to produce. The devil sees the indifference on the part of this class and advances and takes the Word of God from the heart. Where the sower works, the vultures of Satan work, also. As Satan removes the seed from the heart he removes the possibility of a spiritual harvest. Notice that Satan has access to the heart. The soul of mankind is one of his big fields of operation. After he has defeated the soul of man, it is not long until he has his body. When the devil completes his destructive work the heart is devoid of the Word of God.

SOME FELL ON ROCKS

This class displays more interest in retaining the Word of God. The word was received with joy. This group gives very promising assurance of a fruitful crop. There are definite indi-cations of sincerity. There were signs that these professors would produce lasting good. The start was commendable. The most exacting person would agree to this. The profession was genbut there was no Christian depth. This class has a superficial faith in Christ.

The fault was that this group backslid because of not being able to endure temptation. Christ will not forsake His child, but His child must remember not to forsake Him. The same Christ who delivered us from the mire of sin, will also help us to successfully battle against sin. Defeat belongs to devils, not to the children of God.

Ephesians 6:13, 14: "Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness." There are certain things to do as a Christian that are bound to produce certain results. The adversary of the soul is crafty and deceptive, but through Christ, Christians can conquer. To sum it up, we can say that this class made a noble start, but stopped and became slaves of Satan. No gospel seed can produce on a heart of stone. But God can replace a heart of stone with one of flesh. Many need this wonderful replacement.

SOME FELL AMONG THORNS

In this third class the seed fell among thorns. No farmer would dare to be so thoughtless as to neglect the preparation of the soil for the seed. The soil must be clean of thorns and thistles. The ground must be broken and pulverized before seed could possibly be given a fair opportunity to produce. So must our hearts before receiving the good word of the Lord. The reason some have so much trouble in producing a Christian garden is the failure of removing from the

heart the habits that will eventually choke out the good seed. It seems that a sinful blight wrought havoc with this group. This class is choked with cares, choked with riches and the pleasures of this world. The greed for worldly gain became stronger than the desire to follow the King. This shows the result of neglecting the Christian garden to play with sin on the devil's broad road to destruction.

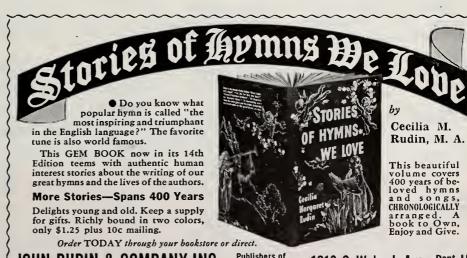
It is an ugly sight to see a garden choked out by weeds, but more so to see a beautiful Christian garden tak-en over by the weeds of sin. If the weeds of sin take over the garden, remember, the weeds of sin bear bitter

fruit.

SOME FELL ON GOOD GROUND

It is very interesting to note that the sower cast seed also on "good ground." The seed was the same-no better, no worse—than that which had fallen on the other ground. What was the difference? It was the condition of the ground. I call your attention to a great truth, observe it and let it sink down into your heart. Notice in Luke 8:15 these words: "Good in Luke 8:15 these words: "Good ground, good heart." Also, "having heard the word KEEP it, and bring forth fruit with PATIENCE." Patience is a Christian virtue of great price. To be patient in adverse circumstances is not always easy; however, patience has her rich reward. "Patience is bitter, but the reward is sweet." Many would be happy to preach like St. Paul; only a few would be willing to endure his great afflictions.

In 1 Timothy 6:11, we are admonished to "follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness." Patience is the willingness to work and wait. What would you think of a farmer who finished his planting on Monday, then returned to the same field on Tuesday of the same week expecting to harvest the grain? You would tell him to wait for the showers and the sunshine before he could reap golden grain. Likewise, we must work with patience and the Lord of the harvest shall see that each faithful worker will get his full reward on that great day.



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RAY HUGHES, General Youth Director

April Showers

"There shall be showers of blessings," Ezekiel 34:26.

PRIL SHOWERS bring May flowers" is an old adage known to everyone. The refreshing, earth-soaking showers cause the bare earth to don her cloak of green, the trees to drape themselves with colorful spring blossoms, and the flowers to pull the covering from their faces and again cheerfully greet the passersby.

With the songbirds tweeting out their lyre and the whole earth vibrant, it is a delightful time. But the Church of God youth are looking for a different kind of showers; that is, copious showers from Pentecostal skies. Ezekiel prophesied, "There shall be showers of blessings." This is our yearning at all times, but it is espec-

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN SUNDAY SCHOOL

Average Weekly Attendance for January

GROUP AA

GROUP A

GROUP B

GROUP C

GROUP D*

GROUP E

GROUP F

GROUP G

* Only three states in this group

19.416

18,046 15,816

14,766

10,082

6,443 6,209

6,009 4,752

4,600

3,470 3,196 3,112 2,415

2,705 2,362 2,098 2,083

1.866

1.269

542

709

403 341

332 316

299

> 55 25

North Carolina

West Virginia ...

South Alabama Illinois Michigan Pennsylvania

Tennessee ...

Georgia ____ South Carolina

Florida ...

Kentucky

California

Missouri Indiana Oklahoma Maryland Arkansas

Arizona Kansas

New Mexico

Washington

Central Canada Minnesota Wyoming

Montana

Oregon

Idaho New York Nebraska New Jersey

Ohio Virginia

Texas

ially so during April. Therefore, our goal is an evangelistic campaign in every Church of God during April, with emphasis on youth. Make it a save-our-youth campaign.

Merely launching such a program does not guarantee results, for it is God that giveth the increase. However, I believe God will recognize our efforts and anoint us to salvage young lives for Him in these campaigns.

Have you ever noticed the sun rays drawing water from a lake, river, or sea to fill the clouds with moisture for rain? I know you must have. Even prophet Amos recognized this hundreds of years ago when he urged Israel to "seek him that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth." It seems to me that this is the way prayer works. The Sun of Righteousness shines upon our prayers and tears, and thereby pours out spiritual waters of salvation upon the people. The most essential thing for the promotion of this program is prayer. While many have forgotten that prayer is the secret of spiritual pow-er, let us expend special effort in cottage prayer meetings, special nights of prayer, prayer chains, and times of secret travail for the lost. Times of genuine refreshing are born through prayer.

If the young people of your church would form teams to go after the lost and straying youth of the church, we would have revivals like we have never had before. Let us try it.

"Why hath the showers been withholden, and there hath been no latter rain?" Jeremiah 3:3.

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN Y.P.E. Average Weekly Attendance for January

	GROUP AA	
North Carolina		12,737
Georgia Tennessee		11.343
Tennessee		11,327
South Carolina		8,539
Florida		7,752
	GROUP A	
West Virginia		6,396
Ohio	·	4,446
Mississippi	·	4,198
Virginia		3,961
Kentucky		3,842
	GROUP B	
California		3,753
Illinois		2,609
South Alabama		2,268
Pennsylvania		
Michigan		1,538
	GROUP C	
Missouri		
Indiana		1,464
Oklahoma		1,373
Arkansas		1,336
Maryland		1,211
	GROUP D*	
Arizona		679
Kansas	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,	491
New Mexico		451
	GROUP E	
Washington		387
Colorado		
Montana	<u>.</u>	227
North Dakota	·	208
Wisconsin	<u>'</u>	192
Nebraska District of Colum	GROUP F	***
Nebraska	N. J.	118
District of Colum	idia	93
idano		89
Idaho New York New Jersey		
new Jersey		
Central Canada	GROUP G	
Wyoming		18

NATION'S BIG TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL Average Weekly Attendance for January

Average weekly Acceltuance for balluary	
Tremont Avenue, Greenville, S. C.	763
Missionary Ridge, Tennessee	576
Kannapolis, North Carolina	520
North Cleveland, Tennessee	509
Alabama City, Alabama	489
Lenoir, North Carolina	486
S. Gastonia, North Carolina	457
Detroit, Michigan	456
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	444
Middletown, Clayton Street, Ohio	443

NATION'S BIG TEN IN Y.P.E. Average Weekly Attendance for January

Missionary Ridge, Tennessee	535
S. Gastonia, North Carolina	500
Lake Dale, North Carolina	395
North Cleveland, Tennessee	374
Whitwell, Tennessee	342
Daisy, Tennessee	
Lumberton, North Carolina	325
Orphanage at Sevierville, Tennessee	313
Dallas, North Carolina	308
Commerce, Georgia	281
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NATION'S TEN LARGEST HOME DEPARTMENTS

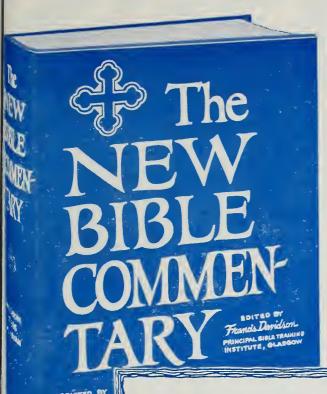
East Louisville, Kentucky	7,931
Pike Avenue, Birmingham, Alabama	1,415
Rock Hill, South Carolina	1,120
Glamorgan, Virginia	862
Lumberton, North Carolina	815
Hamilton, 7th and Chestnut, Ohio	755
S. Phoenix, Arizona	728
Robinette, West Virginia	702
Valdese, North Carolina	685
Chicago Ave., Arizona	650

STATES REPORTING HOME DEPARTMENTS

West Virginia	59	California6
Ohio	50	New Mexico
South Carolina	48	Missouri4
Florida	28	Maryland
Tennessee	25	Louisiana4
Pennsylvania	22	Arizona
Virginia	22	Colorado
North Carolina		Washington
Georgia	18	Montana
Michigan	16	Oklahoma
Kentucky		Iowa
Texas		North Dakota
Mississippi		Indiana
South Alabama		Kansas
North Alabama	10	Oregon
Illinois		South Dakota
Arkansas	_	Wisconsin
	•	******

	Since Assembly
CANED 40	
SAVED 4,2	
SANCTIFIED 1,9	49 26,797
FILLED WITH	
HOLY GHOST 1.5	19 20,893
ADDED TO	20 70,000
	00 1010
CHURCH 1,0	82 18,185
NUMBER OF SUNDAY	
SCHOOLS ORGANIZ	ED
SINCE ASSEMBLY	239
NUMBER OF YOUNG	
PEOPLE'S ENDEAVO	RS
ORGANIZED SINCE	100
ASSEMBLY	212
ASSEMBLI	A1A

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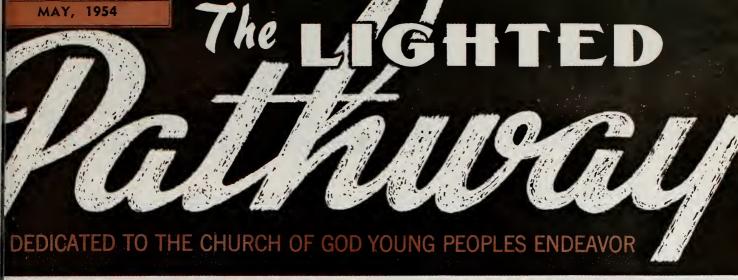
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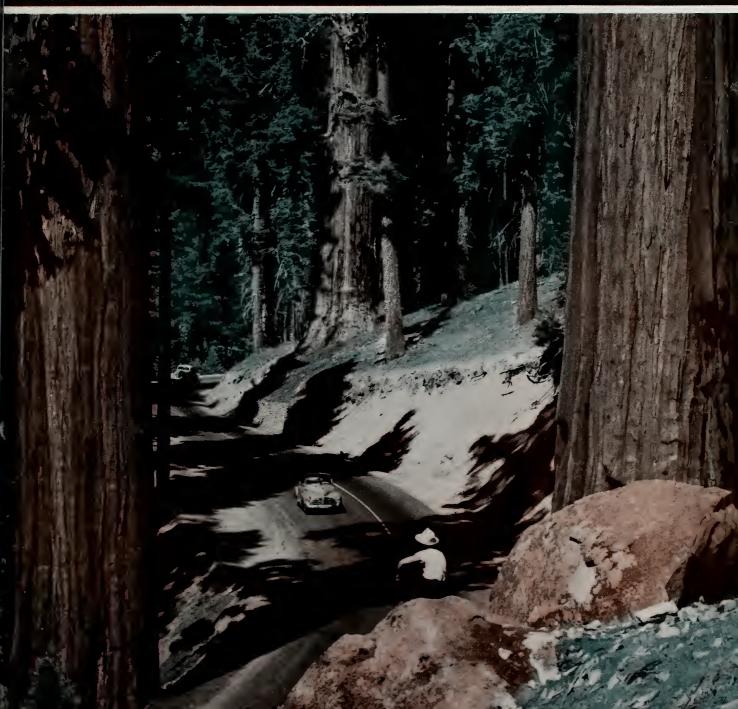
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My Wother

By Jane Taylor

Who fed me from her gentle breast And hushed me in her arms to rest, And on my cheek sweet kisses prest? My mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray, To love God's Holy Word and day, And walk in wisdom's pleasant way? My mother.

And can I ever cease to be Affectionate and kind to thee Who wast so very kind to me-My mother?

Oh no, the thought I cannot bear; And if God please my life to spare I hope I shall reward thy care, My mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and gray, My healthy arm shall be thy stay, And I will soothe thy pains away, My mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head, 'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed, And tears of sweet affection shed-My mother.

-Selected.

A Mother's Reward

Ona Freeman Lathrop

I do not ask that you repay The hours of toil and pain. The sacrifice of youth and strength Shall not have been in vain. I do not ask for gratitude But only this, my child, That you shall live your life so well

My gifts be not defiled.

-"THAT is my child!"

The nights I watched beside your crib, The years of love and care Will amply be repaid if once I see you standing there-An upright and an honest soul On whom success has smiled, That I may say with humble pride

-Selected.

The LIGHTED DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

CHARLES W. CONN Editor-in-Chief Church of God Publications

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The LIGHTED PATHWAY

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Thy Word is a Light Unto My Path"

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The Christian Home

Reverend WESLEY L. GUSTAFSON Pastor Evangelical Free Church, St. Paul, Minn.

N O T E

Notional Family Week will be observed in thousands of homes nd churches in every corner of the nation Moy 2-9 occording o information received from the National Sunday School Associon office, Chicogo, Illinois. In co-operation with this emphosis he LIGHTED PATHWAY is pleased to present this special feature inticle written specifically for this purpose by the Reverend Vesley L. Gustofson, postor of the Evangelical Church, St. Poul, Ainnesoto. A companion article may be found an pages 10-11 by 3ishop Leslie R. Morston of the Free Methodist Church. The complighter feature will be continued in the next issue.

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Joshua 24:15)

HE CHRISTIAN HOME is the most important institution in the world. That does not minimize the position of the church and state; they also have been ordained of God. But He places the home first

-in time as well as in importance. t is the foundation upon which all ther institutions are built; upon it he church and state will either stand or fall. What the homes are, the hurches and schools are—and the overnment will be. Every place where here has been a neglect of home responsibility there eventually has been a crumbling of the nation.

It is imperative, therefore, that utmost care be taken in establishing
and maintaining our Christian homes.
And for this tremendous responsibility
God has given us a perfect plan, which
is a most beautiful picture. Two who
know Him meet, they gradually learn
to know each other, take time to seek
the plan of God for their lives, exchange vows, establish a Christian
home. Then a baby comes. Prayer is
offered for the child before and after
it is born. The parents trust God for
it, but they know that its destiny is
influenced by them.



NOT ACCEPTING RESPONSIBILITY

UNFORTUNATELY, SOME parents do not accept that responsibility. They shirk it or shift it on to some one else. Parents who know the Lord Jesus Christ, who have the Word, and yet who blame the church for the downfall of their child, deserve little sympathy. The church has a real part in his training, but the home has the first responsibility; its influence is the greatest force in the life of the child. Neither are the mother and father excused who blame the school for their boy's or girl's delinquency. A child can be sent through a "pack of wolves" without becoming harmed, if he has been properly trained in his home.

But think of the joy that comes to parents who do

accept the challenge of guiding aright the destiny of their children. To see their child respond to the teaching of the Word of God, accept Jesus Christ as Saviour, take his responsibility in the home and community, develop a burden for the people around him, for the world, and desire to do the will of God (though there be a great deal of fumbling)—to see that spiritual development brings complete satisfaction to the Christian parents.

RESULTS OF NEGLECT

ON THE OTHER HAND, consider the great anguish resulting when mother and father are careless and prayerless—slothful in training the one entrusted to them. The child is disrespectful to his home—and oft

a disgrace to the nation. For the many thousands whom this child represents, twenty billion dollars a year is spent in penal institutions. Orphanages, jails and reformatories are filled!

There is little spiritual hope for any home until the father takes his place as the spiritual leader. Many Christians fail in this important matter. They have been so taken up with their Christian service—with the work of the church, evangelization of the community, of the world—that they have not had time to evangelize their own children. If it is to be done, they must do it. The responsibility is heavy, but it is also very rewarding.

Remember the Word of God: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it" (Proverbs 22:6). This promise to other generations is for us to claim today. God will bring unto Himself those who have had proper training. This is an absolute fact. But we can't

let the training go and and claim the promise. If I want my children to know God, I have to train them. Then I can trust His promise—He will take care of bringing each of them to Himself.

HOW DO WE ESTABLISH A CHRISTIAN HOME?

HERE AGAIN LET us look to the Bible for direction. In Mathew 6:6, the Lord Jesus tells us very clearly how to proceed: "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

In the first place, we must walk personally with God. No one can lead any person further than he has gone (Continued on page 22)

May, 1954 Page 3



AVE DODSON struggled desperately to free himself from the folds of his mother's gaudy red-and-white apron. "Why'd these old strings have to pull into a knot just now, of all times?" he gasped, yanking the offending garment over his head and tossing it into

a closet.

The doorbell sounded sharply for the third time. Dave knew who was ringing it, too. He had seen Sadie Ely and Lois Clemson coming up the walk. But no one—certainly not those two girls! — would catch him wearing Mom's apron and doing dishes! Not if

he could help it.

"Hi," he greeted with exaggerated carelessness. "Come on in, wontcha? Mom's not home from work yet. She's workin' late, as per usual."

Pretty Sadie smiled. "But really, Dave, it's you we've come to see."

Dave's jaw dropped. "Me? Why you

BEHOLD THY MOTHER

"Even He that died for us upon the cross, in the last hour, in the unutterable agony of death, was mindful of His mother, as if to teach us that this holy love should be our last wordly thought."-Longfellow

By CHESTER SHULER

Illustrated by CHLOE STEWART

'anta see me?"

They took seats on the porch glider. It's about our Mother's Day program. unday morning, nine-thirty. You

ee, we're going to --"

"Oh, that!" Dave sighed with relief. "We'd like to have all of our mothers resent," Lois explained. "All the nothers of Sunday School pupils, at east. Do you think you can persuade our mother to come, Dave?"

The boy shook his head decidedly. No. Mom works the late shift at the lant, even on Saturday nights. Never ets home until late. Then she has er cleaning and baking to do Saturlay night yet. She never gets to bed intil after midnight. Sunday mornngs, she's so tired we never disturb ier, which is why she hardly ever gets o Sunday School any more." Dave cowled. "I guess some old busybodies alk 'bout Mom 'cause she doesn't ome. But I tell you, my Mom's just well! Yes, sir, she's the best Mom in he world, that's what she is! An' I lon't care who knows it, either!"

"I'm sure of it, Dave," Sadie spoke earnestly, "and I am also certain no ensible person would say an unkind word about your mother—she's one grand lady—and we do hope she'll come on Sunday, if at all possible."

"Boy! How I'd like to see her there, oo!" Dave spoke wistfully. "I don't ike it that Mom never gets to Sunday School any more, but as I told you, she's just too tired to get up. No, I can't see how she'll get there, even this Sunday."

AFTER THE GIRLS had left. Dave sat on the glider a long while, thinking. How fine it'd be if Mom could go to that program! It would be for her-for all mothersand on Mother's Day, at that. That was the one day in the year when a fellow's mother ought to be in church or at least be free to do what she wanted to do. Yes, sir, this was just plain tough. Mom was a real soldier, though. She wanted to go to Sunday School and church and do lots of good things, but she had to work hard to keep the bills paid and the home together. Dave sighed, as he thought how nice they'd had things when his father lived. Poor Dad! Over a year now since he was taken away from them.

Dave went back to his dishes thenfirst carefully locking the outside doors. How he did hate to wash dishes! Why hadn't he a sister, like Tad Appleton, who had six of them, and didn't know what dish washing was? But then, Tad had no Mom; she had died when he was a week old. So that was tough, too. Dave guessed every person had trouble of one kind or another.

It was a beautiful May evening, and Dave went for a walk down the street. He met some of his friends, and soon they were having a wonderful game of ball on a lot.

"Dave! Dave Dodson!"

Dave heard someone calling his name. A small girl who lived near his house was calling to him. "Your mother wants you-right away!"

How time did pass! Dave dropped the bat and ran for home.

"Sure didn't mean to keep you waiting, Mom," he apologized. "Didn't realize how late-'

His mother smiled—the tired little smile that hurt Dave a lot more than a lecture would have. "I didn't wait long, Son, but I wanted you to have your food while it was hot."

While they ate Dave told her about the Mother's Day service.

"We are so busy just now at the plant," she said, wearily, "that my foreman has asked me to work on Sunday. I told him I couldn't work on the Lord's Day. Then he asked if I would work late Saturday evening, so I can't see how I can possibly go to the service, Dave, much as I'd like to do

NEXT DAY, on his way to Jim's house to borrow a book, Dave stopped in front of the church. Mr. Smith, the pastor, was busy placing his sermon subject on the bulletin board. Dave always liked to watch Mr. Smith, also to hear him preach. It seemed he just talked to the boys themselves, made things so plain and easy to understand-no big words, or terms they couldn't understand. Gradually the words were formed-"BE-HOLD," then "THY." Dave wondered what would be next. Mr. Smith selected the letters slowly and slid them into position. The sermon topic stood out brilliantly in black and white under the electric bulb:

"BEHOLD THY MOTHER!"

Dave had to go on then, but the topic stayed with him. On the way home, he stopped again and looked at it. "JOHN 19:27" had been added. "Must be a saying from the Bible," Dave decided.

At bedtime he looked up the verse in his Bible. Yes, Jesus had spoken those words to John, when Jesus hung on the cruel cross. Jesus thought of His mother even when He was suffering such terrible pain and sorrow.

Something like indigestion pains stung Dave around the heart. Poor Mom! Couldn't even get time or strength to go to a Mother's Day service. Wasn't there something a boy could do in these busy days to help his mother?

The text just wouldn't stay out of Dave's mind: "Behold Thy Mother." He socked a fist into his palm so hard it cracked. "Yes, sir, Mom must get to that service on Sunday!" He determined to do something about it. Just what, he hadn't any idea, however.

He knew that Mom would pray about it, if it were her problem, so when he retired, he added a bit to his usual prayer. "Dear God, please show me how to get Mom there. You can

(Continued on page 23)

Page 5 May, 1954

What a winsome and captivating word! What effervescent flow of inspiration has come from it! Under the spell of its miracle charm, fallen girls have risen from brothels to full rehabilitation in society. Wounded G. I. Joes, flown in planes to improvised hospitals behind the lines, have tossed on their cots, and under the influence of a blazing fever that momentarily robbed them of reason and coherency, made this beautiful word their vocabulary. Dying children have slipped into the palling vale of eternity without fear under the gentle pressure of a mother's hand and the sound of her reassuring words.

Guided by the strength and memory of a mother's strong character and indomitable will, boys have emerged from the lone room of a mud-chinked, earth-floored log hut, nestled in the folds of infertile hills, to direct affairs in the ornate halls of the White House and guide the destiny of the nation in hours of crises.

The person who coined the phrase "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world" really had something.

Yet, this sweetest of earthly names may be pulled from its pinnacle of honor into the slime pits of shame. Because she is responsible for world destiny, motherhood holds within her power the ability to bring disrespect, rebellion, and chaos to civilization. Perverse motherhood will produce a perverse generation.

Today is motherhood's most important time, for she faces the test of the ages.

IN LINE WITH the foregoing statements, let us look to God's Word. Since Eve, the mother of all living, has come in for more than her share of attention by past writers, we shall go on to others.

Notice the harlot Rahab. Many Bible students, feeling that the lineage of Christ must be kept pure by man's standards from Dan to Beersheba, complain that the Hebrew word has been mistranslated here, and that the proper meaning is a public hotelkeeper. They contend that the chastity and personal purity of Rahab were beyond question.

Although I sympathize with these fellows, the word harlot is properly translated, and the fact that Rahab was beyond doubt a scarlet woman solidifies the redemption story on the basis of repentance, faith, and works. It index-fingers Calvary and declares beforehand that this reclaimed Canaanite woman, who married the Israelite Salmon and became an ancestress of Christ, was prophetic testimony that "Jesus' blood can make the vilest sinner clean."

I am of the opinion that the harlot's mother was a good woman. Rahab respected her, thought of her safety, and pleaded for her life: "Now therefore, I pray you, swear unto me by the LORD, since I have shewed you kindness, that ye will . . . save alive . . . my MOTHER." Certainly she asked for her household's safety, also, but her expressed regard for her mother catches my eye as it must catch yours. I believe that a good mother's influence stirred Rahab to a recognition of her visitors' God and aroused within her bosom the resolution to shake off the shackles of shame to become a respectable mother in Israel.

Let's look at Hannah for a moment. Abnormal circumstances made her a barren woman and incapable of motherhood in a day when such condition was con-

sidered a great reproach. Her husband Elkanah had another wife named Peninnah who bore him children. This coarse woman mocked Hannah through the years until she became desperate, feeling that the continued love and respect of her husband was contingent on her power to overcome this obstacle. On the annual visit to the tabernacle at Shiloh, this godly woman asked for a son, and God granted her heart's desire. As soon as she had weaned the child, she gave him back to the Lord, to serve under Eli the priest in the tabernacle. That son was Samuel, who became the great prophet and judge of Israel.

Get a glimpse of Mary the mother of Jesus. This little Jewish virgin was honored above all women in her selection as the one who should present to the world its Messiah. I feel there was a strong divine purpose for a prenatal influence of purity for the human side of this Child who was born under the curse of sin, yet knew no sin.

We walk along with this little woman to Bethlehem, and the birth of Jesus; we go with her to the temple for His presentation to the Lord, and there witness Simeon,

Motherhood and WORLD DESTINY

By C. M. TRUESDELL

"The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother."—Napoleon

Illustrated by CHLOE STEWART

under the Spirit's guidance, take the little Bundle of divinity-humanity in his arms to bless Him. Then he warns Mary that one day a sword shall pierce her own soul, as the mother-heart in her assumes the suffering of her Son. We stand with her at Cana, as she confides to this amazing young Man, "They have no wine." Finally we stand with her and share her heartbreak at the place called Calvary, where Simeon's prophecy came true. Bowing in the shadows of her crucified Son, her broken heart was a mute parallel to the wound in her Son's heart.

I think that in the world's crucial hour its Deliverer paid tribute to faithful motherhood. It was a bewildering hour, and a bitter one. Friends and followers had betrayed, denied, and forsaken. Enemies had spat out their venom of hatred. Creation registered in no unmistakable terms her protest of the brutal and inhuman treatment meted to her Maker; but a suffering Jesus, suspended

etween two thieves, two worlds, and two covenants, took ime to make provision for the friend who remained rue. He spoke to His mother, "Woman, behold thy son," nd nodding to John the apostle said, "Behold thy mother."

GOOD WOMEN have always been a blessing of the world through their children, and bad women ave always been a curse through theirs, allowing for noccasional exception to the rule. So long as womans the channel through which man enters life, she will the greatest contributing factor toward his conduct no life.

About four hundred years ago, a cunning but diabolical roman obtained control of the throne of France. Her ame was Catharine de' Medici. She got this strangle old on the French monarchy while her husband was ing, and maintained it through the successive rule of her three libertine sons. Devoid of ethics and obviously nacquainted with anything noble, this lecherous and epraved old mother taught her sons the moral lewdness and debauchery that characterized their miserable reigns, ealizing that through their unconcern she could mainain a firm grip on the affairs of state. Consequently, he power and security of the French nation were jeop-



"If you would reform the world from its errors and vices, begin by enlisting its mothers"—C. Simmons.

ardized through the influence of one evil mother.

Likewise world prosperity and security can be completely undermined by the same sinister influence, when it has reached sufficient proportions to overbalance that of clement motherhood.

From the sixth chapter of Genesis we are told that the sons of God married the daughters of men, and from that union sprang a race of daredevil, overbearing, and violent men. Do you know why? Because the influence of the mothers was far greater than that exerted by the fathers. Under the oversight of godless mothers, it was easy for civilization to drift into final open rebellion toward its Benefactor, "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually . . . and the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth."

Will such conditions ever develop again in the world, and for the same cause?

I think so! Christ stated that just prior to His second coming world conditions would be as they were in Noah's day. Much of the world's population is dieting today.

as a consequence of overeating. We eat ravenously at mealtime and stuff doughnuts and coffee down at intervening "coffee breaks." The intemperance of alcoholic beverages is not worse than that of foods, so far as the effect on the body is concerned. In Noah's generation, the demand for food became so great that the enterprising Jabel launched a big cattle-raising industry to supply the market. Listen to the words of Jesus: "For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark."

People are forsaking God today, and civilization drifts steadily farther from Him. The result is restlessness and a guilty conscience, for nothing can offer the strength and comfort of a pleasant and close relationship with our Creator. To counterbalance this unhappy situation, the world seeks for amusement and the arts for temporary amusement. In Noah's day the world's demand for some balm, which would allow itself to forget its troubles for a season by plunging into revelry, led to the invention of musical instruments by Jubal to meet the need. Today the silver screen, television, the radio, phonograph, and most branches of the amusement field are all outlets for music. Conditions are increasingly as they were in Noah's day.

Two things have gone hand in hand down through the ages: building and war. The laws of nature require that there must be a building-up to offset the tearing-down. As violence and the love of architecture increased in Noah's time, the ingenious Tubal-Cain forged both cunning metal works and instruments of warfare, and taught others to do it. Today, with the world crying "Peace," we are caught in a vortex of violence, and governments are paying fabulous sums to scientists whose research duty is to develop more potent instruments of war. Pre-fab houses and streamlined building methods are the rage, and metallic ornaments are growing in popularity. Are things shaping up as in Noah's day? What do you think? We are rapidly being catapaulted into conditions parallel to those of that period.

Thank God for a few praying mothers today. They are becoming antiquated and obsolete. Ever-increasing numbers of women are joining the ranks of cigarette-smoking, alcohol-drinking, public-working, thrill-seeking, offspring-despising, mannish-appearing females, many of whom question the person and authority of a real God.

American Motherhood, you have made this great nation the stronghold and mecca for God-fearing peoples the world over. Now you can take this warning: unless you turn about face, YOU ARE SLIPPING! In the name of God stop where you are. Have the courage and noble resolve that have always made you a driving force for God and good. Step down from the band wagon of perverse female spiritual imbeciles and morons, and resolve to go on with God. You can temporarily thwart the devil's plan to destroy this world through godless motherhood.

Present-Day Indications

*Young girls, the mothers of tomorrow, are becoming a rebellious, ungrateful, promiscuous-petting group who have an altogether incorrect view of courtship. If they are not set straight now, their influence on the next generation will be disastrous. Parents, are you going to fail in your parental responsibility? Someone asked the old colored lady how she raised her children and she replied,

(Continued on page 22)

THIS IS THE WAY

By PEARL NEILSON

"The Christian life is not merely knowing or hearing, but doing the will of Christ."—F. W. Robertson.

RE YOU EVER PUZZLED as to what step you should take next? Do you wish some one would tell you what to do? According to the Bible and to the experience of thousands of earnest Christians, you can have such guidance if you listen

Isaiah says, "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it."
You never heard such a voice? Are you sure? Sometimes, you know, persistent refusel to hear results in the you sure? Sometimes, you know, persistent refusal to hear, results in the withdrawal of the message. You must remember, too, that we have two sets of ears—physical and spiritual. In all probability few, if any, hear the word with their physical ears or see signs with their physical eyes; but those who are in tune with the Infinite have no doubt that they have received guidance.

How? Suppose you pick up a doi!you with the suppose you with the suppose you with the suppose you with t

guidance.

How? Suppose you pick up a daily paper and read of bereavement which has come to a valued friend, or to a mere acquaintance. Almost at once you have the impulse to write a note, or to make a call if the person lives near enough. The word is not spoken audibly, but who can deny that it is spoken? No one in the room with you heard some one say "Write," but you realize that is what you should do. Your spiritual ears hear the command, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Your spiritual ears hear the command, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Again, you may hear an inspiring talk or a musical number which stirs your soul. Some inner prompting tells you to let the speaker or the musician know how you have been helped. Because a loud speaker does not shout the words is there any doubt in your mind that God has spoken?

We have no proof that any but Jesus Himself heard the Father's approval at the time of His baptism; or proval at the time of His baptism; or that those traveling with Saul along the road to Damascus heard the ques-tion, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" or the words which bade him go to the city to seek Ananias. We do not know just how Ananias heard the word that Paul was coming to him, and that he should receive him as a brother, but we do not doubt that the

word came.
You are perplexed as to what procedure to follow in a business ven-

ture? For one reason or another you may not care to talk it over with your friends and acquaintances, neither do you feel competent to make the decision alone. How can you know which way God wants you to take? Not by opening the Bible at random, expecting instructions to leap at you from the printed page; not by gazing at the sky, expecting letters of fire to appear and form specific words; not by any spectacular means; but by quiet, prayerful waiting on God. Undoubtedly you have passages of Scripture which have meant much to you on previous occasions. Read them again. Read them thoughtfully to see whether they contain a special message for you at this time. Rid your heart of all wilful determination to have your own way, all stubborn opposition to anything else. Pray earnestly for guidance. Remember the words of the old hymn you feel competent to make the deciold hymn

Take time to be holy, Still follow thy guide, And run not before him Whatever betide.

Even though there is a time limit on your decision, do not let yourself feel hurried. God knows all about it. He hurried. God knows all about it. He understands and cares. In the process of waiting you may want to take a walk, to talk with friends about other things, to go to church, or to listen to music. Whatever you do, let your heart be listening for the still, small voice. It will not fail! Study the matter from every angle, but do it calmly, ever willing to be shown what God wants. Gradually you will see the situation as it is, will know which way you are to take.

A PERSON'S DEFECTIVE vision can be corrected by the use of glasses. Everything is blurred, indistinct, perhaps invisible, without the glasses. You do not feel sure of yourglasses. You do not feel sure of yourself or anything else, but once the spectacles are in place, the world rights itself and all is clear. You do not try to analyze the change, to figure out what there is in that pair of glasses which changes everything in an instant, but you know the change has occurred. So with your bewilderment over other situations. Once God has spoken to your heart, your doubts has spoken to your heart, your doubts

are gone. You may not see very far ahead, but you know you will be guided, will be shown each step as it comes.

There is danger in expecting the spectacular when you ask for guidance, it is so easy to misinterpret. The story is told of a young man without much education or judgment who had a great desire to preach. All who heard him knew he was not fitted for such work, but he persisted. At last an old man with an understanding heart decided to talk to him. "My friend," he said kindly, "you can serve the Lord better in some other field than the ministry."

"But," the young man cried, "I had a message direct from God. I saw the letters P C written in fire in the sky. I do not dare disobey."

The old man rested his hand on the other's shoulder as he shook his head saying gently, "You were mistaken, my boy—you were mistaken. Those letters meant Plow Corn. You can serve the Lord better by being a farmer."

Had he taken his natural abilities into account, it is very probable the young man would have known without being told that the Lord did not intend him to preach.

REMEMBER how Philip was told to join himself to the eunuch, and how that conversation led to the and how that conversation led to the conversion of the man from Ethiopia? It is not likely the voice spoke with a blare of trumpets. The Bible says, "the Spirit said unto Philip." Philip was on intimate terms with the Spirit, and understood what the message meant. Are you? As you walk down the street or ride in the bus, do you ever feel a prompting to speak to down the street or ride in the bus, do you ever feel a prompting to speak to someone? Do you obey that prompting? If you are accustomed to hearing the voice of the Spirit, you will recognize it no matter where you are, and, recognizing it, you will follow its leading. There may be no opportunity to speak words, but a smile is eloquent, and many a burdened soul has been helped by a slight movement of the lips of a stranger in the way. Then, in addition to the smile. way. Then, in addition to the smile, you can pray—pray for those you know and those you do not know.

Frank Laubach, the missionary who has done so much to increase the literacy of those who sat in darkness, tells of throwing a cloak of prayer over everyone he meets. He has formed the habit of praying inaudibly for those he sees on trains, in cars—wherever he chances to be. The more he prays the more he wants to pray he prays, the more he wants to pray, the more in touch with the Spirit he the more in touch with the Spirit he is. He says, and it is undoubtedly true, that we lose many opportunities by neglecting to pray when our hands are busy with routine work. Surely, the person who has the habit of prayer will receive untold benefits and be able to pass on even greater benefits to others.

Form the habit of listening. Recognize the voice of the Spirit, and keep yourself alert to follow its leading. Only so will you be able to know you are being led. Only so will you hear the voice saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

A story built upon

A DREAM

and

A SONG

By KATHERINE BEVIS



There in a beautiful wild setting, he pictured a little brown church.

Illustrated by CHLOE STEWART

ESTLED SERENELY in the deeply-wooded vale off the highway, near the little town Nashua, Iowa, stands a little

To the many tourists from all over he world, it is a pine-covered scene of beauty. Here amid its rustic elecance, marriage vows have been taken by couples from many different counries, as well as from many of our own

Inited States.

There is always that additional something" in each marriage ceremony performed in this little church, which adds much sentiment to the service. The song that is used for each wedding is "The Wedding Prayer," the wedding is "The Wedding Frayer," the cle reed organ in the church, and the recessional always being "The Church in the Wildwood."

There is a beautiful drama written nto the history of this little church n Iowa, because the song, which has become so beloved by all who hear it, was composed before its author ever saw the little church.

ON A BRIGHT June day in the year 1857, a stagecoach pulled to a dusty stop in the little village of Bradford. A man in his last twenties stepped from the stagecoach and looked about him. The stranger to the pioneer village happened to be William S. Pitts from Rocky County, Wisconsin. He had made the last eighty miles of his long trip by stagecoach.

miles of his long trip by stagecoach.

Dr. Pitts had come to this quaint little town for the purpose of teaching singing to students who were home for the summer. As he gazed out over the countryside, his eyes rested for a moment on the valley below. There in a beautiful wild setting he pictured a little brown church—a church in the wildwood.

wildwood.

The musician became so inspired that he went to his room and wrote the words to this now popular song, the opening words of which are "There's a church in the valley by the wildwood." Now it was just a dream—a vision, and the words, "No spot is so dear to my childhood," were

pure poetic license. You see, the song had been written from this inspired vision of what could be—a placidly, nestled country church in the pinecovered dell.

Since it was just a vision, William Pitts tucked the paper on which he had written his dream song away in his trunk. There in the dark corner of the old trunk reposed the song, unknown; forgotten even by its author for the time at least.

Five years later William Pitts returned to Iowa, settling in Fredericksburg. There he practiced medicine, and to increase his meager income taught singing classes in the Academy of Bradford, during the wintermonths.

One spring day in 1864, Dr. Pitts decided to take his class to a little church. As yet there were no pews, but he found an organ on which to practice with his students.

During his absence from Iowa, a Rev. J. K. Nutting, with the aid of a few members had erected this little church in the wildwood, and Dr. Pitts could hardly believe his own eyes as the building came into full view. For there in the very spot where seven years ago he had looked, as he stepped from the stagecoach, was his dream church—"The church in the valley by the wildwood."

That very night he sang his dream song, "The Little Brown Church." Not only had it been built in the very spot he had visioned, but because brown paint could be purchased cheaper than other colors at this particular time and place, wonder of wonders, it had been painted brown.

There is in the history of the little church, a tale filled with pathos, but overshadowing all its problems, a faith and determination which merits be-

ing told.

Two years before that June day, when William Pitts had visited the little pioneer village of Bradford, the Rev. O. Littlefield had organized a little Congregational Church. Not feeling at the time that a building could be erected, the five devoted charter members held their meetings in an

office, later using an old store build-

ing.

Then two years after Mr. Pitts' first visit to the tiny town, Rev. J. K. Nutting was called to pastor the povertystricken members. With the promise of \$500 a year, the Rev. Mr. Nutting came to help out as he could under such difficult circumstances. That first year he was paid the sum of \$4.00 in cash plus corn, hogs, and various farm products.

DURING Mr. Nutting's pastorate there a miracle happened. The very spot which had been such an inspiration to Mr. Pitts on his first visit was donated to these brave people. Then a fine spirited citizen, hearing of the donation, gave timber from his land, if the parishioners would cut the trees down and hew the lumber needed from them.

The pastor and his faithful few started to work on their project. From their labors grew the building where Dr. Pitts had taken his class that evening for practice.

ning for practice.

The Rev. Mr. Nutting had Christian friends who were members of a wealthy church in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Too, the pastor of this church, Dr. John Todd, was a very personal friend of Mr. Nutting. When Dr. Todd and his members heard of the faith of these few, over seeming difficulties, they came to their rescue. A check for \$140.00 was sent immedi-

ately, and others followed.

Dr. Todd was influential in securing a bell for the little church, which was shipped all the way from Troy, New York. This trip of the bell carries a beautiful story itself, having been shipped from Troy to Dubuque, Iowa, then overland to Bradford. As the bell was brought along the rough, rocky roads, the attendants pealed out music along the way, and the people clapped their hands in Thanksgiving, for this was really a gift that far surpassed anything for which they had asked

Today this same bell hangs in the tower of the "church in the wild-

(Continued on page 23)

OME YEARS AGO J. Edgar Hoover declared that crime had so increased in America that our nation was then virtually in a state of civil war

with a criminal army of 4,-THE CRISIS IN THE HOME 300,000 active enemies engaged in "a predacious war-

fare against society." Near the close of 1947 he reported this army at 7,500,000. After six more years of recruiting, its present strength may well be near 10,000,000.

In 1952 more than two million major crimes were committed—an average of a crime approximately every fifteen seconds. This record surpasses all previous years, and is an increase of 8.2 per cent over 1951. But crime statistics of the first six months of 1953 predicted another record-breaking year. Well has someone said that America has "a perennial carnival of crime." And our annual bill for this perennial carnival is estimated at fifteen billion dollars!

The number of juveniles among the two million arrests of 1952 is staggering. In 232 cities of 25,000 or larger population reported in the 1952 Bulletin of the F.B.I. arrests of minors were: 13 per cent of arrests for all causes; 11 per cent of all arrests for murder; 35 per cent of all arrests for rape; 37 per cent of all arrests for robbery; 47 per cent of all arrests for larceny; 62 per cent of all arrests for burglary; 69 per cent of all arrests for car theft.

The American home is in a precarious state. Its decline is directly and closely related to America's crisis of crime. The increase in the frequency of divorce is the in-

DISINTEGRATION OF THE HOME

dex of the home's growing instability. Whereas in 1890 there was one divorce to seventeen marriages, now there

is one divorce to only five marriages.

Studies show that one-third of juvenile delinquents are from homes broken by divorce or other cause. J. Edgar Hoover asserts that the disintegration of the American home is the greatest single factor contributing to juvenile delinquency. Nor can we forget that juvenile delinquents grow into adult criminals.

But the home is disintegrating, not only from open breakdown in divorce, but inwardly through decay. Drunkenness and debauchery, immorality and criminality of parents are influences that corrupt the developing character of children. How often we read of small children, left in squalor and filth, without warmth or food, perhaps tethered to prevent their wandering; while parents, "without natural affection," seek their pleasure in a round of taverns and dance-halls.

At the other extreme cultured homes too often also fail their mission, in consequence of which a surprising degree of delinquency is found in the higher economic levels. Parents of wealth give luxuries to their children without love, and indulge their children without disciplining them.

In Mr. Jones, Meet the Master, Peter Marshall is quoted as charging that we in America have more money, cars, picture-shows, night-clubs, radio, television, crime, and divorce than any other nation, with the result that "the modern child is brought up in a decent, cultured, comfortable, but thoroughly irreligious home." This indictment, we should say, applies especially to America's socalled "better homes."

THE CRISIS THE HOME

By LESLIE R. MARSTON Bishop of the Free Methodist Church

This citation to Marshall points to the root cause o the decay of the American home. The interests dominat ing American life have become material success and

present happiness. Moral and spiritual ideals have been sur

"LOVERS OF PLEASURES"

rendered to the clamor of

physical desire. The ethics of righteousness has been eclipsed by the ethics of pleasure—"Let us eat and drink; for tomorrow we die."

About a quarter-century ago one of the most influential men of our era told an audience of young men that he was proud of them for working out their own salvation; that whereas his generation had played with fire in secret, their generation had played with it openly, and he said, "few of you are burned."

About the same time there appeared in this country a book by Dora Russell, then wife of the English philosopher Bertrand Russell. This book bespoke the changing ethics from duty to pleasure even in its title The Right to Be Happy (Harper's, New York, 1927). The author claimed that it is "the legitimate pleasure of men and women, especially the young, to drink and dance to intoxication from time to time," and concerning premarital sex experimentation said, "The idea of sin must be banished."

That such an ethics of pleasure advocated by persons of high standing affects our youth was forcibly impressed upon the present writer several years ago when one of his college students wrote the following in a paper concerning her high-school experiences: "In high school we work out our own codes of conduct, perhaps helped along with the philosophy of Mrs. Bertrand Russell, which is interesting and easy reading even for a highschool youngster."

Sociologists now trace the trend of the home from the older ethics of duty to the contemporary ethics of pleasure. Ruth Benedict (in Science Digest, March, 1949) is

FACING FACTS

quoted on marriage and divorce (from her book The Family: Its Function and

Destiny) to the effect that in a culture such as ours, "an important goal of which is pursuit of happiness," the right to divorce is a necessary concomitant of the right to choose marriage partners. An editorial lead to the book-digest here cited interprets the article with these frank words, "It is hard to see how divorce could be "Our homes are just so many streams, pouring themselves into the current of moral, social, and political life. As the home goes, so goes the Church; as the Church goes, so goes the nation; as the nation goes, so goes civilization."

FOREMAN LINCICOME

denied in a culture built on personal choice and the pur-

suit of happiness."

Paul H. Landis (Current History, Sept., 1950) defines the conflict that is on between the older "family-centered" home and the modern "individual-centered" home. Marriage under the latter concept, Landis says, "clearly places pleasure above responsibility and duty. It aims at the satisfaction of the individual rather than the perpetuation of the race or economic productivity."

It is impossible, of course, to measure with any degree of accuracy the consequences in society of the drift from the ethics of duty to the ethics of pleasure, but statistics certainly are indicative of trends. The rise in frequency of divorce is one index. The increase in delinquency and crime is another. These have already been noted. Analysis of some of America's major expenditures yields further light. Without concerning ourselves with America's expenditures for necessities and comforts—or even for luxuries, we would contrast the extremes, expenditures for destructive self-indulgence on the one hand with expenditures for spiritual and character building purposes on the other hand.

America's bill for destructive self-indulgence in 1951 included \$21,500,000,000 for gambling, \$9,150,000,000 for alcoholic beverages and \$4,703,000,000 for tobacco; a total of more than thirty-five billion dollars! In the same year America invested in constructive character-building \$9,000,000,000 for education and \$1,955,000,000 for religious and welfare purposes: a total which was less than one-third the expenditures for destructive indulgences!

Admittedly, items may have been omitted from both sides of the contrast, but it is doubtful if a more complete accounting would greatly change the ratio of the

character building to destructive expenditures.

Our trail thus far has led us over terrain that clearly reveals the modern youth problem as after all essentially a problem of youth's elders. Youth have not produced

THE YOUTH PROBLEM

today's moral and spiritual confusion, but rather are its victims. The generation now

in its prime, the parents (and some grandparents!) of modern youth, years ago slipped the leash of self-restraint and cut themselves loose from their moral and religious moorings. At the beginning of this period of chaos, when social approval of adult liberalism was making early inroads on the older conservatism, I was told of the eighteen-year-old girl who pathetically complained

that parents had thrown everything away, leaving naught for youth to throw away.

Frisky cocktails and loosened marriage bonds, easy morals and irreligion in the forties—how then can the teens have their fling? But this is the tragedy, that where modernity prevails among parents, youth have nothing to regain, nothing to which to return. We may hope that some of today's modern parents, now in the prime of their forties, will seek again the lost patterns of their own early training in their declining sixties and seventies. But too generally the teens of today have never been trained with reference to standards of Christian belief and moral conduct, and consequently cannot return thereto. How, then, can modern youth on a sea of uncharted individualism find either in their noontide forties or their sunset seventies the harbor of stable spiritual values?

It is our old-fashioned opinion that strong and stable character must be molded and that a pattern is necessary; that life needs a pivot if it is to achieve strength and freedom; that much of the freedom of which this age boasts is not freedom, but only the disorganization that comes from the leveling of moral standards, the fading of religious certainties, the decline of homeinculcated principles; that our vaunted tolerance is in fact indifference due to compromise of one-time deeply etched convictions concerning social, moral, and spiritual values.

But right here, in the all-too-prevalent moral and spiritual indifference of today, is the crux of the crisis of the home. Delinquency and crime are but the results

MORAL AND SPIRITUAL INDIFFERENCE

of the home's failure, not the environmental cause. Addressing a group of Methodist ministers in 1947, J. Edgar

Hoover maintained that the basic cause of crime is our dominant secularism or godlessness which in its initial stages "is not an evil of immorality or aggressive badness" but "is an evil of amorality and indifference." Crime, he said, is a spiritual problem "because it results from spiritual apathy."

It follows that a heavy responsibility rests upon those respectable members of society, parents especially, who live this side the bounds of criminality but who, perhaps by almost unconscious degrees, have accommodated conscience to compromise and even to sin. They have leveled their ideals, dulled their spiritual sensitiveness, and no longer are keenly aware of sin. Their tragedy is the death of their soul's ideal.

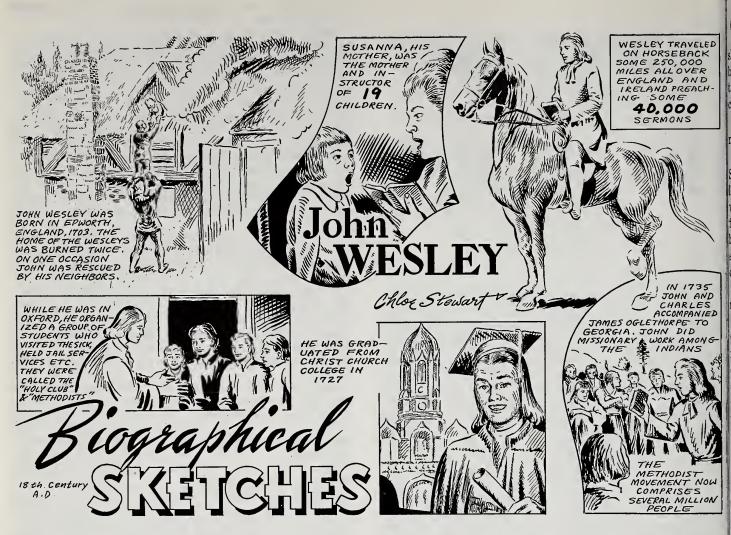
Then what happens to growing character? When parents compromise the black and white of wrong and right to a patternless neutral gray, the conscience of youth is left in chaos or is lulled to sleep. The resulting disintegration of character may equal that caused by home examples of dissipation and criminality. Our children need the sense of security that comes from commitment to a clear-cut moral standard.

The home is the chief agency of moral education, rivaled by no other agency of society in setting the child's standards of conduct and morals, be they good or bad.

NEEDED: HOMES WITH STANDARDS

If parents fail their responsibility, through either their bad example or their weakness in enforcing standards,

the school and the church have a heavy handicap in car-(Continued on page 22)



JOHN WESLEY

By RUFUS L. PLATT, M.A.

OHN WESLEY was born in Epworth, England, in 1703. His father, Samuel Wesley, was rector of the Church of England in Epworth for forty years. John's mother, Susanna Annesley Wesley, was descended from a line of Puritan and Non-conformist ministry, and was the mother and instructor of nineteen children.

The home of the Wesleys was burned twice and upon the second occasion, the future founder of Methodism was snatched from death. Little John was found missing when the members of the family were assembled together. The father attempted to go to his rescue several times, but each time the burning stairway would collapse under his weight. When John found his bed afire, he went to a window where two neighbors were standing, one upon the other's shoulders, and rescued the child from the second story of the burning rectory. John Wesley related the in-cident as a providential act of God.

In 1713 John entered the Charterhouse School in London. He was graduated from Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1772. While Wesley was in Oxford, he organized a group of students who gave their time to prayer and devotion. This group was called *Methodist* because of their methodical devotion to study and to religious duties. There were only a few members in the club, but they were very active. Some of the things that they did were the visiting of the sick holding jail services, and helping the visiting of the sick, holding jail services, and helping the needy families. The group was later called the *Holy*

Club.

During the year of 1735, John and Charles Wesley accompanied James Oglethorpe to Georgia, where John served as a missionary and Charles acted as secretary to Oglethorpe. Their labors could not be considered successful, but this period in both their lives was great in its results, for at that time they met a group of Moravians and from them gained the knowledge and conscious experience of a spiritual life. From this time on, no preacher in England, except George Whitefield, aroused every-where such interest. Wesley traveled on horseback some 250,000 miles all over England and Ireland preaching some 40,000 sermons.

IN MAY 24, 1738, Wesley experienced an assurance of salvation through faith in Christ alone in a small meeting of the Moravian Society in Aldersgate Street, London. Later he went to Herrnhut, the Moravian headquarters in Germany, to learn more of the people to whom he felt deeply indebted. This conviction formed the basis of his messages to the world for the rest of his life. basis of his message to the world for the rest of his life. In 1739 he began preaching "the witness of the Spirit" as a personal consciousness and formed societies of those who accepted his teachings.

After being persuaded by George Whitefield, Wesley undertook open air or field preaching in Bristol and in other places. He was successful at these meetings but did not continue long with them because of the effects of the

air on his throat.

In 1740 Wesley discarded the doctrine of Calvin, namely Calvin's teaching of predestination which led to a break with Whitefield, although they remained close friends for the remaining part of their lives. Wesley was teaching and preaching justification by faith and that

(Continued on page 26)

INA IS A little girl living in a village in Japan. Her hair is black and straight, her skin brownish-yellow and her eyes bright as jet buttons. She and her two brothers go to a mission church and school.

"Help make dumplings," said her nother, one evening.

"Yes, Mother," answered Gina. She looked longingly into the vilage street where some children were playing tag. The heads of the ciny babies tied to their backs pobbed back and forth. Gina went softly across the kitchen to get the chopping board.

"Chop the cabbage fine," said

mother, mixing dough.

Chop, chop, went the chopper. Gina could hear the children shouting and laughing. Soon the bowl of white and green cabbage was chopped. How good it smelled! Gina crunched some bits in her teeth.

Mother rolled the dough into thin circles. Some of the flour got on her blue kimona. Gina was dressed like her mother. "Put a little pile of cabbage on each round of dough," said mother.

Gina piled cabbage on each round of dough. Her mother quickly pinched them into dumplings. "Mother, the kettle boils," called Gina. "May I take the Wee One out and play?"

"First, watch the dumplings for me," said Mother, "while I see if

Wee One is awake."

Gina looked out of the paper window. In the yard Second Brother came carrying two baskets full of vegetables. He put them down and romped with Red, the dog. "Wish I were a boy, so I could be outdoors playing," pouted Gina, forgetting the dumplings.

The dumplings floated on the boiling water, puffing and breaking open. Gina stared out of the window. The gourd to turn them was in her hand. Mother came back: "Gina, you forgot the dump-

A Verse for Gina

"Instead of handing it to the boys, he said 'Read, Gina!' His finger pointed to the verse."

By ESTHER MILLER PAYLER

lings! They are spoiled."

Gina cried, "Oh, I'm sorry. There will not be enough now. I will take less than my share of dumplings. I was watching Second Brother and wishing I were a boy."

"In homes which are not Christian, they like little boys better than girls, but we love our girls as well as we do our boys, for God made them both," answered Mother. "Boys have work too. Second and First Brother help Father outside on the farm."

WEE ONE, sleeping on his red blanket, cried. "Hush him," said Mother.

Gina cried: "May I go out and play with the children?"

"Not now, for there is Wee One to hold." said Mother. "You did not watch the dumplings, so now watch the baby, so I can watch the dumplings."

Gina walked into the yard. The baby was heavy. As soon as she stopped walking, the baby cried. Second Brother played with the dog. "Hold the baby, while I play," said Gina.

"Girls take care of babies," laughed Second Brother. "I have cornstalks to bring for the fire."

Mother called. She was putting the dumplings into a bowl. Gina served Father and the boys. Then she and mother ate. "There's not enough dumplings. I'm still hungry," grumbled Gina, sticking out her lip. "Greedy boys."

Her mother answered: "Remember, you spoiled a kettle full of dumplings."

Gina hung her head. "I'm sorry," she said.

AFTER they ate, First Brother took the Bible from the shelf. He brought it to Father. Father opened the Bible to the Gospel of Matthew. Instead of handing it to the boys, he said: "Read, Gina." His finger pointed to the verse.

Gina smiled: "Me?" her black eyes danced.

"Yes," answered Father. "Mother and I are proud of our girl."

Gina swallowed hard, then she read, "'Jesus said: Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Did Jesus ask only little boys to come to Him?" asked Father, looking hard at Gina.

"No, He said children," answered Gina. "That means boys and girls, too."

"Yes, always remember that, Gina. Each one has his work to do also. Girls can love and obey Jesus too," said Father.

Gina smiled: "Now, I don't mind being a girl, as that's what God wanted me to be. I know Jesus loves me as much as He does a boy, and I have my work to do, too."

Gina felt Mother's hand warm on her shoulder, as she kneeled to pray with the others. She was so happy she wanted to sing. When they got up from their knees, Gina said: "Mother, sit down, please. I will clean up alone." She heard the children still shouting the same as before at their play, but Gina, with a smile, cleaned up.

HAT SHALL we do for our young people?
Inquiries like this are coming to me from different places and the question is, "What shall I say?"

I believe I see an answer to this question and a way to solve the problem.

Let us go back to your last revival. When it was over and you had a group of newborn souls, what did you do for them? Did you follow up each of them with a visit to his home and offer words of encouragement? Did you realize that when they left all to follow Jesus they had to give up their old associates, and they will be lonely now unless you, as pastor and people, follow them closely and let them know that you love them and are standing by them? Take them under your wing and shelter them from the temptations that come their way.

Then did you put them to work? Folks will do something, and if they are not put to work for the Lord, they will soon be doing something outside the church. The enemy of their souls will have something planned for them. When Jesus called His first disciples. He said to them, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." He is still saying that to those whom He calls today. That is just what He wants to do with every new convert. We must remember, however, that the disciples were tutored and taught by Jesus Himself and we who are older in the way must take His place.

Recently we heard a fine girl say, "I just wouldn't know what to say to lead a soul to Christ." I thought, what a pity, and yet there are thousands of fine young people just like that. Well, what are we going to do about it? Jesus is not here to teach them. Should we not take His place?

FOR SEVERAL years while editing The LIGHTED PATH-WAY, I ran a page each month on personal evangelism, trying to get our young people interested in organizing themselves into groups to study this all-important question. I still believe it is the most important work in the church. In most churches there are individuals who should be glad to teach a class of this kind, and not only teach it, but get out and show others how to work. Reverend Sidlow Baxter gives this advice: "Why not get right out to the homes of the people, going from house to house? I once got a small band of young men and

women and trained them for houseto-house evangelism. I prepared easyto-read, one-page tracts for them to use, and gave them advice concerning conversations with householders. They were to take note of any difficult questions which might be asked, promising to make inquiry and return later, if possible, with the answer. Some of the questions put to them on their first excursion were very interesting and gave useful insight into the minds of the people. But what is of most importance, there were several good cases of conversion recorded. Owing to my leaving this district soon afterward, I was unable to develop the work, but I had seen enough to realize what a tremendous power such visiting could be. Think what it would mean if thousands of our evangelical ministers would carefully train and send forth their people, keeping the work steadily going, and seeing it efficiently carried through, so that the great message is carried courteously, ably, systematically, and prayerfully to the homes of the people throughout the land. If house-to-house evangelism were done on a wide scale by instructed and consecrated messengers regularly going forth from our churches, what might not happen?"

This pastor's method of work seems



A Personal Soul-winning

PATHWAY PULPIT

What Shall We Do

to me to be just what our churches need to do. We have done some of this kind of work and it is very fascinating. Our people would enjoy it if they were trained.

IN OUR HIGH schools there is a wonderful opportunity of doing personal work. The cards we are advocating in this article can be carried in your book satchel and when you are mixing and mingling with your fellow students, every opportunity you have to hand one to them, do so, and insist that they visit your church sometime. Orville S. Walters, in his little book on how to begin doing personal work among your school-

mates, advises, "Begin by being a friend."

The Human Touch

'Tis the human touch in this world that counts,

The touch of your hand and mine, Which means far more to the fainting heart

Than shelter and bread and wine. For shelter is gone when the night is o'er.

And bread lasts only a day, But the touch of the hand And the sound of the voice Sing on in the soul alway.

—Spencer M. Free

This, in my opinion, is the keynote



Cleveland Church of God.

among your fellow students? Better fix that up before you expect to do too much with them. That doesn't mean that you must be a long-faced Christian. It just means that your life must be clean and consecrated to the Lord. Be friendly and show an interest in those about you. Almost anyone will warm up to words of appreciation.

At first most people are a little timid about going out to do personal work. You cannot do it alone. If you are going out in your own strength, you had just as well stay at home. But, if you are looking to God to guide you and use you, then there will be something accomplished. You may not see it at first, but the effect will come later.

As you read this article, I wonder if your heart burns within you as you think of this great work of winning souls for the Master. If it does not, then you need another filling of the Spirit. Perhaps while you have waited around carelessly the Holy Spirit has been shut off in one little room of your life. Here is a clipping that I keep in my Bible which has had a great influence on my life. I am giving it to you, hoping it will help you to decide whether or not you are entirely in the Lord's possession or whether you have a little room some-

of a tiny closet in my heart, of which I must keep control.'

"'But if you don't trust Me in all, you don't trust Me at all."

"I tried to make terms: 'Lord, I will be devoted in everything else, but I can't live without the contents of that closet.'

"I believe that my whole life was hovering in the balance, and, if I had kept the key of that closet and had mistrusted Christ, He never would have trusted me to give out His blessed Word. He seemed to be receding from me, and I called Him back and sobbed, 'I am not willing, but I am willing to be made willing.'

"It seemed as though He took that key from me and went straight for that closet (I knew what He would find there, and He knew, too) and opened it.

"Within a week He had cleared it all out. But He filled it with something so much better. Why, what a fool I had been! He took away the sham jewels and gave me the real ones. He took away the idol that was eating out my life and gave me Himself."—F. B. Meyer.

It is very wonderful to sing about the coming of the Lord and to think of the time when He comes to receive His bride, but how will we feel if we find the oil has leaked out of our lamps because we have failed to win the souls around us? One time a minister at our church asked all to stand who would like to see the Lord come right then. Many stood, but I didn't, because I realized that there were people all around me who were still unsaved and I wondered if I had done my part. Some of these times the Lord will come. I wonder if I can joyfully say, "Even so come, Lord Jesus. I have done all I can and I welcome you."

A hundred thousand souls a day
Are passing one by one away,
In Christless guilt and gloom.
Without one ray of hope or light,
With future dark as endless night,
They're passing to their doom.

O Christian, what wilt thou say
When in the awful day
They charge thee with their
doom?

-A. B. Simpson.

Young people, let the Holy Spirit so fill your life that you can say, "Here am I, Lord, send me." Pastors, train

(Continued on page 26)

Our Youth?

By MRS. ALDA B. HARRISON Editor Emeritus

to the situation. Many of your fellow students come from unhappy homes and are just waiting for a word from you or someone else. They may not move in the same circle with you, they may not be dressed in the latest style, but if you have the love of Jesus in your heart this will all be covered in that love. If you do not have that love, may God fill you, for it is essential in the soul-winning business.

Here is something about which to think. Is your life above reproach

where shut off from Him. If you have, I trust you will turn it over to Him so that you may be used of Him in the salvation of precious souls.

One Little Key

"One night I knelt and I gave Him the key ring of my will with all the keys of my life on it (except one little one).

"Then I heard Him say, 'Are they all here?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'all but one, the key

May, 1954

HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON



FAITH OF OUR MOTHERS—HOLY FAITH!

Author Unknown

As I rummaged through the attic, List'ning to the falling rain As it pattered on the shingles And against the windowpane; Peeping over chests and boxes, Which with dust were thickly spread—

I saw in the farthest corner What was once my trundle-bed.

So I drew it from the recess,
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song,
As she sang in sweetest accents—
What I since have often read—
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listen'd, recollections,
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of memory,
Rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore
When I knelt beside my mother.
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was, with hands so gently Placed upon my infant head.
That she taught my lips to utter Carefully the words she said;
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in mem'ry riven—
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father!
Father! Thou who art in heaven."

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has moldered 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the home of God;
But that scene at summer twilight
Never has from memory fled,
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle-bed.

This she taught me; then she told me
Of its import, great and deep,
After which I learned to utter,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then it was with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked: "Our Father!
Father! do Thou bless my child!"

GOING HOME TO MOTHER Ossie McCord McLarty

Yes, we all go home to Mother When the day is near its close, For 'tis there we get our comfort And a balm for all our woes. How we need her to be with us! To her counsel we would ply, For we feel the need of Mother Every day that passes by.

There's none else can so determine What for all our needs is best, None so truly sympathizes When we're facing some great test. In our days of early childhood We felt no need of other, But brought our troubles and our joys And emptied them on Mother.

She it was who kissed our bruises Binding up each cut and sprain, Gladly she'd have borne our suffering Freeing us from ache or pain. Her smiles would chase away our tears,

With her the sun was shining, It mattered not if clouds were black, She saw their silver lining.

And always so very gentle, With her hand upon our brow, She would speak those words of wisdom

Just like benedictions now.
Oh, how she loved us every one!
We can never quite forget.
Such love as hers can know no end
But e'er lingers with us yet.

The years have come, the years have gone.

And Mother now is sleeping.
Her place is vacant in our home,
Sad vigil we are keeping.
This bit of comfort do we find,
We'd swap it for no other—
We'll pledge ourselves to live like her,
And then—go home to Mother.

I WANT TO GO BACK TO THE OLD HOME

Author Unknown

"I want to go back to the old home That was mine when a boy, years ago;

There were hollyhocks by the gateway

way
In a tall and stately row,
And over the windows and doorway
The morning-glories grew
So thickly that scarcely a sunbeam
Could contrive to struggle through.

"By the well in the garden corner
A hop-vine spread the shade,
And poppies danced when the winds
blew

In silken gowns arrayed.
And I used to think, I remember,
That the cricket chirped a tune
For the poppy maids to dance by
In the moonlit nights of June.

"Lilacs grew by the doorway So tall that they touched the eaves, And the moon made flickering shadows

ows
On the floor thro' their windstirred leaves.

And sometimes I heard them tapping
At the pane at dead of night,
And fancied they said, 'Let us in,
lad,'

And covered my head in fright!

"Oh, I want to go back to the old home

And sit by my mother's knee
And forget the long, long years between

The dear old days and me!
Oh, for a poppy blossom
Out of the garden old,
To weave the spell about me
That lurked in its silken fold!

"I want to go back to the old home, Though I know they have gone away

Who lived and loved in the old time— But were I there today I could dream back to the hearthstone,

I could see my mother's face, And forget my homesick longings In the peace of the dear old place."

Where Mother Prayed

By Myro Brooks Welch

In o quiet little villoge
Where the hillsides kiss the plain,
Stonds a seosoned old brick chopel
Morred by time ond weother stoin.
There's no beouty in its structure
And few linger ot its door,
But I'll hold its mem'ry socred
Until time sholl be no more.

Though I seek o grond cothedrol
With its high uplifted spire,
Where the orgon chime peols softly
Souls to comfort ond inspire;
With the roses sweetly fragront
Massed obout the oltar foir—
Sweeter still, thot old brick chopel
Where my mother knelt in proyer.

Oh, there ore no roses climbing
O'er its wolls so bleok ond bore,
And no chiming orgon message
Floots upon the evening oir.
Yet o frogrance growing sweeter,
Lingers in my memory,
From thot little old brick chopel
Where my mother proyed for me.

Over on those shores eternal
Where our memories ore stored,
And heoven's grondest inspirotion
Breaks forth in love's sweet occord;
There methinks the frogront incense
Lingers o'er the josper seo,
Of the proyers from thot old chopel
Where my mother proyed for me.

... Helps for the Tempted and Tried ...

Our Fother in Heoven, we osk thy guidonce down life's pothwoy. Fill us with thy love ond power until we moy be able to rejoice in whatever cames to us. Moke us strong ond give us courage to yield our all to Christ. Give us strength to help others climb. They too ore struggling up the heights and need our love and lift. Life is not easy. To be good, pure, and true is a socrifice ond a struggle, Life's storms are often bitter and fierce, but herein lie opportunities far a heroic life. Help us not to fail. We osk this in Christ's name. Amen.

Canducted by ALDA B. HARRISON

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE DAY Janice Hartman

My heart is singing songs today.

I'm happy as a lark.

You'd never know that yesterday

I stumbled in the dark.

But that's the way that life is made—

The night before the day.

Then why not take it cheerfully,

And sing along the way?

The birds all seem to sing today.

The clouds have disappeared.

The doubts that haunted yesterday

Are gone—those things I feared.

Why not remember this one rule—

That it is always so,

THE WAY OF LIFE Rev. William Alton Todd

To beacon days' bright glow.

And let the darkness be a tool

"I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved," John 10:9.

There is perhaps no more striking passage of Scripture in the Bible than that recorded in the tenth chapter of Saint John. God, in this chapter, has shown forth the intimate relationship that exists between Christ and His true followers. Christ is pictured as the door to the sheepfold. It is through this door that men must enter into life eternal. "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." It is sad that so many people are trying to get in some other way. They are not willing to pay the price to get in through the door. There is a certain admission price that all must pay who would enter.

COMPLETE SUBMISSION. When we enter the door that leadeth to life eternal, our arms of rebellion must be laid down. Those who enter there must be in full accord with the Master's plan. We must become willing to say, "Where He leads me I will follow." To enter into the kingdom of God, we must have a broken heart and a contrite spirit. No longer do we want to have our own way, but, "Master, Thy will be done." Those who would have heaven must give up the world, for none of the things that delight and charm the seeker after worldly

pleasure will ever be admitted through the gates to life eternal.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER. Truly those who would gain life through Christ must raise the white flag of whole-soul surrender. Every weapon of carnal warfare must be stacked at Jesus' feet. We must say, "Thou Christ, to Thee we surrender fully. We would have our own way not in one thing. Thou art the Master of our souls." We will find that He is not a harsh conqueror, but a loving Father.

UNQUESTIONING CONFIDENCE. Our attitude must be, "Master, what wouldst thou have me do. The way is strange, and I am weak; I cannot make it to the Celestial City unaided. There are many paths. Some are lovely and bordered with beautiful flowers, while there are others that are rugged, rocky, and uninviting, but perhaps the broad beautiful ways become narrow and unsightly, and finally grow dim, and at last end in the morasses of despair. The rugged, rocky, uninviting one may become broader, and lead through pleasant valleys, where the flowers are blooming, and the sun is always shining, and finally end where the crystal waters of life flow from the throne of God; therefore, oh, Lord, choose my path, and lead me in the ways everlasting."

FULL OBEDIENCE. In order to be successful in this journey one must yield himself completely to the Master. There are many voices that would bid you follow them, but their ways lead only to certain death; and those that follow them are finally lost amid the shadows of everlasting night. There are many pitfalls and dangers along the way, where inexperienced feet are liable to stumble. There are wolves that desire to destroy the travelers for heaven; the only way to escape these dreadful foes is to stay close to the Master's side, where we can hear His faintest whisper.

PATIENCE. When one has started this journey for the City of God, he will find that he has great need for patience. He will find a weaker brother along the way who will need help. As much as we would like to hasten on, we must put aside our own wishes and help the one in need. That is the way of the kingdom of God. It may seem that we are making little or no progress, then we need patience to await God's time to move on. Sometimes He would have us be still and know that He is God. Again there will be battles to fight, with the odds, seemingly, against us, but let us have patience; soon the mighty Conqueror over death, hell, and the grave will appear and put all our enemies to flight.

FAITH. We will soon meet obstacles that will seem insurmountable, but He has said that if we have faith as a grain of mustard seed we could remove mountains. The time may come when it will seem that all our friends have forsaken us, but let us fight on, and put our faith in the friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Perhaps we see no way through. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen." Abraham traveled by faith, for he was seeking a city whose builder and maker is God.

PRAYER. We will not have traveled far on the journey until we will have found that our supplies have given out. Then, "Ask, and it shall be given to you." No doubt the enemy will lay a snare for our feet, and we will find ourselves in trouble. Then we may approach boldly the throne of grace that we may receive grace to help in time of trouble. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

HOPE. Let us live hopefully, not looking for the undertaker, but looking for the grave digger, but looking for the grave breaker. Surely He is soon coming with healing in His wings. Then, "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shall call thy walls salvation and thy gates praise. The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee, but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting

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Reverend and Mrs. A. J. Widmer with their son and daughter

A MIRACLE on the PURUS RIVER

By A. J. WIDMER Missionary to Brazil

T WAS NEAR the end of November, when the two Indian companions and I reached, after three weeks of paddling, the majestic mouth of the Purus River in the Upper Amazon region. The Purus, one of the most important tributaries of the Amazon system, was pouring its yellow muddy waters across its sandbanks and flooding the immense tropical jungles. The Purus curves and bends like a gigantic water snake through the equatorial forests, so that after a whole day's paddling we often arrived at the same place where we had left at dawn, with only a narrow strip of jungle giants dividing the river bends.

It is in these regions that one can hear, especially at nights, a long and loud thunder echoing through the vast forest; yet, as the sky is cloudless, one knows that it cannot be a storm. Listening to its grinding, snapping, and splashing sounds, one is convinced that a huge landslip has taken place. Somewhere a part of a river bank has given away and, together with its giant trees, is being engulfed into the furious current. Unfortunate are those who are near such a landslide, for men and canoe will be swallowed up and disappear for good.

Owing to these changes of the water level, the natives put up their palm-leap huts at the river banks and when flood time comes, move farther into the forests and settle at jungle lakes with their inky black waters.

The Pamary Indians of this region live by fishing and hunting, and at low water levels dig turtle eggs out of the yellow sand. They also pick the rubber trees for their milk, and after treating it, sell it to the passing mer-

chants. Brazil nuts are produced in the neighborhood, also.

GUIDED BY MY friendly Indians, I visited one of the Pamary villages, whose huts were leaning against the huge sumauma trees, which were about thirty-five to forty meters high. In their shade women and children were sitting on the floor preparing their evening meal. From the *iguarape*, or jungle river, a canoe showed up with several of the menfolk carrying a heavy tapir, which they had caught near the inland lake. These Indians had no healthy appearance, but were covered with sores and skin diseases. Some looked as if they had leprosy; others were covered with blue patches; some had white, open tumors, which formed a marked tint upon their dark yellow skin, giving them a singular mottled appearance. They called their malady po-

These natives were very friendly and gave us a hut in which to live, inviting us to join them at their common supper around the open fire. Since my two companions knew their tribal tongue, I addressed them after supper, giving small lectures on the creation and God's love. During the following days, we accompanied them on hunting and fishing excursions, and at night I carried on the meetings. The children were learning little gospel choruses and the young men were interested in learning to pray to the living God.

In the meanwhile an invitation came by a young Perury Indian from across the Purus River, telling that his folks would like to have me visit them. After a few more days' stay



Pamary Indians in their dugout on the Purus River

"The life and death struggle continued, with the waves as mighty as a house rolling upon us in a solid phalanx, tossing the canoe like a nutshell up to their foaming crests, then swiftly flinging it down into the yawning valley."



Members of the first Church of God in Brazil

among the Pamary, I decided to cross the mighty Purus River. The young Perury Indian who was to guide me refused to accompany me. He said that the time was improper. However, after much insistance and my promising him a bush-knife, he relented.

JUNGLE INDIANS often behave strangely at times, and one does not know how to deal with them. They may disappear suddenly in the forest and leave the traveler helpless in the unknown and trackless region. I have observed that such sudden change of mind takes place mostly at times of the full moon, which may have connection with lunacy.

I noticed the stubbornness of my Indian companion that morning, and only when we had rowed far out into the immense Purus River, he told me that he was afraid of a storm which might occur any hour that day. I assured him that the Great Master whom I was serving would take care of us and that he need not fear.

We had already paddled two full hours and had not yet reached the middle of the river. Suddenly a growling noise was heard from the northern direction, yet the sky was blue and cloudless. I thought about the customary landslips, but the Indian pointed his paddle in the direction of the mouth of the Purus, extending itself like an endless yellow sea. Indeed, at the far horizon some black spots were forming.

With incredible rapidity they turned into immense rolling clouds bursting across the sky, and in less than a

quarter of an hour the sun had eclipsed and darkness set in. The smooth, yellow river had turned into a roaring, furious sea with towering waves falling over our shaky little canoe.

The huge drops of tropical rain stung our skin and blinded our eyes. The canoe was already full of water. The Indian desperately fought with his paddle to keep the canoe aloft, while I was scooping out water with my helmet. The Indian showed enormous skill in holding the boat against the approaching waves. We had been fighting over an hour and a half and our physical strength seemed to be gone, but the storm roared on in still greater fury.

THE INDIAN HAD been saying nothing all this time, but now I noticed he was very frightened. He began to shout with despair that when night fell we would be lost. It turned darker and darker and only the tremendous lightnings that flashed over our heads brought brief illumination.

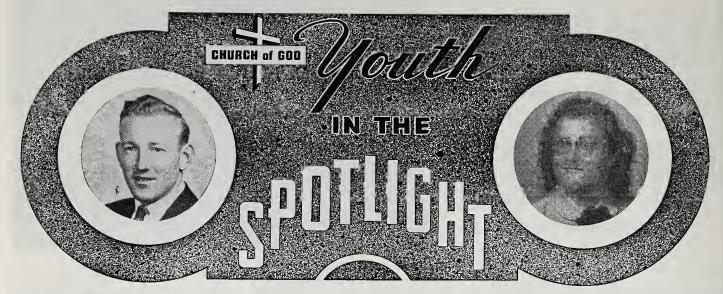
In those horrible moments I thought what a tragic end I might have, being drowned in these crocodile and knifefish infested waters. There would be no escape, not even swimming or holding onto a floating tree, since innumerable piranhas and crocodiles would tear me into pieces. And what would the Indians say about my divine Master of whom I had been telling such wonderful stories?

I remembered the gospel story of when Jesus stilled the tempest on the Lake of Galilee. He who impressed those veteran fishermen insomuch

(Continued on page 26)



A Perury Indian village on the banks of the Purus River



Rev. G. J. Chandler is in the focus of the limelight this month. July 14, G. J. will be twenty-six years of age. In 1934 the family moved from Clarkton, Missouri, to Cullman, Alabama. He attended high school at Hanceville, Alabama. At the age of eighteen he went to Flint, Michigan, and at the West Flint Church of God, God saved his soul. After being saved, G. J. taught the junior boys Sunday School class, and acted as district youth director for the Flint District. Two great things happened in 1949. He married Carla Jean Porter, and God called him into the ministry. In 1950 the couple went to Saginaw, Michigan, to start a new work. This work has prospered under the ministry of Brother Chandler. They anticipate greater things for the future of this church. The couple has two boys.

Miss Cecil Edge was born in Gastonia, North Carolina, in 1929. Her present home is Valdese, North Carolina, where she attended school. She was saved and became a member of the Church of God in 1947. After graduating with highest scholastic honors in the Valdese High School, Cecil took a position with the local hospital as bookkeeper. Even the directors were influenced by her strong Christian character. In 1951 Cecil came to Lee College where she will be graduated this month. She has been listed in "Who's Who in American Colleges," served on Vindagua and Clarion staffs, served as secretary of the Mission Club, Senior Class, and State Club. At the present time she is employed as bookkeeper of the Church of God Foreign Missions. We predict still greater things for Cecil.

BIBLE DISCOVERY

Enola Chamberlin

Lost things, hidden things are always being found and brought to light, but one would hardly expect a goat to lead to the discovery of original Bible scrolls written over 2,100 years ago. But that is just what happened.

In 1947, in Trans-Jordan, near Jericho, at the northwest end of the Dead Sea, a shepherd and his followers set out to try to locate a goat that had strayed away. A wall of rock, which from a distance looked solid, discovered to their closer view a cleft large enough for them to enter. The cleft led them into the rock until it opened up into a cavern. The cavern contained large earthen jars in which the scrolls, eight in all, reposed.

The shepherds took the scrolls to Trans-Jordan and offered them for sale. At first no one was interested. Finally, however, one shepherd sold his portion to the Archbishop of Trans-Jordan. The other placed his with the Hebrew University on Mt. Scorpa.

With the deciphering of the scrolls interest in them soared. They were brought to the United States and exhibited by the Library of Congress. Although they are in the archaic Hebrew characteristics of the second century B.C., the scrolls are almost perfectly preserved. The longest one, and the most important, is the scroll of the Bible book of Isaiah. It is twenty-four feet long, written in carbon ink on thin leather. It is complete and is considered a priceless treasure.

Before the scrolls were exhibited in the United States, noted archeologists went to the Jericho sanctuary and carefully explored and excavated the cave in which the manuscripts were found. These men unearthed many specimens of pottery corresponding to the Maccabean Period, about 150 B.C. These learned scholars assure us that the scrolls are genuine and written in about the period that the pottery was made. The dry air, the perfect protection of the cave, plus the fact that the scroll material is leather, have kept them in their state of preservation. From now on, of course, they will be carefully guarded, protected from elements and almost from time itself.

We are thankful to the goat for leading the herders to the cave cleft in the rock. We are also thankful that the goat did not enter first. In that case, goats being what they are, the Bible scrolls might have been completely lost without ever having been found.

EV. JOSEPH L. MILLIGAN is Youth Director of North Alabama. The birth of Joe occurred August 15, 1921, at Harrisburg, Illinois. Since his father has been a preacher in the Church of God all his life, Joe considers himself sheltered by the roof of the Church. He has obtained great knowledge by sitting at the feet of Church of God ministers.

The fact that he is a preacher's son accounts for his having attended many schools in getting his education.

During the days of World War II, he wore the garb of a gob, sailing the high seas. Those days were filled with experiences for this sailor.

After the war, Joe served in Civil Service as an employee in the Finance Department, then as a Deputy Supply Officer, and finally as a Registration Officer with the Veterans' Administration. He has been an employee of Gleen L. Martin plant in Baltimore, Maryland, and also production coordinator in the Hudson plant in Detroit, Michigan, in the manufacture of airplanes. And then!!!! the glorious call to the ministry, the most honorable and most glorious of all employments.

The greatest answer to prayer that this poor soul ever received was when he cried out "God, be merciful to me a sinner." God heard his plaintive cry of distress and lifted the burden of sin from his heart. Joe considers this the greatest miracle ever performed in his life. Then the Lord wonderfully sanctified him, after which he was baptized with the Holy Ghost. The brightest of all experiences was the infilling of the Spirit. Nothing in all the world can compare to this!! As to dreams and visions, he has had none. Revelations? God's precious Word is all the revelation he needs. He emphasizes, "Its awful depth has kept my limited mind so entranced that I have no need of additional revelations."

In 1948 Joe served the State of Illinois as Youth Director, after which he was called to Greenville, South Carolina, as the assistant pastor. This is his first year as Youth Director of North Alabama.

Joe and Clara Jo Flowers of Fairmont, West Virginia, were married in 1947. God has so sweetly smiled upon the couple by giving them two darlings—a son Joey, quite naturally a

By Way Of Introduction

junior, and a precious daughter, Sherry Lee.

In his own words this young preacher gives his opinion of the future of our youth. "I am grateful indeed for the program that is being outlined for the youth by our Church. The awakening to the young folk's need is terribly late. We have been tragically tardy in our obligations to them, but I honestly feel that God is helping us help ourselves. I am elated with our youth. While traveling over the land, preaching in many of our churches, it has been my privilege to observe the young people in several states and in many local congregations. Frankly, I am tremendously optimistic. There are some who would like to leave the impression that the young Christians would lower the standard, compromise with evil, and invite the world into the Church, but I definitely disagree with such prognosticators of gloom. I have the implicit faith and confidence in our youth. I anticipate their filling the shoes well of the 'old soldiers' who are coming off the field of battle."

EV. J. G. SEALEY is the Youth Director of Missouri. J. G. was born at Shelby, North Carolina, the year of 1931. He became acquainted with the Church of God at the age of fifteen. Soon after this he was saved, sanctified, filled with the Holy Ghost and joined the Church. At the age of seventeen, he preached his first sermon.

J. G. attended high school at Shelby, North Carolina. He went one term to Bible School in North Carolina, and in the summer of 1951, he graduated from Lee College.

While in school at Lee, J. G. met Juanita Cachran. In December, 1951, the couple were married at Warren, Ohio. A baby girl came to bless their home the next December, Thetis Wenell.

This preacher attended the Regional Sunday School and Youth Congresses in 1949, in 1951, and in 1953. He was especially blessed with the last Congress at Little Rock, Arkansas, which he considers a special highlight in his Christian experience.

The first year J. G. attended Lee College, he suffered from what seemed to be an incurable skin disease. After months of treatment from several doctors, he finally realized he was acquainted with the Master over every situation of life. At that time he took advantage of the friendship he had with Christ and decided that since he belonged to Him, He would be more than willing to heal him. J. G. remembers the night he knelt on his knees and read Mark 11:24, "Therefore I say unto you, What things soever . . ." It was at this time in the young preacher's desperation that he realized the full significance of this promise. That same night the Lord healed him. The memory of this experience continuously gives him courage and faith.

J. G. feels convinced that the young people of our church have a greater opportunity to win lost souls now and in the years to come than has ever been known before. He is overwhelmed with joy to predict that our youth will always be sincere in their labor for the Church. He also believes that they will present many souls to the Master at His appearing.

THE CRISIS IN THE HOME (Continued from page 11)

rying their end of training for character. Should home, church, and school all fail, state correctional institutions may restrain but rarely can reform; and far too often delinquents confined in these institutions are thereby confirmed in their wickedness and grad-uate as criminals. The home is the place to lay the foundations of char-

acter, beginning at the cradle.

An investigation of 1,200 children by Columbia University several years ago discovered an agreement in character ideals between children and parents closer by far than the agreement of these children with the ideals of other groups with which they were closely associated. The index of agreement was .55 with parents, .35 with playmates, .14 with club leaders, and .03 with teachers. And of the two parents, the mother's influence was the stronger with the index of agreement of mothers and children three times that of fathers and children.

The hand that rocks the cradle rules (or wrecks) the world!

NEEDED: CHRISTIAN HOMES

Early home training in morals is essential, but the home should be more than moral—it should be Christian. Morality without Christianity will soon be depleted, for after all morality is the fruit and not the root of the good life.

For many years the Protestant home as largely been barren of spiritual culture. And Protestant parents seem not as concerned that their families sit under the church's instruction as are Catholics and Jewish parents. The moral and spiritual indifference of our age seems to have paralyzed much of Protestantism which, we fear, has tried to pass over to the secular school a large measure of the home's and the church's responsibilities for moral and spiritual culture. Roy E. Baber (in Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, March, 1948) commends Catholicism for "in-doctrinating its children so effectively that their religious beliefs are largely fixed for life," whereas many Protestant young people "know almost nothing of the tenets of the faith which they nominally claim" and are "illiterate in religion."

Even family worship, so characteristic formerly of vital Protestant homes, has declined disturbingly, although recent worship helps for home use undoubtedly have improved the situation in late years. Worship in the home featuring the Bible, prayer, and the great hymns is unquestionably of high value as a means of moral and spiritual culture. Judge Luther W. Youngdahl when governor of Minne-sota wrote: "Count me a firm believer in the family altar. I am thoroughly convinced that a widespread return to the practice of regular worship in the home would work miracles in meeting the many critical problems of modern life. Let the family altar become the center around which life revolves and we will regain the spiritual resources so badly needed . . . We are going to replenish our moral reserves only by strengthening the religious life of the family."

Again we quote America's most distinguished officer of the law who carries a deep concern for the restoration of righteousness in the nation. "If there is hope for the future of America," says J. Edgar Hoover, "... we, as a nation, must return to God and to the practice of daily family prayer." And elsewhere he has said, "Families that pray together stay together."

A revival of family religion through-

out American Protestantism is needed to cleanse the springs that are the source of our nation's life, and thus save us from the fate of other nations whose life-stream has been corrupted by the seeping poison of godlessness,

greed, and lust.

Much that I have tried to say with many words in this article is compressed into these few lines by my preacher-friend, Foreman Lincicome: "Our homes are just so many streams, pouring themselves into the current of moral, social, and political life. As the home goes, so goes the church; as the church goes, so goes the nation; as the nation goes, so goes civilization."

MOTHERHOOD AND WORLD DESTINY

(Continued from page 7)

"I raises 'em wid a barrel stave, and raises 'em often." I think her admit-tedly harsh method would invoke God's approval much more than the spineless efforts of many present-day parents in controlling their children.

*Juvenile delinquency. Although this condition stems in some measure from the abnormal conditions at home and abroad during World War Two, most of it may be attributed to woman's desire for public employment because of both pressure and selfishness. Pressure comes from heavy taxation and rising living costs and standards. Selfishness prompts her desire to be independently equal with men, and to be constantly developing a growing lack of affection for her offspring on the premise that child-birth robs her of months of pleasure and increases her care. What a de-plorable betrayal of God's purpose in her life! An evangelist of two generations ago said that once upon a time children ran around the yard of the American home, but that the only thing running around the yard at that time was a picket fence. One speaker humorously said, "The march of progress has contributed much to our delinquency today. Progress has given us the safety and electric razor, and done away with the old-fashioned razor strap; it has given us the gas and electric range, and done away with the wood shed." We often misquote Solomon today, but he indirectly said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." There MUST be a multitude of spoiled children today.
*Women's clothing! Someone has

said, "Ladies used to wear clothing to cover their bodies; now women wear clothing to uncover them. Once they dressed to conceal; now they dress to reveal." A casual look at the society page of a newspaper will vindicate this apparently humorous statement.

*Man's disrespect for woman. This is ever mounting because the female has turned to the effort of equality with man vigorously. She cuts her hair short or mannish; she wears man-tailored clothes; she attempts to master the art(?) of chain smoking and beer drinking like her male counterpart; she works alongside the man, votes with him, practices law with him, and whatnot. Frankly, there isn't much femininity left in a great number of women today, and when they lose this, they have lost their most precious attribute and heritage. Many women today, in a perverse world, have little cause to be offended when they are disrespected and even receive improper advances from the opposite sex. With a little effort, they can trace the cause right back to themselves.

Christian Motherhood, as time hurries onward toward the second coming of Christ, you are going to be tempted by an apostate world to make concessions. Universal destiny rests on you. Rise to meet the challenge with a deliberate refusal to sacrifice anything right and true. This is your hour of test and opportunity. By the grace of Calvary, the victory is yours; accept it.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME (Continued from page 3)

himself. Unless the parents are walking with the Lord, the children may not have that privilege.

PRAYER

THEN WE MUST have a definite period for prayer. This takes discipline and planning—we must make the time. The matter of time is probably where we fail most often. We are terribly busy—sometimes sinfully so. How can we make time? If I don't have fifteen minutes that I can spend in prayer and fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ and in the study of God's Word all alone during the day, something is wrong. If I have time for either reading the newspaper, listening to the radio, or watching television, then I have fifteen minutes for prayer. Although each of these activities may be good in itself, it is harmful if I do not have time to spend with God.

REWARDS

AND NOW WE COME to the promise: "Thy Father... shall reward thee openly." Walking together as a family with God! God honors family discipline. My father always had a family altar, in the morning and in the evening. As soon as the meal was over in the evening, he would get out the family Bible and read And in out the family Bible and read. And in the morning, even when we had much work to do in the field and would have to be out early, he would get us up early enough to spend time with Christ before we would go to our work. Now he sees the promise fulfilled in his children's homes.

The maintaining of a Christian home is our first responsibility. The destinies of our children are to a great extent determined by us. How to "train them in the way that they should go" has been very clearly shown to us in the Word. What are we going to do shout it?

"BEHOLD THY MOTHER!"

(Continued from page 5)

show me, I know it!"

NEXT MORNING, Dave met Lois Clemson downtown. He liked pretty dark-haired Lois a lot. She was several years older than he, and had taught his Sunday School class on several occasions when the regular teacher was away.

"Hi, Lois," he greeted, grinning.

"Oh, hello, Dave! Say, I'm glad to see you this morning. I-I wonder whether—" She hesitated.

"What do you wonder, Lois?"

Lois smiled a queer little smile. "I wonder whether you'd be willing to help me out of a bad spot this morning."

"Sure thing! What you want me to

do, Lois?"

"Mother's away for a week," Lois explained, "and I'm trying to keep our place looking nice. But honestly, by the time I get all the housework done, I haven't a bit of time left to mow the grass and do the dozen other jobs around there. So I was wondering if you'd-"

"Sure thing, Lois, I'll mow your lawn, or whatever you want done.

Right now!"

"I'll pay you the same as you'd get anywhere else," Lois said with one of her nice smiles.

"That's okay. I'll be right over."

Dave worked hard all forenoon and a part of the afternoon, but he wore a grin as he worked. He had worked out a surprise for Lois. He wouldn't accept a cent for his work! That is, he wouldn't-if she'd cooperate a lit-

He was grinning broader than ever when he went home. Things were breaking just fine. Lois was sure that Sadie, too, would help out. Dave whispered a little "Thank You" to God as he hurried along. He guessed God did hear a boy's prayers after all.

SATURDAY morning, Mrs. Dodson said, sadly, "But, my boy, I don't see how I can possibly go, much as I'd enjoy it. Just think of all the work I'll have to do when I do get home tonight. I'm just terribly sorry, Dave, but you know I must keep up my strength so I can hold my job at the plant-especially now that so many women are being laid off."

Dave nodded. "Well, Mom, I'll work hard today and see if I can't help some."

His mother smiled fondly. "Bless you, Davie! You're a good son, but only a woman's hand can do some things around the home." She kissed him and hurried away to work.

Dave watched her go, keeping an eve on the corner-'round which came Lois and Sadie a few minutes later.

"Hi-ya, girls!" Dave greeted, gaily. "I sure do appreciate your help!"

"One good turn deserves a few more," laughed Lois. "Besides, young fellow, you're in for a few more jobs yourself."

"Okay. I'm game, just so you girls do what you promised."

"Don't worry, we'll do our part."

Lois and Sadie set to work, and Dave hurried over to Sadie's house. There he mowed the lawn, washed the car, and bathed her puppy.

Back home, he let out a delighted

"Whoopee! Everything looks wonderful! And you baked a choc'lit cake, too!" He surveyed the house, all spic and span. "I'm 'most afraid to walk on the floor," he laughed. "Won't Mom be surprised!"

SADIE CAME with her shiny new convertible on Sunday morning. Mom, dressed in her best, and smiling delightedly, went along to the church. Dave was so happy he was almost bursting.

Pastor Smith said, later, that those three pews filled with mothers inspired him to preach as he did.

But Dave himself felt certain that the sermon subject had a lot to do with it-those three words of Jesus "Behold Thy Mother!"

"I won't ever forget them," he told his mother later, "and I'm so glad Jesus showed me how to make that bargain with the girls, too. Yes, sir, this has been a great Mother's Day, and no mistake!"

Of course, his mother agreed heartily as she kissed him good-night.

A DREAM AND A SONG (Continued from page 9)

wood," and the tower is painted brown.

IN THE SPRING of 1916 the Jubilee dedication of this church was held. Dr. Pitts, now 87 years of age, and Rev. J. K. Nutting, 84, traveled from their homes—Brooklyn, New York, and Crystal Springs, Florida, respectively—to Bradford for this fiftyyear reunion. One year after this Mr. Nutting went to his eternal reward. The following year Dr. Pitts passed

Services are held regularly in the little brown church, which seats 225





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people, in the same hard, oak pews which have served for nearly ninety years.

Hanging above the organ, in a place where all can see, is a portrait of Abraham Lincoln. The people feel this is a silent testimony of the trying days in which the church was built.

There is a tradition that shall last as long as time lasts, handed down by the charter members, which is "The Church in the Wildwood" is to be used as the closing song. Each time as the congregation is singing the third stan-

"How sweet on a clear Sabbath morn-

To list to the clear ringing bell: Its tones so sweetly are calling, Oh, come to the church in the vale." the sexton rings the bell.



FRIENDS

Gertrude M. Glow INTRODUCTION

Friendship is a mutual attachment between two or more persons. It can bud and blossom out from almost any situation—through a joyous occasion, perhaps a tragedy or sorrow, being neighbors, working together, or in ever so many different ways. No matter what brings it about, true friendship can truly be called a most valuable treasure.

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS Prov. 18:24 says, "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." That scripture alone tells us that we must put forth an effort to have friends. They do not just literally fall in our laps; they are the result of something we do ourselves.

Mrs. Green complains that her new neighbor is very unfriendly. I asked Mrs. Green how she came to that con-clusion. She replied, "Well, I have been out in my back yard several times when she was out in hers, but she has never offered to speak to me." Quickly I asked Mrs. Green, "Have you made an effort to be friendly toward her? Remember, she is new in the neighborhood, and it is your place to make her feel like she is among friends." Feeling a little ashamed, Mrs. Green admitted that she had not done anything to create a friendship with her new neighbor, but she purposed in her heart that she would never tag anyone else again with unfriendliness until she had first tried to create a friendship.

Thus, to make friends we must do the following: Create a desire for friends; select them from our own status in life; desire friends for the true value of friendship and not for the true value of friendship and most improve some selfish motive; and most important we must show ourselves friendly.

THE VALUE OF A FRIEND Have you ever thought of how Jesus would have felt as they led Him to the cross and crucified Him if among that great crowd He had not had any friends? Truly, His cross was heavy to bear and His suffering was great; but knowing that He had a few real friends standing by must have les-sened the pain.

How true that is in our own lives. When something comes up in our lives, praying about it is a wonderful help;

but going to a true friend and pouring out your heart to him seems to lighten the problem. So it is when lighten the problem. So it is when something good happens to us. First, we should thank God for it; then our next impulse is to tell someone else, particularly our friends. No matter what comes or goes, a true friend will always be there to help share whatever falls along the way. The value of true friendship is simply stated in Prov. 17:17. "A friend loveth at all times."

BETRAYED FRIENDSHIP Have you ever been guilty of be-traying a friend? He has talked to you very confidentially about something and you vowed you wouldn't tell anyone else, but you couldn't wait to tell it. Perhaps a friend has been more successful than you, so you start spreading seeds of doubt about him. A friend has offered to help you in some friend has offered to help you in some way, so you decide to take advantage of his good nature. These are ways of betraying a friend, and such actions will never bring you gain. They can only result in broken friendships. Dislike will replace love, and for you there will be unrest and unhappiness. What did it profit Judas to betray Jesus? What will it profit you to betray a friend?

JESUS, THE FAITHFUL FRIEND Though our earthly friends are most precious and valuable to us, there is One who will be our friend no matter what comes or goes. He will never beway. He was our friend long before we were born because He gave His life that we might be saved. The way He can help us over the steepest hills or through the darkest valley is miraculous. All we have to do is accept Him, and work for Him. When we do that He takes hold of our hand and guides our every move just as a mother or father clings to the hand of the child to keep it from danger. When all others forsake us, He'll lift us up. Oh! That we could always remember His great words when He said, "This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

THE ROCK OF OUR SALVATION By Geneva Carroll

INTRODUCTION

When we think of a rock we think of something that is firm and solid. David said, "He (God) only is my rock and my salvation, he is my defense; I shall not be greatly moved." David recognized God in the way he should. If we are founded on the rock Christ Jesus, we will stand, but if on the sand we will fall. In His Sermon on the Mount, Jesus told about the two foundations. "Whoever heareth these savings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock. When the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built a house upon the earth." Good builders

are very careful about the foundation on which they erect a building. All the weight must rest there, and it must be very strong so the winds and floods cannot sweep the building off its foundation. Some people do in religious matters what they would never think of doing in other things. Who is able to bear the storms of trial and temptation best? Is it not the one who has built his life on Jesus and used the Gospel as his foundation? Paul tells us, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." This is the only foundation on which we should build. Jesus is the one who can hold us fast in the winds and floods of trial, in sorrow and temptation.

A PRECIOUS STONE Christ is precious only to the believers. He is precious because He is our all: Saviour, healer, keeper, coming King. An Indian who rendered valuable assistance to the United States government during the Civil War was rewarded by a certificate which entitled him to an annual pension. He regarded it as a king of charm, put a string through it, and wore it round his neck as long as he lived. But he never drew a dollar of his pension. Christ must be received into our lives, to become precious to us. John 6:35, "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." Our great God has given us everything to enjoy. He tells us to cast all our cares upon Him for He careth

A SMITTEN STONE

"He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed," Isaiah 53:5. Our Lord was beaten without mercy before He was crucified. The soldier used a whip with a number of leather thongs load-ed with lead or armed with sharp bones and spikes, so that every blow cut deeply into the flesh. He was beat-en until the blood flowed down His back freely. Then the soldiers made a crown of thorns and put it on His head. As they mashed the crown down upon the brow of Jesus, the cruel thorns dug deeply into the flesh and the blood streamed down His face and over His eyes. Surely no one ever suf-fered more than the Son of God who died on the cross of a broken heart

for the sins of the world.

Recently I read the story of a preacher who was in the habit of visiting in different homes wherever he went for revivals. In one village an Irish woman heard that he was distributing tracts and speaking with the people. When he came to her house she slammed the door in his face. Then he sat down on the doorstep and

for us.

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;

Here, Lord, I give myself away, 'Tis all that I can do."

Later that same lady confessed 'twas those "drops of grief" that reached her heart and changed her life. "Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows," Isaiah 53:4a.

A CRUSHING STONE

"The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner." This expression is borrowed from masons, who find a stone, which being tried in a particular place, and appearing improper for it, is thrown aside, and another taken; however, at last, it may happen that the very stone which had been before rejected, may be found that most suitable as the headstone of the corner. Jesus was this stone that was rejected by His people, and He is a crushing stone to all those who reject the Gospel.

In one of the squares of a city in France, an old lady lived under the shadow of an aged tower, which showed marked signs of decay. Many times she was warned by friends that ther house would be destroyed when the tower fell apart, and at last she was dragged out of her house with part of her furniture. However, she rushed back into the house exclaiming, "I will have one more chair." She had hardly entered the house when down came the tower and crushed her almost to powder. "Whosoever shall he had hardly this country that the state of the latest the state of fall on this stone shall be broken: but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder," Matthew 21:44.

YOUTH REFUSES! Earl T. Golden

Note: This is the second lesson in this series.

"DANIEL REFUSES!"

SCRIPTURE TEXT: Dan. 1:8, "But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank: therefore he requested of the prince of the eunuchs that he might not defile himself."

INTRODUCTION: Daniel Jewish captive in Babylon. At the time of our text he was still in his late teens.

I. WHAT DANIEL REFUSED

A. He Refused Defilement by Eating King's Meat and Drinking King's Wine.

Daniel had been brought up under strict Jewish customs and religious standards. The meat in question and wine, he had always refused. Now as a captive and at the risk of displeasing his captors, would he maintain his integrity?

I sincerely believe the story of Daniel would have been very different if he had not learned early to refuse the

evil and choose the good.

The Bible states, "he purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself.'

Every young person today who expects to please Christ must purpose in his heart that he will not defile himself.

There are three great words that Paul sent to a young minister by the name of Timothy. I think we would do well to adopt them as a motto for Christian youth today. They are found in 1 Tim. 5:22c, "Keep Thyself Pure." II. THREE RULES SET FORTH IN DANIEL'S REFUSAL.

A. He Refused Intemperance in His

Eating and Drinking Habits.

1. 1 Cor. 9:25a, "And every man that striveth for the mastery is

temperate in all things."

2. Eph. 5:18, "And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit."

B. He Refused Indulgence in Ques-

tionable Practices.

1. 1 Thess. 5:21-22, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil."

C. He Refused Drunkenness.
1. 1 Cor. 6:10, "Nor...drunkards
...shall inherit the kingdom of God."

III. WHAT DANIEL RECEIVED.

A. Favor With Man.
1. "Now God had brought Daniel into favor and tender love with the prince of the eunuchs, Dan. 1:9.

This influence that God gave Daniel over the prince of the eunuchs made it possible for Daniel to live up to his pledge; to never defile himself with forbidden meats or drinks.

If we determine in our hearts that we will not defile ourselves through intemperance or drunkenness, God will always make it possible for us to keep our vows.

B. Power With God.1. Daniel received power by being given the dream and interpretation of King Nebuchadnezzar's forgotten dream.
a. Dan. 2:28, "But there is a God in heaven that reveal-

eth secrets, and maketh known to the King Nebuchadnezzar what shall be in the latter days. Thy dream and the visions of thy head upon thy bed are these."

2. Daniel received power by being

given the ability to read and interpret the handwriting on the

wall for King Belshazzar.
a. Dan. 5:17, "Then Daniel answered and said before the king, Let thy gifts be to thy-self, and give thy rewards to another; yet I will read the writing unto the king and make known to him the in-terpretation."

C. Preservation in Danger.

Preservation in Danger.
 Nearly every school child has thrilled at the story of "Daniel in the Lions' Den."
 Dan. 6:22, "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths that they

the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: foras-much as before him inno-cency was found in me, and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt."
b. Psa. 121:7-8, "The Lord shall

preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.'

CONCLUSION: If we will refuse: intemperance in our eating and drinking habits, indulgence in questionable practices, and drunkenness, we will receive: favor with man, power with God, and preservation in danger.

FROM COWARD TO HERO

By Margie M. Mixon

INTRODUCTION

A long investigation would be in store for the person searching for a more interesting character than Simon Peter, whose ardor, earnestness, courage, vigor, and impetuosity marked him from the first as the leader of the disciples of Jesus.

What a wonder that one who was unwilling for Christ to wash his feet and who, in his human weakness, denied his Lord thrice should fill such a position. But is it a wonder, after all? Would a careful analysis of Peter's disposition help us to see why he has been styled the prince of the apostles, and, indeed, seems to have been their leader on every occasion? Let us take a glimpse at the life of this great leader.

FIRST SPEAKER: Peter's Call

Simon was the original name of Peter, the son of Jonas, who was a fisherman by occupation, and an in-habitant of Bethsaida. He and his brother Andrew, together with their partners James and John, were disciples of John the Baptist when he was first called by our Lord. Immediately upon calling Potent Actions and Institute and Instit ately upon calling Peter, Jesus gave him the name Cephas, signifying a stone or rock. It did not denote the character he then had, but what our Lord perceived he was capable of becoming. It was a prophecy.

Peter received three separate calls from his Master: first, to become His disciple; second, to become His constant companion; and third, to be His apostle. After receiving the last call, he became what his name signified a rock—and his boldness in the face of persecution formed a sharp con-

trast to his previous timidity.

SECOND SPEAKER: Peter's Work

It was by Peter's big and strong hands that the early Church was led in every step. It was he who moved the disciples to fill up the broken ranks of the apostolate. It was he who proclaimed to the assembled multitudes the meaning of the Pentecostal effusion. It was by his voice that Ananias and Sapphira were rebuked. He was made the instrument of no less than three miracles in those early days of the Gospels.

The life of Peter is peculiarly rich in instruction, warning, and comfort for the Christian, and his writings touch the very depths of Christian ex-perience and soar to the utmost heights of Christian hope.

According to the tradition, this great apostolic leader died a martyr at Rome about 67 A.D., when about seventy-five years old. It is said that at his own desire he was crucified head downward, feeling himself un-worthy to resemble his Master in

We can learn much by closely observing the life of such a remarkable leader whose virtues and faults had their common root in his enthusiastic

disposition.

A MIRACLE ON THE PURUS RIVER

(Continued from page 19)

that they asked one another, "Who is He? for He commandeth even the winds and water, and they obey Him," could surely bring a change in this seemingly helpless condition. A chorus which I had learned when recently converted in the Swiss Alps came into my mind:

Mein Heiland Dir vertraue ich, Mein Steuermann bist Du; Durch Sturm und Wetter fuhrst Du Mich,

Dem sichren Haven zu!

My Saviour I am trusting Thee, My Captain and my Lord; Through storms and tempests leadest me,

Till reaching heaven's port!

The life and death struggle continued, with the waves as mighty as a house rolling upon us in a solid phalanx, tossing the canoe like a nutshell up to their foaming crests, then swiftly flinging it down into the yawning valley. Each time the canoe reached the bottom of the trough it oscillated feverishly and suddenly heeled on the other side. My companion, with his native aptness, used his paddle and his weight as a counterweight, begging me to do the same, so that the canoe would not be turned upside down.

After a few seconds, the next avalanche of waves approached and turned us to the other side. The monstrous waves fell on us from the projecting prow, also, and in our frantic efforts we almost dislocated our joints preventing the whole embarkation from turning a somersault. We never knew when we would emerge from this bewitched caldron.

MY KNEES trembled; my arms hurt me terribly and were beginning to grow numb. Faith and fear struggled through my mind. Would God save me this time, or should I give up the idea of struggling for life? All further attempts to save ourselves seemed hopeless. Our canoe was now dancing in a white carpet of foam which seemed to boil, turning us around in a furious whirlpool.

Fear disappeared and faith filled my heart. His presence became near and real to me. It was as if the Great Master was beside me, holding my life in the midst of this fatal labyrinth.

Tzish . . . lightning passed through the dark sky—the inky darkness turned into sudden daylight so clear that we could see far around us. We were on top of an enormous wave, and to our left, not very far away, we saw trees. "Ivy! Land!" cried the Indian. Indeed, less than one hundred meters from us was the river bank. If we could make it, we would be safe.

Darkness was again upon us, and the growling echo of the tropical thunder roared over us. The Indian kept on with desperate strokes, hoping to make it. Uncertain moments followed. A terrific wind pushed us without our seeing our direction. Then with a sudden shock we were knocked over and into thick undergrowth. We were on terra firma, "Deo gratias!"

FOR SOME TIME we were prostrated on the soaked ground, then the Indian pierced through the jungle to find out our whereabouts. Soon he called me across the dark wood, saying that he had found the trail that led to the village. When we arrived there, they believed that we were spirits, as they had seen us being swallowed up by the furious waves. That night I mentioned the Word of God in Psalm 19:91 which says: "Quoniam omnia serviunt Tibi (all things are thy servants)" (Greek and Latin text). That young Indian guide began to weep and expressed his desire to accept Nhandeyara Jesukristo, our Lord Jesus Christ.

That meeting went on during the rest of the night, singing, praising, and testifying of His goodness. After a few hours' rest and some food, the gatherings continued the following day and night. On we went, with the solemn realness of Christ's presence among us. Every soul in that village was saved and God filled our hearts with a greater desire to serve Him.

Joao, the young Indian, has since become a fine Christian, a Spirit-filled witness for the Lord, a glowing evangelist to his people. His main text in his testimony to the village people up and down the river Purus is, everybody should serve the Great Master who has all the power in heaven and on earth, and through his message hundreds of natives in that remote region of the world have become true followers of Christ.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES (Continued from page 12)

human beings had the power to ac-

cept or reject salvation.

In 1784 Wesley executed the deed of declaration by which the Methodist Societies became legally constituted and which was in essence the charter of the Wesleyan Methodists. After the American Revolution, he organized the Methodists in the United States, about 14,000, into a separate church according to the Episcopal plan. Although opposed to the Church of England and shut out of its pulpits, Wesley regarded himself as being a loyal member of the Church of England.

Out of the labors of John Wesley,

Out of the labors of John Wesley, there arose not only the Wesleyan body in Great Britain, under several forms of organization, but also the Methodist Churches of America and throughout the world, in their membership aggregating many million. The movement awakened the Christian life among churchmen and dissenters to new power. At the beginning of the twentieth century in America, there were more than six million members of the Methodist Church. No single leader in Christian history has had a larger following than John Wesley.

John Wesley died in 1797 at the age of eighty-eight after a life of service

for the Christian Church.

HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED

(Continued from page 17)

light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall the moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. Thy people shall also be all righteous, they shall inherit the land forever; the branch of My planting; the work of My hand; that I may be glorified."

WHAT SHALL WE DO FOR OUR YOUTH?

(Continued from page 15)

your young people to work while it is called day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

Here is a card we have been using in Cleveland which I like very much. Just a good morning and a few kind words and a smile with this card may win a soul for Christ. You can make the card any size you like.

NORTH CLEVELAND CHURCH OF GOD 635 11th St., N.E.

..., Pastor

..., Evangelist

"Christ has no hands but our hands To do His work today. He has no feet but our feet To lead men in the way.

If you are a Christian, come and help us win souls for Christ.

If you are unsaved, come and let us help you find Christ.



RAY HUGHES, General Youth Director

FUN - PLUS

ID YOU EVER overhear a group of young people talking? Did you notice what the trend of their conversation was? Was t not some thrill that they had or some fun they had experienced in a particular activity? In just another month millions of these young people will be released from the public schools, classes, activities, and homework, and are going to be looking for a good time somewhere. You can help to supervise, in a measure, their activities by sending them to Youth Camp.

The primary purpose of most campers going to camp is to have fun. Every camp director must make provision to satisfy this desire, or else discipline problems will arise, because the program is "offside" so far as the

campers are concerned.

While fun is first and foremost in the minds of the campers, the camp directors have other goals in mind, also. These goals are more apt to be achieved if opportunity for fun is pro-

In this informal setting, many worth-while lessons are learned. One can learn to live cooperatively with others, which will definitely be beneficial when he returns home and to school.

One also learns to identify spiritual values and develop loyalty to them. Some of these spiritual values are discovered in nature; the stones, trees, rivers, and stars seem to talk to the young people. Psalm 19:2, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

Cabin discussions, campfire talks, open-air services, or just talks with the counsellor often help the camper to form a set of values which serve as

his guidepost for living.

Last year the Church of God conducted twenty camps in various states, in which 653 were saved, 334 sanctified, 284 baptized with the Holy Ghost, and 293 baptized with water.

In brief, the camp offers your son

or daughter:

Happiness. Responsibility—he learns to do

things for himself.

Cooperation—plays and works with others.

Appreciation—new interests and values.

Comradeship—make new friend-ships.

Health—wholesome outdoor activities.

Inspiration—from nature and lives of others.

Citizenship—learns better the dem-

ocratic way of life.
Plan now to send your family to camp this summer.

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN SUNDAY SCHOOL Average Weekly Attendance for February

Average weeki	Attenua	ince for repre	au i
	GROUP .	AA	
North Carolina			21,279
Tonnocceo			. 10,100
Georgia			17.091
South Carolina			15 506
South Carolina			14 310
Florida			. 14,515
	GROUP	A	
West Wirginia			10,716
Kontucky			. 7.015
Virginia			6,729
Ohio			6,687
Mississippi			
Mississippi			. 0,0
	GROUP	В	
California			5,092
Tilinoic			3.149
South Alahama			3,718
Michigan			3,606
Pennsylvania			2.584
Pennsylvania			
	GROUP	C	0.401
Oklahoma			2,421
Arkancas			2,414
Maryland			4,303
Miccouri			2,281
Louisiana			1,826
Louisiana		D 4	•
Arizona	GROUP	D *	1 274
Arizona			1,314
New Mexico			003
Kansas			784
	GROUP	TP:	
III ala in man	GROOT	Li .	805
Washington Iowa			476
Iowa			444
Western Canada			416
Montana			400
South Dakota			402
Idaho	GROUP	F	
Idaho	0.11000	_	221
Nebraska			164
New York			148
New Jersey	. 1. 1		122
New York New Jersey District of Colum	1b1a		122
Centrai Canada	GROUP	G	
Centrai Canada			96
Minnesota			17
Minnesota			9
Massachusetts			4
Massachusetts			_

* Only three states in this group

	GHT BI				
Average	Weekly	Attend	lance	for	February
	C	ROUP	AA		

			30 4=0
North Carolina			10,472
Centraia			10.598
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Tennessee			7.530
Tennessee South Carolina			7,000
Florida			7,235
	GROUP	A	
West Virginia			. 6,889
Kentucky			_ 4.616
Ohio			4 412
Onio			4,001
Virginia			4,021
Texas			3,699
	GROUP		
	GROUP	ь	0.510
California			3,518
Illinois			2,705
Pennsylvania			2 075
Pennsylvania			1,040
South Alabama			1,949
Michigan			1,791
	GROUP	0	
	GROOP	C	1 7715
Oklahoma			1,715
Arkansas			1,611
Missouri			1.498
WISSOUTT			1 252
Maryland			1,555
Maryland Louisiana			1,157
	GROUP .	D .	600
Arizona			608
Kansas			573
New Mexico			393
New McAlco		_	
	GROUP	E	
Washington			380
11001111150011			
			247
Western Canada		E	247
Colorado			270
Colorado			222
Colorado			222
Iowa Delaware			222
Iowa Delaware			222
Iowa Delaware			222
Idaho	GROUP	F	222 217 217
Idaho	GROUP	F	222 217 217
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Colorado Lowa Delaware Idaho District of Colun New York Nebraska New Jersey Central Canada Minnesota Wyoming Connecticut	GROUP nbia GROUP	F G	222 217 217 131 105 103 97 66 53 38 22 10

NATION'S BIG TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL Average Weekly Attendance for February

Tremont Avenue, Greenville, S. C.	842
Kannapoiis, North Carolina	591
Alabama City, Alabama	524
Missionary Ridge, Tennessee	510
North Cieveiand, Tennessee	495
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	462
Detroit, Michigan	
Middletown, Clayton Street, Ohio	
South Gastonia, North Carolina	429
Puiaski, Virginia	429
_ u.u.,	

NATION'S BIG TEN IN Y.P.E. Average Weekly Attendance for February

Average weekly hitteridance	
Whitwell, Tennessee	311
Orphanage at Sevierville, Tennessee	306
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida	299
S. Gastonia, North Carolina	277
Avondale Estates, Ga.	245
Akron, Market Street, Ohio	240
Daisy, Tennessee	222
Tremont Avenue, Greenville, S. C.	219
Canton, Ohio	217
Dillon, South Carolina	209
Dillon, Double Care	

NATION'S TEN LARGEST HOME DEPARTMENTS

E. Louisville, Kentucky	4,768
Pike Ave., Birmingham, Alabama	2,724
E. Nashville, Tennessee	1,468
Krafton, Alabama	1,025
Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina	758
Vass, North Carolina	622
Akron, Market St., Ohio	620
Hamiiton, 7th St., Ohio	604
Hamilton, 7th St., Onlo	600
Chicago Ave., Phoenix, Arizona	
Wahpeton, North Dakota	000

TEN STATES REPORTING MOST HOME DEPARTMENTS

West Virginia	55
Ohio	53
South Carolina	48
Tennessee	31
Tennessee	31
Fiorida	23
North Carolina	
Pennsylvania	22
Virginia	
Georgia	19
Michigan	17
Michigan	

***		•
	Ass	Since sembly
SAVED	4,621	61,518
SANCTIFIED	2,200	28,997
FILLED WITH HOLY GHOST	1,669	22,562
ADDED TO CHURCH	1,474	19,659
NUMBER OF SUND SCHOOLS ORGAN SINCE ASSEMBL	IIZED	257
NUMBER OF YOUN PEOPLE'S ENDEA ORGANIZED SING ASSEMBLY	VORS	222
NUMBER OF BRAN SUNDAY SCHOOL		_

GANIZED THIS YEAR 46

Announcing



LEE COLLEGE'S

TENTH SUMMER SESSION

FIRST SEMESTER: MAY 31-JULY 3

SECOND SEMESTER: JULY 5-AUG. 7

COURSES OFFERED

HIGH SCHOOL

ALGEBRA I AMERICAN HISTORY BIBLE ENGLISH I ENGLISH II ENGLISH III ENGLISH IV

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

CHURCH HISTORY ENGLISH I ENGLISH II EPISTLES

BIBLE COLLEGE AND JUNIOR COLLEGE

CHURCH HISTORY
ENGLISH COMPOSITION
ENGLISH LITERATURE
GENERAL SOCIOLOGY
HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION
NEW TESTAMENT GREEK
SOCIAL PROBLEMS

(ALL COURSES APPROVED FOR VETERAN TRAINING)

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MRS. MARY PLATT, B.A. MR. DUDLEY PYEATT, Jr., B.S., M.A. MR. ELMER F. ODOM, B.A., M.A. REV. HENRY C. RICKS, Jr., B.A., M.A.

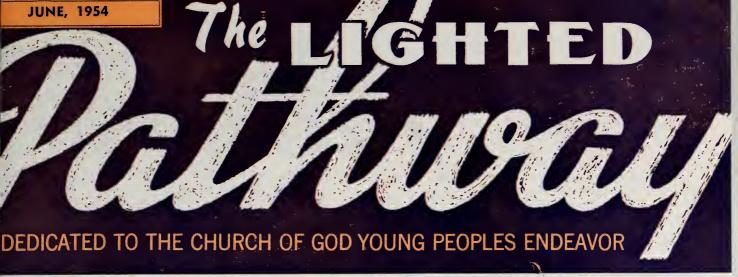
EXPENSES FOR THE SUMMER

MATRICULATION	\$10.00
TUITION (HIGH SCHOOL)	\$40.00
TUITION (RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OR COLLEGE)	\$80.00
ROOM AND BOARD	\$90.00

You may earn $1\frac{1}{2}$ high school units (2, if part of the work is repeat), or 12 semester hours in religious education or college.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE:

REV. R. LEONARD CARROLL, PRESIDENT, Lee College, Cleveland, Tennessee





Mind the

By CHESTER SHULER

T IS RELATED that for many years Mrs. Hattie Walker tended the lighthouse on a rocky ledge near the New York Harbor. Until his death, her husband had been the keeper, and she bravely took up the work in that desolate spot when

the work in that desolate spot when he passed away.

In her old age, Mrs. Walker was interviewed about her life in the lighthouse. She said, "When my husband died, we buried his body on the hill, within sight of the lighthouse. Every morning when the sun comes up, I stand at that porthole and look in the direction of his grave. Sometimes the hills are brown. Sometimes they are white with snow. But they always bring a message to me—something I heard my husband say more often than anything else. Just three words: "Mind the light."

"Mind the light."

The one duty of a lighthouse keeper is to mind the light. The chief duty of a Christian in this dark, dangerous world, is to "mind the light" of his world, is to "mind the light" of his influence. Someone is looking to us for guidance now. We may not believe it nor even suspect that this is true. Perhaps we feel much too insignificant to be a guide for anyone. The light in the lighthouse is insignificant to the light in the lighthouse is insignificant. and small compared with the vast, almost limitless expanses of ocean which it serves. But to the sailor on a dark and stormy night, it is very important. He looks to it with assurance and trust. If it should not "be tended" and fail, ships would be lost and lives sacrificed.

The light would need fail for only a or time to bring disaster. The light of good influence need fail only once to mislead someone into evil. The brighter the light shines, the more folks trust in it—and the greater the damage if it should fail, even briefly. Jesus said that His people are "the light of the world" (Matt. 5:14). Their light is to be "set upon a hill," not hidden under a higher (Matt. 5:15). hidden under a bushel (Matt. 5:15). Let us not forget that we do have influence with someone—for good or for evil. It is a great responsibility. Let us "mind the light."

25TH ANNIVERSARY
The August issue of The LIGHTED PATHWAY commemorates the twenty-fifth anniversary of this magazine. Naturally, we expect to present a special edition that month. Among the many features, we should like to give some comments from our readers who, during the years, have profited from its pages. During the next two months, therefore, if you have a word for The LIGHTED PATHWAY on her twenty-fifth birthday please mail it in. She will be pleased to hear from you!

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

CHARLES W. CONN Editar-in-Chief Church af Gad Publications

The Lamblighter

LEWIS J. WILLIS Editar
The LIGHTED PATHWAY

GENEVA CARROLL Assistant Editar
The LIGHTED PATHWAY

JUNE, 1954

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"Thy Word is a Light Unto My Path"

ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor Emeritus

National Youth Board

Ray H. Hughes, Choirman; Lewis J. Willis; Earl P. Paulk, Jr.; J. Newby Thampsan; O. W. Polen

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GREAT GREATNESS

ECENTLY A PROMINENT citizen of a foreign country speaking of the period during which he served his country as premier was reputed to have id, "I was the state." This attitude, in a very real sense, hibits the extreme selfishness which pervades our orld. There seems to be a lack of concept as to hat constitutes true greatness. Somehow the popular ea seems to be that one must command all and be mmanded by none in order to be great.

According to the popular concept of the Old World, servude was degrading, labor irksome, and pleasure a difcult accomplishment. The greatest and most-to-beivied man, therefore, was he who was subject to none, aited upon by all, and who was able to enjoy every nown pleasure. To rule, not to serve, to be ministered , not to minister, was the ideal. It would appear that

iis ideal has been fostered by many today. Apparently, the greatest are those with high powers

nd vast resources, regardless of how selfishly those enowments were acquired. Such greatness, by the sheer eight of prestige, often rejects the aspect of its moral shavior. Yet, the world generally condones the sins of nese great ones, and exempts them from the discipline eserved for ordinary men. Paradoxically, identical sin for ne great man is a prerogative, while to the average man, is an error.

IT IS TRAGIC enough to witness this specacle among unbelievers, but it becomes distressing when is discovered among those called Christians. Apparenty, however, the urge to become great at all costs has ffected many religious professors. Among some local hurch members the "rule or ruin" attitude prevails. ome pastors determine, regardless of consequence, to be lord and master" over their church. Pathetic but presnt is the willingness among some high churchmen to esort to questionable practices in order to maintain their place. It is a sorry sight with those who should be truly reat having stooped to the worldly practices of achievng and maintaining prestige by pressures, fraud, shenanigans, and tyranny.

This self-seeking spirit, to a degree, was present among he disciples of Christ. They understood their Master had come to establish a kingdom and their thinking dwelt much on who among them would occupy the higher offices. Occasionally, these ambitions would instigate jealousies and strife among them. This selfishness grieved the Lord. He was anxious that those who followed Him should know that His kingdom was not of this world. His spirit, and that of true servants, was not a self-seeking one. Those who would be greatest among His disciples were those who rendered the greatest service. Thus came His word of rebuke to their selfishness in Mark 10:43, 44. "But so shall it not be among you: but whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister: and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all."

Christianity, therefore, rejects the idea that genius or great capacity constitutes true greatness in themselves. Rather, it teaches that he is great who, having renounced selfish aims, embraces the divine laws and works in harmony toward the good of mankind. This is proved by the fact that many bfilliant thinkers, scientists, generals, etc., have by their lives brought disaster and ruin to their fellow men. They were great in ability but a curse in effort. Conversely, some rather ordinary men have become truly great because they gave themselves to be used rather than using others.

WE BELIEVE, therefore, that true greatness depends not on tremendous ability, but on the spirit in which that ability is used. It does not depend primarily on great powers, but the faithfulness of the service rendered with whatever powers man is endowed. The term of this law is that with every talent there is a required service. Consequently, the greater talents bestowed, the greater service required. Thus, in the sphere of true greatness, there is a place for every capacity whether a one or ten-talent man.

Today, every person should aspire to true greatness. If man will remember that extraordinary gifts do not necessarily qualify him, but a high conception of his place in God's work will, he is likely to succeed. God has a plan for every man's life, and it is a part of the universal plan. When, therefore, man accepts his life's work as a commission from God, he becomes a part in the eternal and divine order. That man is consequently great, for he is a part of the greatest of all enterprises.

Great greatness, then, is discovered in humble service whatever the place or station. Frederick the Great gave an excellent expression to this Christian view in his noble statement, "It is the business of the king to be the chief of the servants of the state." How magnificently different is that statement from the one by the ex-premier.

APPRECIATION

SINCE 1935 Mrs. Geneva Carroll has been associated with The LIGHTED PATHWAY. For the past six years she has served as Assistant Editor. Her humble spirit and willingness to serve have endeared her to her colleagues here. The many thousands of LIGHTED PATHWAY readers have come to know her well by the excellent articles which appear month to month. It is with genuine sadness, therefore, that I must announce that with this issue Sister Carroll terminates her present connection with The LIGHTED PATHWAY. She will, of course, continue to be a contributor, but will no longer serve as Assistant Editor. Henceforth, she will serve as full-time Editor of the Junior Sunday School literature. We pray God's richest blessings upon her in this very important ministry.

Page 3 June, 1954

ANIE, WILL YOU look to see if Bill's coming, and if I have time for more biscuits and honey before I saddle up?" asked Tom.

Tanie walked through the trading post and post office and looked over the prairie toward the low hills. No pony express rider was in sight. Nothing moved but the chilling winds, stirring dust.

"Eat as much as you want. Bill's not in sight," answered Tanie. She squinted at a moving figure coming down the hill. "Brother Rufus is heading this way," she groaned. "He always makes me feel like a sinner. I don't like him coming here."

"That's what you and I are, my twin sister," laughed Tom, pouring golden honey on a biscuit and licking the drip from his big fingers. "I'm glad I'm riding express and won't have to listen to Rufus reading the Bible, singing, and having service here tonight."

Tanie drew her lips into a straight line. "When I told Sister Rufus it might have been all right to say 'Love one another' in Bible days, and 'turn the other cheek,' and give away everything, but out here in the new West you got to be tough, fight for your rights, and hold on to what you got, he looked at me with his big blue eyes and said, 'It's still the way to live, Sister, and always will be, as long's Christ's in folks' hearts.'"

"Sister Rufus is brave," continued Tom thoughtfully; "he never carries a gun and visits all the Indian villages. Last spring he stopped what might have been a massacre, when he talked to Chief Buffalo-Hunter."

"Yes," shivered Tanie. "I'm afraid of Indians. I hate 'em and want to keep as far away as possible. Rufus wastes time studying Indian language so he can preach to them and translate the Bible. He says love instead of fight 'em."

I HEAR BILL shouting." Tom took a last swallow of coffee and dashed outside, his spurs jingling.

Shouting greetings, Bill drew up in a cloud of dust and threw a mailbag which Tanie caught. Tom put the other mailbags on his fresh pony. "I saw Sister Rufus riding with a bunch of Indians up over the hill," said Bill. "Good thing for me he was with them, though!"

"Good," grinned Tanie, "then Rufus won't be coming here and I won't have to listen to his singing."

Bill waved and rode back. Tom climbed into the saddle. His father limped from the trading post. "Careful, Son!"

"'Bye," called Tom, slapping his pony's sides. Tanie and her father watched. Suddenly, about two hundred yards down the trail, the pony reared on its hind legs. Tom was thrown off. As Tanie ran toward him, she noticed he tried to get up, but went down again with a groan. "Broke my leg. Pony reared to get away from

a rattler. I was tightening the mai bag and not expecting it."

"The mail!" exclaimed Fathe "Bill's gone and I'm too lame to rid No other rider'll come until night."

Tanie gulped; she trembled. "I can ride," she faltered.

Her father's jaw dropped. "Help n into the house," groaned Tom, "the Tanie, go. It's straight ahead and clear trail to the next station!"

"You're a good rider, but I don like you going—too dangerous for young girl," worried Father, helpir Tanie drag Tom to the house.

"The mail must go," replied Tani
"There's no one else."

"Now you wish Rufus had come he'd have helped out," Tom grinne wryly, trying not to let on how his le pained. "He's a good doctor, too. He set my leg."

Tanie pinned up her curls, and pron Tom's hat and clothes. As she we doing so, she felt her knees trembling "What if I meet Indians? get in buffalo stampede? meet a mountailion?" Her thoughts whirled. "I coulback out, but I won't!"

Setting her pretty chin, Tanie cor trolled her face as Tom gave her in structions. "If you meet Indians, tr to outride them. If you can't, don show 'em you're scared."

THINKING OF INDIANS
Tanie only half heard her father
many instructions as she rode of
Glancing fearfully around the hor



"God, help me!" Tanie kept thinking. "Isn't my prayer helping? I'm only getting in worse trouble."

In, she saw no one. She had never it so fearfully alone in a vast stretch sky and earth. She suddenly rembered Rufus had said that a pern was never alone. God was always the him and knew all things. You uld pray to Him any time and any ace. Tanie exclaimed aloud, "If on-I'd learned instead of laughing, I'd now how to pray now! Maybe if God iderstands everything, and I talked Him and asked Him to be with me, e would."

Keeping time to the steady drum of r pony's hoofs, Tanie repeated oud, "God, help me. Please get me to le next station. I'll never laugh at ufus again and call him Sister." earfully, she kept watching. Nothing oved. There was no sound other lan the whine of the wind and the pund of her pony's feet. Every mile

ing close, but she saw no bears.

HALFWAY to the station," Tanie breathed in relief. Suddenly her heart almost stopped beating, then started racing, as, across the valley, riding single file, she saw some Indians. "Maybe I could hide me and the pony in these rocks, but the bears!" She felt trapped. "Maybe the Indians have seen me."

"God, show me what to do," prayed Tanie. She kept on the trail. The Indians were riding away from her, but the last Indian turned and pointed to her, then all raced toward her. "I must keep on. Maybe they'll let me ride through, if I don't act scared."

The girl prayed frantically. She swerved to the right, trying to dodge the Indians, but they rode the same way. Every moment was bringing TANIE SAW the fires of the Indian village and smelled the smoke and cooking. When they reached the village, the women and children crowded around her. They touched her clothing, boots, and face. One snatched her hat, and her curls tumbled down. All stared and giggled. Dogs snarled and bit at her. "God, help me." Tannie kept thinking. "Isn't my praying helping? I'm only getting in worse trouble."

Above the noise Tanie heard a horse running. A child pointed and shouted. All the Indians looked, turned, and ran to the newcomer. Tanie stood alone. She saw Rufus in the middle of a milling group of shouting Indians. "God ride with you, Tanie!" he shouted. "I'll meet you at the next station and ride home with you. I want to

Tanie's Pony Express

"The girl prayed frantically. She swerved to the right, trying to dodge the Indians, but hey rode the same way. Every moment was bringing them closer."

lustrated by CAROL BELL

By ESTHER MILLER PAYLER

rought her closer to the next mail tation. Prayer was making her feel

Suddenly, Tanie was cold. Goose imples peppered her flesh, for to the ight, at the bottom of the hills, were noving dots of black. "Buffalo!" she reathed. "O God, help me so they yon't stampede."

Tom had told her to ride slowly, and quietly skirt the edge of the herd. As she got closer, the whole plain eemed alive with the great black beasts. Tanie wanted to spur her pony and leave them behind but she didn't lare lose the trail. "God, help me," she repeated. Once she heard a below and thought a stampede was beginning, but the animals kept feeding or staring at her with their dark eyes and shaking, shaggy heads.

"Thank you, God," breathed Tanie, as her pony climbed the hill and she left the herd behind. Near some huge rocks she saw tracks. "Bears!" She imagined she heard growls and snarl-

them closer. She could see their dark faces and the feathers in their hair being blown by the wind. There were a dozen of them.

Tanie could hear the beat of their ponies' feet. She spurred her pony, and with one hand pointed to the mailbags. She tried to pray, but could only whisper, "God! God!"

The girl raised her hand, palm out, in friendly greeting. There was no answer. One Indian grabbed her bridle. The others milled close, grunting. She choked with the smell of rank bear grease and dust. She held up the mailbag. "White Father messenger," she said.

"Prisoner!" muttered the Indian holding her bridle. She made signs to let her go. The Indians shook their heads and closed around her; so she had to ride with them, off the trail. "God, help me," prayed Tanie, desperately. "No matter where I'm going, Rufus said God was everywhere, so I'll keep on praying," she thought.

see Tom's leg again."

Tanie dashed back to the trail. She expected the Indians to follow. Rufus was talking to them. No one followed. "God sent Rufus to free me. Even after the way I treated him, he came to help me and Tom." Tanie wondered. "God be praised for Rufus. My prayer was answered."

Tanie did not feel alone now, or frightened. God was with her now, too, just as He had been in Bible times. Aloud she resolved, "No one's ever going to laugh at Rufus or call him Sister when I'm around; neither am I. More than anything I want to be a Christian, too."

Soon, Tanie saw the post office station—the end of her ride. As she threw the mailbags to the postmaster and climbed stiffly off her pony, she felt happier than she ever had in her life. Now she knew God was with her and would always take care of her. She knew, now, why Rufus always sang. She was singing herself.

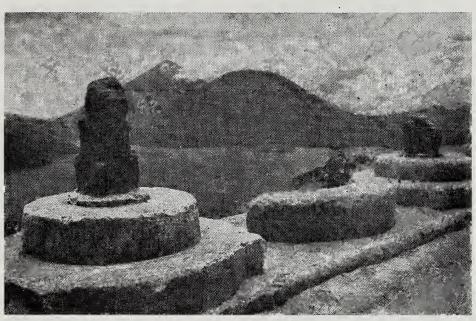
Two Thousand

Mountaintop Experiences

A graphic account of a fascinating visit with the Guatemalan Indians in the great Chuicaca Conference.

Pictures, Courtesy of Author

By LUTHER CARROLL, JF



Stone gods averloaking Lake Atitlan in Guatemala. Indians still worship these gods.



A market place in Guatemala

STEPPED OFF the big DC-4:
Guatemala City with a lot plans in my mind, but foremo in my expectations was the priviles of seeing the Chuicaca Conference the Church of God again. I looke from the door of the Pan America clipper and saw two front-line soldies of the cross waiting to welcome memy mother- and father-in-law Brother and Sister Thomas Pullin.

I almost ran from the plane, be cause I was eager to get into the duand mountains of Guatemala. Brothe Pullin grabbed and hugged me. Here felt once more the love and gratitud of a country and people that tugge at my heart. I was at home an amidst people who love the same Ma I sincerely do—Jesus Christ.

After clearing my permit from the Guatemalan immigration officials, we placed my luggage in the green mis



A skilled Indian painter

The LIGHTED PATHWA!

onary Chevrolet and left for the mison house in Guatemala City. I had wonderful surprise when I saw the ouse. It was much nicer than the old the that used to house the missionars. The old one was amidst the rough ction of the city and was regularly sited by thieves who looted and stole. his new location is much better, and am sure the missionaries feel safer ere.

At the other house we used to live much fear, and lost a lot of our ecious possessions to neighborly indits. At one time Brother Wayne cAfee was relieved of just about evything. Things are not safe anyhere here, but I was glad to see a after location for our missionaries. It is entered the house which Sister allin had spotless. She fights the list and filth of this country endssly, and we are concerned about er long hours of labor without rest, it she certainly is a wonderful misonary.

PREPARATIONS for the ip back into the highlands were at neir height upon my arrival. Also, fore visitors were expected. Shortly fter I arrived, Brother O'Neil McCulugh stepped off the bus from El Salador. He is director of the Church of rod Bible Institute of Central Ameria. He had the same idea I did—to isit the Chuicaca Conference. Of ourse, his trip is more official than line. He has the job of interviewing rudents for the Institute. My busi-



Washday in Guatemala

ness here was personal, I suppose.

After a taste of glory from the mountain top in Chuicaca, I refuse to stay away. I know many other people feel the same way. Every year the conference grows larger, the results greater, and the spectacle more wonderful. At the same time we were packing our food and bedding for the trip, hundreds of Indians of various tribes were gathering their bed-rolls and beginning the long trek to Chuicaca, also.

That night I walked out to take a look at what we call the "Chuicaca moon." It was bright and cast its penetrating light upon the mountains of Guatemala, lighting the paths of travelers to the conference grounds. What a wonderful time was in store for the pilgrims going to the mountains to worship!

The little Indian women jostled their babies on their backs as they skipped along the winding trails behind their husbands. Their life is cruel and hard. Day after day they grind corn, work in the mountainside corn fields, cook black beans, and grind tortillas on crude stones—all this with their babies on their backs. The only life they enjoy is living with Christ. Without Christ their life is empty, listless, and hopeless. But the Son of God makes a grand difference.

I have listened to them sing the songs of Zion and have been witness to many conversions among them. Many times during my missionary work



A pagan church in Chichicastengo

here, I have listened to blessed Christian songs coming from their little huts. This touches my heart, perhaps, more than anything else I see. What an extreme change from the chanting of idolatrous words to stone gods or wooden pagan saints! I feel a shout in my heart even at the thought of these remarkable conversions to Jesus Christ. If people of our churches in the States could get a glimpse of this, missions would soar to first place in every heart. This is why men of God seek out the heathen, why men die for the gospel. Oh, it's the power of God unto salvation that counts here, the only hope for the pagan worshipers of Guatemala.

THE TRIP TO Chuicaca is a long, tiring journey across narrow, dusty mountain roads. Danger lies around every curve. I looked down from the road to depths of hundreds of feet below, to precipices, jagged rocks, and to Lake Atitlan afoot the mighty volcanoes. The bottom of this lake has never been discovered. It is probably a creation of earth-rending earthquakes years ago.

The volcanoes have shaken cities to their feet, covered hundreds of Guatemalans in hot lava. Cities lie in ruin from these past horrors of nature. As I traveled near these giants of Guatemala, I felt small and powerless at their sight. But even these terrible disturbers have not the power that my God has in one hand, and I know definitely that the power of God has changed more in this little country than all the forces that have disturbed these humble Indians. The forces of darkness and the power of Satan have been challenged and God has set the fettered free. Across this land of the Mayan Indians are a host of lighthouses for lost souls: the Iglesia de Dios or the Church of God.

Our journey to Chuicaca takes us by Quiché, the home of Brother and Sister Pullin. My wife was born here, reared to follow the footsteps of her parents as missionaries. Here is my favorite town of Guatemala, so favorite that I am an honorary member of the chapel, a strange thing, perhaps, and whether it's legal or not I do not know. The members of the church here placed me in their number, since they say I belong here. I love to be with them and I delight in worshiping with them in the little chapel.

The walls tell the gospel in scripture verses; the platform is carefully decorated. There is an atmosphere of friendliness. The pastor, Oscar "Can-

che" Castillo, and I used to "jeep" around the country together, passing out tracts, preaching, and teaching the story of Jesus. He is now engaged in holding evangelistic campaigns and has been able to bring many people into the Christian fold.

Thank God for these wonderful people. They will soon begin building a new church which they so desperately need, and I am glad to say I had a part in helping with the project. Brother Pullin's daughter Alice, along with the Hadassah Class at the North Cleveland Church of God, raised money to erect the chapel. It will be called the Hadassah Memorial Church of God, I believe. The Missions Board purchased a beautiful corner lot across from the market place to build this church and it will be a perfect place to locate, since it is a gathering place for the Indians. This project will be a boon to the work here, and I am eager to see the job completed.

THE NIGHT IN Quiché was cool and full of voices. In the corridor of the mission house lay bundles of Indians resting for the continuance of their trip to Chuicaca. Some had walked from Pinal, Uspantan, Sacapulas, and far distances in the mountains. Sixty or seventy miles they had already walked, with a long way to go yet. What they will not do to attend the Chuicaca Conference! I slept in the bedroom near where they were sleeping, and all through the night I heard the little Indian mothers quieting their babies, and the general noise of snores, sneezes, and crying babies kept me quite awake.

In the early morning hours they arose, slipped out through the big door of the enclosing wall of the mission, and began their final trek to the conference. Not long afterward in the day, we packed the Chevy again and headed for the mountains, twenty-two kilometers to the end of the road. We drove across bridges that were not fit to walk on and across bumps that violently shook the car, although we drove with the greatest of care. The road was filled with Indians on their way to the conference, and we were constantly calling "dios hermano," more or less in our language ("Will be seeing you, Brother"). We had to stop the car at Coshom and park. The rest of the way was only walking country, and it was steep and very rocky.

The brethren from Chuicaca had sent us horses, or mountain mules, to ride and I was quite amused at Brother Pullin as he expertly examined them for a gleam in their eye or some flip of the ear that might spell trouble in riding. He had reason, because the last time I made the trip with him he was thrown into a corn field and badly bruised. This time he wanted no such ride. The examination over, we began the trip of four kilometers that would finish our trip to the conference. I preferred walking for awhile, accepting a ride after I was well worn out. Finally, the grand spectacle of the trip: the big brand-new conference building of Chuicaca.

As we entered the conference yard, the little Indian believers rushed to greet us. I felt the grip of hands that had been grinding corn and carrying heavy loads. Their hands were like sandpaper, but their hearts were tender and their personalities filled with the love of God and love for their fellow Christians. What a beautiful sight—Indians of various tribes, all in their



The national palace of Guatemala

costumes of native colors! My heart was in my throat, it seemed. It had been almost three years since I had seen them. Since I had left, many new converts had come into their groups. I noticed dozens of new, youthful faces that were filled with anticipation of this great fiesta of Guatemala.

Here I was. I thanked God for permitting me to return again. It had been a great sacrifice to me. I used money I needed for other purposes, borrowed and strained financially to make the trip, but in one moment I was repaid. The blessing of being among these people is worth any sacrifice. It had cost me two hundred dollars, plus losing two weeks of salary at home, but I knew this was God's will and I rejoiced. When I left three years ago, I left my heart here.

THE BRETHREN OF Chuicaca exceed any people I know of for work, and I mean working for God. They have built, from t ground, housing enough for about 2,500 people. In the early years whethe conference began (it is twent seven years old), they built to me the needs of a few hundred. Year an er year they have continued to built until now they can handle the crow easily, feed and serve them as the come.

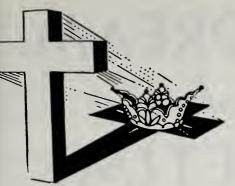
The new auditorium, now comple ed, can seat approximately 2,500. Or here they don't seat everyone—the I dian women sit on the floor with the babies and the men sit in the seal Visitors from the capital and Ladin (mixed Spanish and Indian) pref seats, if they are available. This is a ways a problem, because seats he are a premium. The people pack a jam this place until there is rare standing room. I have been in such tight place until I could not cross n legs. This time I spent much time st ting on the arm of a bench or squa ting near the platform, which was lot better than I am used to.

The services at Chuicaca cannossibly be described like they real are. The closest I can come to it would be in general terms. There is nothing like it anywhere. It is unique, in the there is complete freedom in worsh and singing. As soon as the song leader announces the song, the congregation begins clapping their hands perfect time, then the leader breat in with the song. And they do simplify the singing is beautiful and the more they sing the more volume they gain.

In prayer they are very sincere are earnest. Their voices ring loudly the building and the Spirit of Go certainly works miracles in their live. The burdens of their hearts are lifted the strain of the trip disappears, and the glory of God lights their counternances. "It is joy unspeakable and full of glory."

It's a glorious sight—two thousan people on the mountain top and tu thousand people receiving a mountaintop experience from God! These are God's children, blessed with salvation and the baptism of the Hole Ghost. They are away from the villages and the cities where they are persecuted and stoned; they have found a retreat from the scowls combelievers, mockers, and false teach ers. Here for one time they are free the shout for joy, find relief from the burdens of which they are tired. Of

(Continued on page 25)



The experiences of Glenn and John prove once again the affinity between . . .

Crosses and Crowns

By LeROY C. BROWN

HE WINTER WIND stung the noses of two boys who hurried across the Kansas snow to a ne-room schoolhouse. The older boy, loyd, quickly pushed his shoulder gainst the door of the building, and oth boys entered. Little Glenn noced that his breath still appeared as moke in the air.

"I hope the fire'll start easy this norning," said Floyd, eying the big ot-belly stove in the center of the

oom.

"I'll get some kindling," said Glenn. The first attempt to start the fire rought only smoking kindling and oal. "Get some more wood, Glenn, and I'll use some more kerosene. We'll get it started!" declared Floyd.

Glenn had just stepped outside the loor on his way to the woodshed when, BOOM! He knew what had happened. The stove had exploded, and Floyd needed help. Quickly Glenn rushed back into the schoolroom.

FIVE HOURS later, when Glenn had regained consciousness, he realized that he was at home in bed. Surely he had lost his fight with the schoolhouse fire. His legs hurt like a toothache, and he could feel that they were wrapped with bandages. He looked up into the faces of his parents. "Floyd! Floyd!" he gasped. "Where's Floyd?" No one said a word, but the tears in his mother's eyes told him that Brother Floyd would never again hurry across the snow to build a fire in the district school.

In the attempt to save Floyd from the fire, Glenn's little eight-year-old legs had been burned to a crisp. The family doctor feared that both legs would have to be removed. To be sure, he called in two specialists. They agreed that the boy's legs should be amputated at once. "So he will get used to his condition and won't mind so much as he grows to manhood," they said.

"No, please don't do that; please don't!" cried Glenn. The boy pleaded

so earnestly for his legs to be spared that his parents finally granted his request.

"But he will never be able to walk again," said the specialists.

"I'll walk again. I will walk!" declared Glenn.

DAY AFTER DAY, week after week—all winter—the brave boy was bedfast. The wounds were healing, but the results were only scarred tissue over bones; there was no feeling in his legs. Many, many times Glenn prayed that God would heal him. His parents prayed, and they all rubbed the dead limbs until their arms ached, hoping to stimulate circulation.

In the spring of 1919, Glenn said he was ready to walk. Carefully his father helped him from the bed. He lifted Glenn so that his feet touched the floor; then gently he removed his hands. But poor Glenn fell in a miserable heap on the floor. The father turned his head to hide the tears, fearing that his son would never walk again. "I'll walk; I'll walk again!" cried Glenn.

A few weeks later he tried again. This time he felt a glorious pain shoot through his legs, and he cried, "Look, I'm standing on my own feet!" Then down he went again, but this time he smiled because in his heart he knew that he would walk again.

Within a few days he was able, by holding to furniture, to hobble around the room. Soon he was walking outside, but always with a limp, because all the toes were gone from his left foot and the arch of that foot was almost destroyed. But this did not prevent the boy from running. He formed the habit of running everywhere—to school, to the store, or to do the chores. Furthermore, he became interested in improving his general physical condition. He practiced deep breathing and strenuous exercises. He grew strong and healthy, but still had a slight limp when he ran.

FIVE YEARS passed, and Glenn, at the age of thirteen, saw an announcement in town concerning a foot race to be run at the fairgrounds. The boy with the limp entered the race and left all other contestants behind

This was the first foot race that Glenn Cunningham had ever won, but it was certainly not the last one. He became a star on the Elkhart High School team; and when he was a freshman at Kansas State University, he could outrun any man in college. After college he ran professionally. During one year, he won twenty-five out of twenty-seven races. He ran in the Olympics and set a new world record for the mile-four minutes, four and four-tenths seconds. The boy whom two specialists said would never walk again became a world champion; and he did it largely through faith, prayer, and courage.

Surely it did require much courage for a little boy to say, "I will walk; I will walk!" when experts said he never could.

When we think of the true story of Glenn Cunningham, we, who have handicaps or those who do not, may be inspired to do far more than is being done. Sometimes our faith is too weak. Jesus said to His disciples, "Ye of little faith." Perhaps the same statement would apply to us at times. It seems that the experience of Glenn Cunningham may be an example of faith moving mountains. The same God who heard his prayers will hear

ours.

ANOTHER BOY WHO had great faith in God was John Kitto. The first book he ever read was Grandmother's Bible, and he learned to pray at her knees. His mother died when he was a child, and his alcoholic father deserted him. He was small and sickly, partly due to lack of food when he was a baby. His grandmother, a

(Continued on page 26)

O ONE would consider the purchase of a large house in one of the filthiest parts of a large city very important, but Jane Addams had dreamed of this since her sixth

birthday.

The desire for such a house oc-curred back in 1866. On that eventful curred back in 1866. On that eventful day Jane sat erect but very quiet in the carriage beside her father. She had not been able to sleep much the night before because of excitement. Her father had promised to take her the next day to see one of his mills. The father, John Addams, was then a member of the State Legislature.

Two terrible things had happened in the first two years of Jane's life. Her mother had died when she was nearly two. Then, just a few weeks before her birthday she had been stricken with an illness, which left her back slightly crooked. However, she was blessed with a good father, who made up for her loss in every way possible.

way possible.

way possible.

She was up bright and early, eager to be on her way. As she sat there by her father's side, watching the wild flowers by the roadside, it seemed they were nodding to her, saying a happy good morning. Yes, Jane Addams was a very happy, excited girl. Little did she realize that this day would leave such an anxious desire in would leave such an anxious desire in her childish mind.

As they rode through the territory between Cedarville and Freeport, Illinois, Jane was filled with horror at what she saw. A maze of dark alleys dirty, hungry children, dozens of them, playing in these alleys and tumble-down shacks, that seemed would be topsy-turvy with the least bit of a March wind.

For such a happy talkative child to suddenly grow so sober and quiet was disturbing to Mr. Addams. Looking down, he saw the troubled frown, even down, he saw the troubled frown, even a hint of tears, welling up in the soft gray-misty eyes of his daughter. Fearing that perhaps his curly haired darling was ill, he asked, "And now pray tell me, what is troubling my little girl?"

"Those houses, Daddy! People couldn't live in them, could they? And those children! Why are they so dirty? Why don't they have pretty dresses.

Why don't they have pretty dresses like mine, and a nice big yard to play

like mine, and a nice big yard to play in?"

"Because these people have no money, Jane," her father answered her.

"Well, Daddy, when I grow up, I'm going to live in a great big house, right in the middle of all these tumble-down shacks. And do you know, Daddy, I am going to ask all these poor, neglected people, who have no money, to come to see me."

Her father smiled lovingly down at his small daughter, proud of her because she had feeling for those who had so little; yet scarcely realizing that in the years following she would prepare and do this very thing.

AFTER JANE'S schooling, which ended with four years in the Rockford Female Seminary and a trip to Europe, Jane returned to Chicago and bought a large house on Halsted Street, which was known aft-

HER DREAM ALIFETIME

"The best way to do good to ourselves is to do it to others; the right way to gather is to scatter."—Seneca.

Illustrated by CHLOE STEWART

By KATHERINE BEVI

er that as Hull-House. There Jane and her friend Ellen Starr served tea to the tenants of the "horrid houses all around them," not minding in the least the dirty children and the poorly clad people who called.

Volunteers to the new undertaking came quickly. One was a charming young girl who conducted a kindergarten in the drawing room, coming garten in the drawing room, coming the manning from her garten in the drawing room, coming regularly every morning from her home in a distant part of the north side of the city. This young lady's daily presence, for the first two years, made it quite impossible for anyone to become too solemn and self-conscious in the strenuous routine. Her mirth and buoyancy were irresistible and her eager desire to share the life of the neighborhood never failed. This first kindergarten was a constant source of education.

source of education.

The many younger children who, from the first, came to Hull-House were organized into classes. The value of these groups consisted almost entirely in arousing a higher imagination and in giving the children the opportunity, which they could not have in the crowded schools, for initial and independent, so for intractive and independent, so for intractive and independent. ative and independent social relationship. The public schools then contained little handwork of any sort, so that naturally any instruction which Hull-House provided for the children took the direction of this sup-

plementary work.
In spite of these flourishing clubs for children, early established at Hull-House, and the fact that the first organized undertaking was a kindergarten, the management was very insistent that the settlement should not be primarily for the children

the first New Year's Day at Hull-House, older people in the vicinity were invited to the house. Carriages were sent for the more feeble and all were encouraged to attend an Old Settlers' Party. After that, each year on New Year's Day, older people, in varying numbers, gathered at Hull-House to relate early hardships and to take, for the moment, the place in

the community to which their pionee life entitled them.

THE NEW coffee-hous first started in Hull-House stood for more urgent standard in philanthrop ic activities. An investigation of the sweetshops had disclosed the fact that sewing women, during the busy season, paid little attention to the feeding of their families. Only by working the distribution of their families. they earn a few cents for finishing adozen pairs of trousers. Therefore they bought from the nearest grocer, the canned goods that could be mosquickly heated, or gave a penny to each child with which they might seem to the canned goods are a peighboring can be good to the canned goods. cure a lunch from a neighboring can-

Sometimes these children of working mothers were left in the casua care of a neighbor, but more ofter they locked them into their tenement rooms. The first three crippled children the workers of Hull-House encountered in the neighborhood had all been injured while their mothers were been injured while their mothers were at work. One had fallen out of a third-story window, another had been burned, and the third had a curved spine, due to the fact that for three years he had been tied all day long to the leg of the kitchen table. When the hat weather same the rectless chilthe reg of the kitchen table, when the hot weather came the restless children could not endure the confinement of the stuffy rooms. Since it wasn't considered safe to leave the doors open because of sneak thieves, many of the children were locked outside.

During Jane Addams' first summer in Chicago, many of these children would wander into the cool hallway of Hull-House. Those in charge kept them there and fed them at noon, in them there and red them at hoon, in return for which they were sometimes offered a penny, which the child had held in a tight little fist since the mother had left in the morning, to buy something to eat. Out of kindergarten hours, these little guests noisily enjoyed the hospitality of the big house bedrooms. house bedrooms.

For sixteen years Hull-House was ammitted to a day nursery. First in little cottage on a side street and in a building designed for its se, called the Children's House. It is ow carried on by the United Charies of Chicago in a finely equipped uilding. There the immigrant mothers are cared for as well as the children, where they are taught the things which will make life in merica more possible.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS t Hull-House, Jane Adams and her rorkers knew nothing of child labor. Imong the number of children invited for the Christmas celebration, several little girls refused the candy offered them, giving as their excuse, We work in a candy factory and annot bear the sight of it." Then it was learned that for six weeks these hildren had been working from seven in the morning until nine at night. During that same winter, three boys rom a Hull-House club were injured at one machine in a neighboring fac-

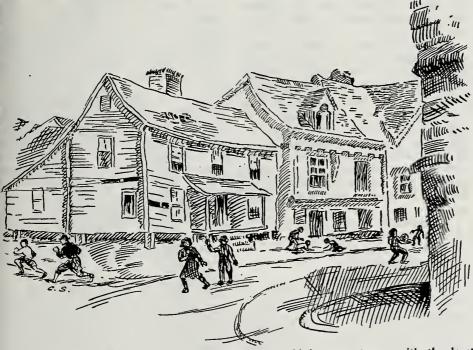
Jane recalls a little girl of four who pulled out basting threads hour after hour, sitting on a stool at the feet of her Bohemian mother—a little bunch of human misery. But even for that there was no legal correction.

The management of Hull-House learned to know many families in which the working children contributed to the support of their parents. They spoke English better than their parents and were willing to take lower wages. Gradually these parents found it easy to live upon their earnings.

A South Italian peasant who had picked olives and packed oranges from his toddling babyhood could not see the difference between the outdoor healthy work, which he had performed in the varying seasons, and the long hours of monotonous factory life, which his child encountered when the latter went to work in Chicago.

Another Italian father went to Jane

Another Italian father went to Jane Addams in great grief over the death of his child, a little girl of twelve. In the midst of his genuine sorrow he



"... and tumble-down shacks, that seemed would be topsy-turvey with the least bit of a March wind."

tory for lack of a guard which would have cost a few dollars. "When the injury of one of these boys resulted in his death," Jane relates, "we felt quite sure that the owners of the factory would share our horror and remorse; and they would do everything possible to prevent the recurrence of such a tragedy. To our surprise, they did nothing whatever. After that I made my first acquaintance with those pathetic documents signed by the parents of working children, that they would make no claim for damages resulting from carelessness."

In her visits made in the neighborhood, constantly Jane and her workers discovered women sewing upon sweatshop work. Often they were assisted by incredibly small children.

said, "She was the oldest kid I had, and brought the largest wages into the family fund. Now I shall have to go back to work again until the next one is able to take care of me." This man was only thirty-three and had planned to retire from work at least during the winters. The fact was that no foreman cared to have him in a factory, untrained and unintelligent as he was. It was much easier for his bright, English-speaking little girl to get a chance to paste labels on a box than for him to secure an opportunity to carry pig iron. No one seemed to consider how the child would be effected by this overwork.

Another little girl of thirteen, a Russian-Jewish child employed in a laundry at a heavy task beyond her

strength, committed suicide. Perhaps the main reason for her crime resulted from the fact she had borrowed three dollars from a companion. There remained no way for her to repay the debt unless she confided the fact to her parents. Then it would have required her giving up a whole week's wages to do so. Many such pathetic cases of child labor and hard-driven victims of the sweating system existed.

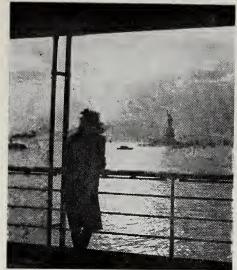
There was at that time no statistical information on Chicago industrial conditions. Mrs. Florence Kelley, an early resident of Hull-House, suggested to the Illinois State Bureau of Labor that they investigate the sweating system in Chicago with its attendant child labor. The head of the Bureau adopted this suggestion and engaged Mrs. Kelley to make the investigation. When the report was presented to the Illinois Legislature, a special committee was appointed to look into the Chicago conditions. Miss Addams well recalls the Sunday the members of this commission came to dine at Hull-House. Everyone seemed to be in high spirits. They believed that at last some of the worst ills under which neighbors were suffering would be brought to an end.

As the result of this investigation, the committee recommended to the Legislature the provisions which afterwards became those of the first factory law of Illinois, regulating the sanitary conditions of the sweatshop and fixed fourteen as the age at which a child might be employed.

During the many years Jane Addams occupied Hull-House, she saw scores of young people successfully established in life. In her travels in the city and outside, she was constantly cheered by greetings from a rising young lawyer, a scholarly Rabbi, a successful teacher or a prosperous young matron buying clothes for her healthy children. Often she heard the question, "Don't you remember me? I used to belong to a Hull-House Club."

She asked a young man, who held a good position on a Chicago daily, what special thing Hull-House had meant to him. He promptly replied. "It was the first house I had ever visited where books and magazines just lay around as if there were plenty of them in the world. Don't you remember how much I used to read a that little round table at the back of the library? To have people prize reading so highly changed the whole aspect of life for me. Then I began to have confidence in what I could do."

For forty-six years, Jane Addams was the manager of Hull-House. When she died in 1935, the mass of people who crowded the west side were of all classes. From the highest governmental official to the very poorest of people made up the mourners. One ragged Greek, standing with bowed head, was heard to sob out, "She is not just one people, one religion; but she is all people and all religions," This was the opinion of many. Countless numbers had been helped and inspired to rise above their difficulties and problems by the encouragement of Jane Addams.



GENDREAU

HEN A BOY, I enjoyed standing on the rear platform of the last car in a train and watching the tracks and landscape "rush away" from where I stood. In what a hurry everything seemed to be! Trees, fences, tracks, highways, even people and animals seemed to flee from my presence.

My home was near the bank of a broad, shallow river. The stream at that point was nearly a mile in width. Immediately across from our house was a little flag-station where some trains could be induced to pause long enough for one to hop aboard. To reach the station, we employed an old ferryman to take us across the broad river in a little boat. I recall with great vividness how unnatural my home community appeared as it slowly but surely receded with each push of the boatman's pole. How different my home appeared! The very hills and fields, the neighbors' houses and barns, the little red brick schoolhouse on the hill, the church in the valleyall seemed somewhat strange from that great distance. I loved to sit in the boat and watch this change come

Yes, there are some times in life when it seems to be fun to look back. But for the most part, it's not a good habit to foster. Jesus Himself advised against it. To illustrate, He spoke of a man plowing in a field. As any farm boy knows, the way to make a reasonably straight furrow with a plow and team, or with a modern tractor, is to aim at some stationary object at the other side of the field, and then move directly toward it. Jesus said that if a man has hold of a plough but keeps looking back instead of aim-

Looking Back

"... No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God," Luke 9:62

(All rights reserved)

By CHESTER SHULER

ing straight toward his goal—well, his furrow isn't going to be very straight, to say the least.

If you will read the last few verses of Luke 9, you will observe that just before Jesus said these words (verse 62) about plowing, some folks were busy making excuses for not following Him.

Most of us like to think of things that happened in the past. Older folks love to speak of "the good old days." Young folks think this is silly; to them the present days are much better than "when Gramp was a boy." But it's an odd fact that as we grow older we do like, more and more, to think in retrospect. Time seems to erase the inconveniences we once knew and to magnify the good things we enjoyed. And so, we love to say, with the old poet:

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight; Make me a child again, Just for tonight..."

Doubtlessly the Lord Jesus is not displeased too much with us when we think of our younger days or of the nice times we've had. But there is a kind of "looking back" which he does not like, and which is harmful to us and to his work on earth.

Too often, after accepting Jesus as Saviour and enjoying their salvation and Saviour for a short while, some persons will start to "look back" upon the things of the world which they have renounced. Instead of continuing to look to Jesus, their looking is divided. The world gets mixed in with the things of our new life. If we "look back" too often and too long, we shall need to heed Jesus' terse warning, "Remember Lot's wife" (Luke 17:32).

You, of course, recall the fate of Mrs. Lot. You remember how, when Lot and she were fleeing from Sodom after God's angels had destroyed it. Mrs. Lot disobeyed (Genesis 19:17, 26) by looking back upon the evil city—and was instantly turned into a pillar of salt!

Then, too, it's a mistake to keer living in retrospect, thinking of past happy hours and lamenting the ruination of experiences we think were so much more pleasant than our present-day ones. This breeds dissatisfaction discontent, and makes us of little real use for the Lord.

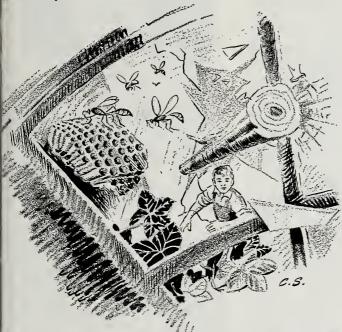
ONE SUMMER morning we awakened to the peals of thunder and the flash of the lightning. The rain had not yet begun to fall. During each flash and crash there was a short period of intense silence. During one of these quiet moments, we heard a bird's song—sweet, clear, and brave. Somewhere the bird was expressing his praise to God in the midst of the brooding storm. He wasn't lamenting over yesterday's vanished sunshine; he was making the best of the present situation—and enjoying it!

Why not try to remember this lesson from a little bird? It is so much easier to lament our ruined happiness, or the good old days which can never return. We forget that today will be a "good old day" some years hence—to someone. Why not help make it a very good day? This world in which we live is undoubtedly in a sad plight today. Ominous storm clouds of war and destruction, suffering and death loom blacker, perhaps, than ever before. There is added urge to think of the past as having been much brighter. What is our part? It won't help much to spend our time lamenting, looking back, or predicting dire things in the future. By God's grace, and with the help of Jesus, we can and should try to produce some cheery song-in some form-now, something that will help others, as well as ourselves, keep up

(Continued on page 26)

HIL LOVED TO PLAY in the yard of the big house that occupied a whole block with its grounds. The house was two-story and had been built many ars back by a very rich man. He had reared his famthere, but the children were all grown and the man and s wife had moved to his fine country estate in Florida live. They only came back every Christmas to live in le old home for a couple of weeks. The man's sons and aughter would come and bring their children, and there ould be a big family reunion for the holidays. And then I would leave and wouldn't return until the next holiday ason for another reunion.

There was a caretaker who lived on the place. He ouldn't allow children to play on the beautiful grounds, ut the boys of the neighborhood would sometimes slip in



and play while the old man was downtown at the stores. They would watch for him to leave. Then they would slip in and play in the yard, throw rocks into the water fountain and small pool, and chase the peafowls that were on the place. They loved to gather fruits and nuts that grew on the trees in the yards. Of course, they knew they shouldn't be doing such things, but they couldn't see where any harm was done.

ONE DAY, when he saw the old man leave, Phil slipped over the vine-clad rock fence and dropped into the yard. He knew that some wasps had built a big nest in the ivy that covered one side of the big house, and thought it would be a good idea to knock the nest out of the ivy. The old man didn't know about the wasps and it would be a good thing if he destroyed their nest.

Phil got three rocks. He threw the first one, missing the nest. Then he threw another and it also missed. Failing to hit it with the third rock, Phil picked up a stick and threw it at the nest, but the stick missed the nest and crashed into a lovely, curved, glass window. The window was broken. Phil looked around and was glad no one had seen him. He thought he would just get back home and nobody would know how the window came to be broken, but he felt guilty.

Running to the fence, Phil hastily climbed it and sat on top of it. He saw Ted, his next-door pal, coming around the side of the house. Ted was trying to entice a squirrel to come and take a nut from his hand. Ted didn't see Phil. He just stopped right where Phil had been standing as he threw at the wasp nest, and sat down on a bench.

Just then the old man suddenly appeared. He came from the back porch of the house and saw Ted. He had come into the house at the front door just as Phil had broken the window. Phil thought this was mighty lucky for him. The old man would come out and see Ted and think that Ted was the one who had broken the window. He yelled at Ted.

"I see you, Ted Jones!" the old man cried. "You broke the window! I'm going to tell your paw on you!"

"I didn't break any window," said Ted.

"Yes, you did!" the old man cried. "I heard the crash. Now I come out here and catch you in the yard!" He grabbed Ted by the arm.

The BROKEN PANE

"But the stick m is sed the nest and crashed into a lovely, curved, glass window."

By MONT HURST

PHIL HAD BEEN watching all the while. Something was welling up within him. He knew that Ted was being unjustly accused of something he hadn't done. He could get away with it by keeping out of sight and not letting the old man or Ted know he was anywhere near. But he knew this was no way for a Christian to act. Phil was a Christian and realized he was being put to a test. So he made up his mind and dropped into the yard.

"Oh, Mr. Harrison," Phil called to the old man, "Ted didn't break the window, I did. I can't let him suffer for something I did. Let him go, and I'll pay for the window somehow."

"What?" the old man exclaimed, "you broke it? Well now, it takes a man to 'fess up like that! You could have kept quiet and no one would have known but what Ted done it! Well, it shows you got the right spirit. So, if you'll get your paw to pay for a new glass, I'll make no charges of trespass. And you boys can help me dig up the dirt around them roses tomorrow, and I'll let you gather all the nuts you want! How about it?"

Needless to say, both boys quickly agreed. Ted thanked Phil for confessing his wrongdoing. Phil felt much better about it and was happy to know that he had acted as a true Christian should act. He knew his father would punish him, but he also knew that he deserved it. Sometimes it takes real grit and determination to act the way a Christian should. But Jesus always sees us and He is happier with us when we do so.

Psa. 73:17b, 18a " . . . then understood I their end. Surely thou didst

set them in—

Slippery Places

A hard hitting message on the vices plaguing the pathway of young people today.

By EARL T. GOLDEN

HE THEME "Slippery Places" suggests and implies danger. Immediately our minds focus on such scenes as mountain roads, steep hills, and wet pavements. These usually end in trouble, disaster, and many times death.

In our text, found in Psalm 73:18, the Psalmist arrives at his description of the "perilous position of the wickof the "perilous position of the wicked." He had been carrying on a soliloquy as to why God allows the wicked to prosper. "Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase in riches," so states the Psalmist. He tries to defend his position as to why God should not allow the ungodly to prosper. He then reaches his conclusion when God permits him to take the long look and see the end or finish of the wicked in this world. this world.

this world.

He sums it up this way, "When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me; Until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end. Surely thou didst set them in slippery places: thou castedst them down into destruction." He is also showed that they are, indeed, treading "slippery places," inasmuch as their destruction is pending, and may come unexpectedly and without warning.

ing.

The question is asked, and a twofold further show their answer given, to further show their perilous position, "How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors. As a dream when one awaketh; so, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image."

He then admits that he was foolish

and ignorant in his premature judg-ment and had not really considered the end of the wicked, but had only looked on their prosperity here in this world.

A Christian farmer was once taunted by an infidel because a sinner's crop seemed to be bringing as abundant harvest as that of the Christian. To this the Christian wisely answered, "God does not settle all of His accounts in October."

My friends, to pass judgment solely on outward, temporal circumstances

is not enough. We must consider the ending as well as the present in order

to render righteous judgment.
In Deuteronomy 32:35 we find these words, "To me belongeth vengeance, and recompence; their foot shall slide in due time: for the day of their calamity is at hand, and the things that shall come upon them make haste." It is truly mercy that is holding back the flood of divine judgment, but it has been determined and must speeding and must speeding the speeding speeding speeding speeding.

has been determined and must speedily come if mercy is spurned.

Psalm 35:6a, "Let their way be dark and slippery." A kindred passage is found in Jeremiah 23:12, "Wherefore their way shall be unto them as slippery ways in the darkness: they shall be driven on, and fall therein: for I will bring evil upon them." Here we find that the wicked man's path is not only slippery but also dark, thus implying a twofold danger.

Sinner, imagine yourself on a slip-

Implying a twofold danger.

Sinner, imagine yourself on a slippery mountainside, in the blackness of midnight. You then get just a miniature picture of your perilous position in this world without Christ. You are, indeed, traveling a slippery path, traveling in darkness, and traveling at the risk of meeting sudden destruction at risk of meeting sudden destruction at the next turn of your journey. What is even more pathetic is the fact that the Scripture states, "they shall be driven on, and fall therein." The devil, with all his satanic fury, is ever driving men, women, boys, and girls down this slippery, dark path that leads to ultimate destruction and doom.

My precious sinner friend, we shall consider some of these slippery paths with the hope that you will see your perilous plight and change your course of travel before it is too late. The world is full of slippery places, or rather we could truthfully say "it is one big slippery place." Yet, there are several paths that are so crowded we believe it to be our Christian duty to sound an alarm and point them out to you.

FIRST, WE FIND the slip-pery path of hate. This path has been traveled by many since it was trav-eled the first time by Cain just out-side the Garden of Eden. Hate then led Cain to murder—the murder of

his own brother, Abel.
Hate is no less a villain today. The great tragedy appears to be that it has many more avenues of approach now than ever before. In a world wrapped in war, racial

wrapped in war, rumors of war, racial prejudice, religious persecution, labor strife, political corruption, and such like, hate has never found a more fertile bed of soil in which to grow.

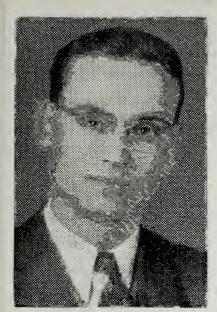
I am confident there are many souls outside of Christ today who are traveling this slippery path. Hatred of someone or something is ever driving them on their perilous journey.

THEN THERE IS the slippery path of lust. Jesus said in Matthew 5:27, 28, "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery: But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." To this James adds, "But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death," James 1:14, 15. James 1:14, 15.

With many of our moral standards coming from Hollywood, our fashions from Paris, and divorce courts copying after Reno, the trend is definitely helping to grease the slippery path of lust that leads to destruction.

The lust demons that caused Samson to surrender the secret of his strength to beguiling Delilah and David to seduce Bathsheba and murder Uriah are working overtime in the world today. Sex crimes and sex stories are capturing the headlines of nearly every daily newspaper and radio news broadcast. It is high time that America awakens out of the slumber of Sodom and Gomorrah and repents in sackcloth and ashes like Nineveh of

THE slippery path of greed is also taking its toll. The recent rise of a so-called prosperity has not stifled greed, but has only added fuel to the fire. The greed of the state of the sta to the fire. The greedy are even greedier as the world continues its worship, in mad fury, of the almighty dollar.



REVEREND EARL T. GOLDEN Pastor of Coffeyville, Kansas

Paul states, in 1 Timothy 6:10, that "the love of money is the root of all evil." At the root of the woes of the world today sits King Money on his exalted throne. Politics have been corrupted, wars promoted, and nations polluted because of their slavery to money.

Money in itself is necessary and needful. Its good use is even noble, but its ungodly love is the birthplace

of evil. Greed prompted Judas to sell the Master for thirty pieces of silver. Greed prompted Annanias and Sapphira to lie to the Holy Ghost. Their names, and rightly so, will ever remain in ill repute with all men. I ask you, in the name of common sense, what about the Judas, Annanias, and Sapphira of today who are bowing down to Lord Money instead of the

Lord Jesus Christ? It was my unhappy experience to kneel at the bedside of a dying man dying with a bank book in his hand but without Christ in his heart. In spite of my insistent instruction that the time had come for him to surrender to Christ, the only answer he could give me was that he had waited too long. Money had become his god, and money was the only thing to which he had to cling in the dying

Wealth, rightly used, is commendable, but the greatest wealth which may be owned, even by the poorest of the poor, is the assurance that in the dying hour you will not have to cross Jordan alone.

THE slippery path of neglect is taking a tremendous toll. With it goes a sad paradox that those who are traveling this path are the ones that least realize its danger. This path is so camouflaged with good intentions and prospective tomorrows that the dangers of today go unseen and unheeded.

Neglect is the father of many accidents. Most failures can trace their beginning to neglect.

The fact that King Agrippa was "almost persuaded" and Governor Felix looked for a "more convenient season" did no more assure their salva-tion than those today traveling similar pathways.

Several years ago, as a boy preach-I talked with an old gentleman eighty-six years of age. He tearfully told me how in his youth God had called him to work for Him. This call had been neglected and now, with tears streaming down his cheeks and facing the sunset of life, he quoted the oft-repeated saying, "Procrastination is the thief of time."

My friends, I implore you in the name of Jesus to act now, in "God's today," for "Satan's tomorrow of opportunity" will never arrive.

THE slippery path of pride has its numerous victims. Probably most widely known among them are Nebuchadnezzar and Belshazzar. Little did haughty King Nebuchadnezzar of mighty Babylon know, as his heart was lifted up in pride, that God would humble him by sending him to the fields to eat grass like an ox for seven years. Nor did Belshazzar, the king who occupied his throne many years afterward, know that the night he threw his drunken party that he was being "weighed in the balances and found wanting." That same night he was murdered and his king-

dom divided and given to others.
Proverbs 16:18, "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit be-fore a fall." The words of Jesus drive this truth even farther home by de-claring, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted, but he that exalteth himself shall be abased." The Lord would have you know that you cannot fly too high not to be brought down and when you do, it will likely be on spikes instead of feathers.

The ground at the foot of the cross is level. There we must lay aside our selfish pride and take up our cross, deny ourselves, and follow Him. Your pride of place, face, or race must be surrendered and your glory must hereafter be in the glorious cross of Christ. In return, our assurance is that the way of the cross will ultimately lead us to our heavenly home.

THE slippery path of wrong habits is claiming its share of victims, especially among the youth of our nation.

Some time ago I saw a very convincing cartoon. It pictured a huge trap set and waiting for the arm of a young man who was slowly reaching for it. What a true picture of the effects of a wrong habit! At first it is an innocent touch, and then you are caught and bound by its influence.

There are so many evil habits damning our nation that it would be impossible to list all of them. I want to call your attention to a few of the

more prominent ones.

Perhaps one of the most widely practiced and beguiling is the habit of alcoholic drink. It makes little difference whether its name is gin, beer, whiskey, wine, or champagne; whether it is made on the hillside or in a multimillion-dollar plant with Government approval, it all contains the same body-enslaving, soul-damning

influence.

The liquor men, for the sake of their blood money, have sold us down the river. They have captured our voters, monopolized our radios, televisions, newspapers, and magazines, and presented King Liquor to the public in such beautiful garb that even many of the more cautious are beginning to lose their suspicions.

It makes no difference with God that John Barleycorn is crowned King American Beverage and arrayed in gorgeous robes—He still declares in Sacred Writ, "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder, Proverbs 23:32.

If the true story of shame and sordidness that is actually produced by liquor was as faithfully promoted and presented by the liquor interests in the next six months as their present scheme of enslaving the public, they would have to close shop and get into

a new business.
God have mercy (they surely need it) upon Christians (so-called) who uphold the liquor interests, either by vote, influence, or plain apathy.

Young man and young lady, if you could look behind the scenes of broken homes, broken hearts, broken en homes, broken hearts, broken bodies, and prison bars as I have done and see King Alcohol stripped of his glory and in his everyday garb, you would shun that first drink as you would a rattlesnake lying in your pathway. Do not be deceived, "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder," Proverbs 23:32.

ANOTHER HABIT that is enslaving the American public—men and women, boys and girls alike—is the tobacco habit. Though it may not have the appearance of evil like the liquor habit, still, in many ways, it is even more enslaving and dangerous. By skillful advertising and promotion it has gained a place of dignity. This makes it increasingly hard to recognize its true character. In spite of all arguments in its favor, I challenge you to find a sinner who has been blessed by it, or a Christian who has enriched his testimony and influence

by its use. Unholy, ungodly movies made in Hollywood, many of the characters being divorcees, dope addicts, gamblers, adulterers, and adulteresses, are an evil epidemic among us. I do not make these charges lightly, but refer only to what is common knowledge through our means of radios and newsstands. The very moral fibre of our nation is being threatened, as is evidenced by the "nude look" in styling and the "broken look" in homemaking.

I would not fail to mention the modern dance craze. Call it by whatever name you desire, find it in the home, school, church basement, or honkytonk roadhouse, it all adds up to the fact that it inflames lust and breeds crime.

Gambling has had a face-lifting, also; so much so that now, in many states, you can indulge with Government approval by paying a tax, and

(Continued on page 23)

hour.

HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Conducted by Alda B. Harrison



HIS DAD,

E. A. Brininstool

My dad, he makes the slickest kite That ever was to fling; Why, it will sail clean out of sight, When I let out the string.

The other kids they come to me To get kite pointers now;

An' they're just as glad as they can be That my dad knows just how.

My dad can take two wheels an' make A coaster that is fine;

The other kids all want to take Their pattern now from mine;

An' when we all slide down a hill, Why, I kin pass by each

As though they all was standin' still!

Say, ain't my dad a peach?

My dad can make a bow that sends An arrow straight up high! You oughter see it when it bends An' watch that arrow fly!

An' now, why, every kid you see Tries hard to make a bow

As good as what dad makes for me, But they can't do it, though!

My dad kin take a willer stick Before the bark is dry, An' make a whistle jest as slick As any you can buy.

My, but the kids are jealous when I blow it where they're at!

They all commence a-wishin' then They had a dad like that.

They's nothing much my dad can't do If he makes up his mind;

An' he is mighty chummy, too, One of the bully kind.

Some dads would yell, "Oh, go and play;

I'm busy as kin be!"

By my dad, he ain't built that way, Not on your life, you see.

AGAINST HIS INCLINATION

Wallace Dunbar Vincent

Dad tried his best, when I was young, To fix it in my mind,

That "as the tiny twig is bent So is the tree inclined";

And when he'd lay me 'cross his knee On punishment intent,

I used to cry, "Say, Dad, look out, Or I'll grow up all bent!"

But years have come and years have

With many a care and trouble, With many a load that for a time Has bent me nearly double;

But always I've sprung back again Before it was too late-

For, though he made me bend a bit, 'Twas Dad who made me straight!

-Selected.

"The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice: and he that begetteth a wise child shall have joy in him," Proverbs 23:24.

DADDY

Mrs. Daisy Pratt Craven

My daddy is the finest man That ever you did see;

He is quite wonderful indeed, With me you must agree.

Why, when I was a baby small And had the colic, oh, so bad,

Who walked the floor with me that night?

It was my dear old dad.

And once upon a time he made A lovely swing for me, So I could go up in the air

Under a big green tree; The rope, it broke, and down I came

But daddy dear was near, He caught me in his big, strong arms And says, "Don't cry, my dear."

Sometimes I call him "Pape," Sometimes it's "Daddy dear,"

But always when he goes away We wish that he were near.

And when I say my prayers at night Beside my mother's knee

I ask the Lord to bless and keep My daddy dear for me.

TO THE FATHERS OF BOYS

Mrs. Roy Milum

Don't go where you can't take your son—and

I'll show you a chap when life's race is run

That you'll be proud to say, "This is my boy;

He's never caused trouble, instead pride and joy."

If you'll be a pal, as well as his dad, I'll show you the best boy a man ever

While he's young and tender, not able to stand

He needs you, his dad, to hold to his hand.

Don't leave him to wander the best way he can,

You do your whole duty until he's a man;

It will save you some heartaches when you're old and gray,

If you will walk near him—all of life's

He won't get in trouble—if dad's in his sight.

For he's proud as can be when you see him do right;

It won't hurt you any to chum with your son

And may save some heartaches for more than just one.

Your son will not lead you where angels can't go,

He was born with a heart as pure as the snow;

His only temptation that leads him astray

Is not when you're with him but when you're away.

It's his wandering around at night without dad,

When the devil will tempt him and have him do bad;

It's well worth your effort, if its effort you feel,

To look after your son—give him a square deal.

It's not your whole duty to just pay his keeps,

To feed him and clothe him, give a place he can sleep,

The Lord has trusted you with a fine little boy-

IF you fail in your duty-you'll lose all the joy.

HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

Conducted by Alda B. Harrison

DO IT WITH A SONG Nellie Good

Somehow the task seems lighter When we do it with a song; It stills the heart's complaining And keeps the courage strong.

No lot seems very grievous, Nor filled with cares the day, When love takes up the burden And sings along the way.

Somehow, though skies are gloomy, Or roads are rough and long, He will not lack for comrades Who travels with a song.

-The Sunday School Banner.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS By M. KENNETH MORRIS

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," Psalm 46:1

An officer of the American Flying Corps says: "I was out over the ocean alone, and I saw in the distance, coming rapidly toward me, a storm that was blacker than midnight; the black, inky clouds seemed to be coming with lightning rapidity.

"I knew I could not reach the shore ahead of the storm. I looked down to the ocean to see if I could go underneath the storm, or, perhaps, get on the sea, but the ocean was already boiling with fury. I knew the only thing to do was to get above it, so I turned my craft toward the sky, and I let her mount 2,000, 2,500, 3,000, 3,500, 4,000, and then the storm struck me.

"It was a hurricane and a cyclone and a typhoon all in one. The sky became black. I never saw blackness like that. I could not see a thing. Rain came in torrents, the snow began to fly, the hail was like bullets. I was 4,000 feet up in the air. I knew there was only one thing to do, and that was to keep on climbing. So I climbed to 6,500 feet, and suddenly I was swept out into sunlight and glory such as I never saw in this world before. The clouds were all below me. The sapphire sky was bending low above me in amazing splendor. It seemed the glory of another world, and I immediately began to repeat Scripture to myself, and in the heaven above the clouds I worshiped God.

A terrible storm is coming on the earth. Some speak of it as the time of "great tribulation." Isaiah says: "The

earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage." But God will take those who are His children to be with Him above the storm. Isaiah tells us, "A man shall be as an hiding place . . . covert from the storm." That Man is Christ Jesus. There is safety alone in Him. Run to Him!—Tract.

"AS THY DAYS" By GRACE SANDERS

There are two days of the week upon which and about which we have no need to worry, two days kept sacredly free from fear or distrust of the future. One of these days is yesterday with all its cares and frets, and with all its pains and aches, and all its faults: its mistakes and blunders have passed forever beyond the reach of our recall. We cannot undo one act that we wrought. We cannot unsay one word that we said yesterday, all that it holds of our lives of wrongs, regret, and sorrow is in the hands of Almighty God who can bring honey out of the rock and sweet waters out of bitterest desert. God who can make wrongs right; who can turn weeping into laughter; who can give beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, and God who can give joy of the morning for the woe of the night. Save for the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, that linger like perfume of roses in the heart of the day that is gone, we have nothing to do with yesterday. It was ours. It is God's.

And the other day we need not worry about is tomorrow. Tomorrow with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its failures, and its mistakes is far beyond the reach of our mastery, as its dear sister, Yesterday. It is a day of God's. Its sun will rise in roseate splendor, or behind a mask of weeping clouds; but it will rise. Until then the same love and patience that holds yesterday, will hold tomorrow. We have no possession in that unborn day of grace. All else is in the safekeeping of the infinite love of God that holds for us the treasure of yesterday, the love that is higher than the stars, wider than the skies, and deeper than the seas. Tomorrow-it is God's day. It will be ours.

There is left for us, then, but one day of the week-today. Any man can fight the battles of today. Any woman can carry the burdens of just one day. Any man can resist the temptations of today. It is only when to the burdens and cares of today, carefully measured out to us by the Infinite Wisdom and Mighty One, who gives them with the promise "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," we wilfully add the burdens of those two awful eternities—yesterday and tomorrow such burdens as only the Almighty can sustain, that we break down. It is not the experience of today that drives men mad. It is the remorse for something that happened yesterday; the dread of what tomorrow may disclose. These are God's days. Let us leave them with Him.

Therefore, we think and do, and we journey but one day at a time. That is the easy day. That is man's day. Rather that is our day in a twofold way—God's and ours. And while faithfully and dutifully we run our course and work our appointed task on that day of ours, God the Almighty and All-loving takes care of yesterday and tomorrow.

CHEER FOR TROUBLED AND PERPLEXED

It shall be my deep purpose to quiet the troubled by my love, sympathy, and tender words of peace and power. I shall ever be alert to point out paths of safety and success to the perplexed. I shall cultivate a heart-throb of constant interest in my fellow strugglers. May I be quietly instrumental in helping, encouraging, and building a multitude of lives.

There is hope up ahead. Nothing is too good to be true. Therefore I am resolved to bring comfort and peace to the troubled.

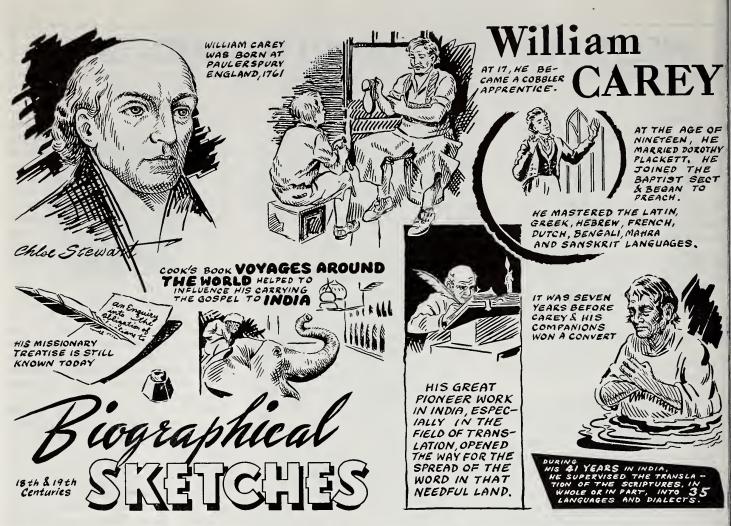
I will not forget that life is a struggle. I will not forget that obstacles lie squarely across the pathway of my fellow strugglers.

I will set my own sails to favoring breezes that seeing my progress others will take heart.

I will make it my high endeavor not only to sense life's struggles with those about me, but to put myself in the way to cheer, encourage, and hearten them.

I shall study to advise perplexed people in a way that shall really help them to get on. I crave the house by the side of the road and be the friend to man.

-HEART THROBS OF TRUTH



WILLIAM CAREY

By RUFUS L. PLATT, M.A.

ILLIAM CAREY was born at Paulerspury, Northamptonshire, England, on August 17, 1761. His parents were very poor and he had very lit-

His parents were very poor and he had very little religious or formal training.

When he was seventeen, he decided to become a cobbler, so he became an apprentice to Clarke Nichols, who was a strict churchman. Because of Nichols' fiery temper, profane tongue, and his Saturday night drinking, Carey was inclined to be on guard against religion.

Another apprentice named John Warr, working with Carey, was a devout young nonconformist who refused to conform with the state church. Warr belonged to the holiness group of his day. He talked to Carey at various times concerning his religion, and finally Carey went to church with him. After attending the church a few times, church with him. After attending the church a few times,

Carey gave his heart to God.

At the age of nineteen, Carey married Dorothy Plackett.

At this time he joined the Baptist sect and soon began to preach. His first pastorate was a small Baptist Church in Moulton, England. Since he received approximately fifty dollars a year in salary, he also worked at the cobbling trade in order to support his family.

Carey, being quick to learn and zealous for knowledge, began to study; he mastered the Latin, the Greek, and the Hebrew languages. He also learned French and Dutch,

and acquired a knowledge of history and botany.

When Carey took the pastorate of the church in Leicester, it was full of disunion, due to worldliness. For a full year he tried to change the people. Finally he got rid of the dead branches by dissolving the church membership and setting before the people a new covenant of New Testament faith, life, and discipline, and that only those accepting this covenant would be accepted into the

church. The church was revived and many were saved through the power of the Spirit of God.

DURING THIS TIME, Carey read a copy of Cook's book Voyages Around the World, which turned his

Cook's book Voyages Around the World, which turned his thoughts and sympathies out to distant lands. Strong conviction seized him of the greater duty and the task of the church to carry the gospel to the heathen world. It was through Carey that there later came an outburst of general missionary zeal and effort such as had not been since the days of the apostles.

At a ministerial meeting in Nottingham, Carey was invited by the moderator to suggest a subject for discussion, and his topic was "The Duty of Christians to Attempt the Spread of the Gospel Among Heathen Nations." He was told by the moderator to sit down and that "when God pleases to convert the heathen, He will that "when God pleases to convert the heathen, He will do it without your aid or mine." This action did not discourage Carey, and soon afterwards he published a treatise called "An Enquiry Into the Obligation of Christians to Use Means for the Conversion of the Heathen," which holds high rank among missionary treatises even

Carey preached his famous sermon from Isaiah 54 on May 31, 1792. Soon afterwards twelve ministers formed the first Baptist Missionary Society because of the influence of this sermon. By 1834 there were fourteen societies in Britain, as well as those on the Continent and in America. Because of his efforts in the behalf of mis-sions, Carey has been given the title "Father of Modern

Missions.

Oh June 13, 1793, Carey and his family, with another missionary, sailed for India and five months later landed in Calcutta. His farewell message to his friends was very impressive. He said, "Yonder in India is a gold mine. I will descend and dig, but you at home must hold the

(Continued on page 26)

HE SOFT, SWEET peals from the organ brought a sudden, solemn hush through the entire congregation gathered in the great auditorium.

The organ, as we know it today, has come a long way from that one of

yesteryears.

It was more than five thousand years ago that the simple pipes of Pan, made from reeds growing by the waterside, gave out strains of soft music, and since, in those ancient days, the reeds were available to everyone, with a bit of patience a man could make his own music.

Today, this versatile musical instrument with its intricate mechanisms, is much different from the simple pipes of Pan. Through these years of transition only the privileged few could enjoy its music, but today numberless thousands of people enjoy its

beautiful strains.

The crude musical principle of the simple pipes of Pan stayed alive in the hearts of many great minds, until today a mammoth *electronic* organ stands in McGaw Memorial Hall, Northwestern University, Evanstown, Illinois. This hall, one of the largest in the Chicago area, has more than 54,000 square feet of floor space. This gigantic organ uses seven cabinets, six hanging from the ceiling in a specially designed steel cradle to save space.

But the largest organ in the world is the instrument at Convention Hall, in Atlantic City, New Jersey. It used over 400 horsepower to operate its massive blowers, and consists of two consoles—one of these with seven manuals and 1,250 stop keys, the other with five manuals and 678 stop keys.

The history of the development of this musical instrument to the state in which we see it today is seeped deep in drama. An illustration of it is seen in how the first improvement was made on the water organ. It was during the reign of Ptolemy II Euergetes, in 265 B.C., that a barber, Ctesubius by name, living in Alexandria made this improvement.

One day as he sat watching a weight operate on a mirror in his father's barber shop—this counterpoise weight working up and down in a closed tube that held it so snugly that as it moved it produced a clear note—Ctesibius hit upon the idea of a principle that he worked into the first hydraulic organ

known to man.

IN THE MIDDLE Ages, the church had abandoned the use of

an organ in its services, but it is interesting to note that those constructed just before the abolishing of their use represented the Old and the New Testaments. The instrument was constructed of two elephant skins, fifteen bellows, and twelve pipes. The hides were used to represent the two Testaments, the pipes the apostles, and the fifteen bellows were for the prophets and the patriarchs.

One of the reasons for the organ not being used in the early church was because of the wheezing noise which drowned out the voices. But in the twelfth century, with this being remedied to some extent, the organ was used in Mass.

Ledgers found, with records made in the fourteenth century, plainly tell us how expensive these instruments were to keep in condition, even after the initial cost. In one of the ledgers recording the expenses of Ripon Cathedral in 1399, one may read this entry: "Two horse's skins for the two

From the Simple Pipes of Pan

An intriguing article—

By MONNA GAY



pairs of new bellows; two calves' skins and two sheep's skins for same; half a thousand small nails for same, pack thread; one man working on aforesaid organ by agreement; one drink given to said man."

IN THE sixteenth century, a company in England, Levant by name, desired favor in their business with the Sultan Mohammed III of Turkey. One of the officials of this company, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was eager to have friendly powers near the Mediterranean, so as to neutralize the power of Spain and the Catholic nations, called upon the queen to help them in some way. The following announcement was given out, on January 31, 1599, after this visit with the queen: "A great and curious present is going to the grand Turk which will scandalize the other nations-especially the Germans."

And lo, the great and curious present was nothing else but an organ, built by the most ingenious English organ-builder of that day. Not only was he given instructions to build the organ for this purpose, but he was sent with the organ to present it to the Sultan, and then to give the necessary instructions as to the use of it.

But before Thomas Dallam, the builder, was allowed to take it to Turkey, he must set the instrument, which played automatically, up in Whitehall. The organ was to be approved by the queen herself. Then after Her Majesty assured that it was just as it should be, it was taken apart and packed for transport.

As the days of the Civil War drew near, an organ that had been under construction for more than five years in Germany was completed and started on its destination—the United States.

After a three months' journey on the angry waters of the Atlantic, this \$60,000 organ was installed in the Music Hall at Boston. Its first notes were heard there in the Music Hall in 1863. This was a Walcker organ, and it took seven months to install it.

STILL NOT SO profuse as the reeds that grew in the wet earth along the streams as long as 5,000 years ago, yet one manufacturer alone has placed electric organs in more than 30,000 churches, from the very small chapels to the great cathedrals of the world.

And in this twentieth century, the operation and upkeep of our present-

(Continued on page 23)



Susan de Meillon Fourie was born in Durban, South Africa, October 16, 1929. After graduating from the Eshowe High School in Zululand in 1947, she entered the Natal Teachers Training College in Pietermaritzburg. During her vacation at the end of her first year at College, Susan and her mother were invited to the Full Gospel Tabernacle in Durban. That evening she heard the Pentecostal message for the first time, and score of the variety surpended the belief to the International College. the first time, and soon afterwards surrendered her life to the Lord

the first time, and soon afterwards surrendered her life to the Lord Jesus Christ.

December 31, 1950, just three weeks after receiving her teachers diploma, she and John J. Fourie were married. For the following few months, Susan taught in several government schools both in and around Durban. However, feeling the call to full-time ministry for the Master, and being conscious of God's hand upon her life, she entered the Berea Bible Seminary, during which time she was active in Crusaders (Y.P.E.) work.

Susan has dedicated her life unreservedly to the Lord and the youth. In South Africa the need for Christian workers is great. She has the qualifications recognized by the government, and is now acquiring the much needed Bible training at Lee College. We predict great things in the future for this couple who have ventured thousands of miles on faith.

John J. Fourie was born into a Christian home on January 8, 1927, at Vryheid, Natal, South Africa. He gave his life to the Lord at an early age, but didn't completely surrender to God until his late teens. In 1936 his family moved to the seaport of Durban on the east coast of Southern Africa. Here John went to Sunday School and Pastor J. F. Wooderson gave him a solid foundation in the Word of God. John took an active part in the Crusaders (Y.P.E.) and also sang in the Durban Crusader Choir of the Tabernacle.

In August, 1951, after his marriage to Susan de Meillon in December, God wonderfully opened the door for John and Susan to enter the Berea Bible Seminary in Kroonstad, Orange Free State. After completing one year in the school in Africa, they entered the Kenley Bible School in London, England. While there, the couple did some evangelistic work. On their completion of two terms in England, John and Susan felt led to apply to Lee College. Their application was accepted on August 14, 1953. Immediately they crossed the Atlantic, landing in Quebec, Canada, after which they came on to Clevland, Tennessee. Both John and Susan are now students at Lee. This semester John is serving the Missions Club as president. God has blessed him and his wife. It is with keen anticipation that they are preparing their lives for the cause of the cross.

The Upper Koom

By CLIFFORD THOMAS

OUSES in the days of the Old Testament included a room, called an upper room, set aside for special occasions, such as entertaining guests, but more especially for a time of meditation and

This room symbolizes the upper room of the mind, or the conscience, which controls and guides the conduct of people and reveals their true na-

turē.

Every thought, word, and deed, whether good or bad, generates in the mind of man and qualifies his character. Therefore, whatever kind of character is built up during the years depends on how that "upper room" has been trained.

Ideals of the highest quality should be installed in this room, such as faithfulness to God, loyalty to home and friends, integrity, and many oth-

ers.
Truthfulness and honesty, however, predominate as two ideals of paramount importance in establishing and in the huilding of sound foundation in the building of character.

First, many people refer to a fabrication as a "white" lie, but a lie cannot be classified for the sake of convenience, nor tinted according to the expediency of the situation. Any person who deliberately makes a false statement cannot change the degree thereof by draping it white. If truth-fulness is permanently instilled in the upper room of the mind for future guidance, then without hesitance truth will assert itself under all circumstances, no matter how extenuat-

ing.
Similarly is the case of honesty.
When this ideal is securely entrenched in the mind, shady transactions and sharp dealings cannot be tolerated.

THE MIND CONTAINS many other rooms, such as the room in which we store the knowledge necessary to follow our chosen profession, the room in which we store memories, and the room in which we store knowledge of art, music, and literature. But all these rooms are dominated and controlled by this upper room, and whatever use, or what-ever kind of use to which these rooms are put, depends entirely upon the character and quality of that upper room. Twenty years from now the at-titude of every nation will reflect how the upper room of the mind of youth is being trained and developed today.

The type of the upper room of the mind radiates from the personality, and personality expresses itself in the things we do, the things we say, and how we react in all situations.

WHILE concentrating on the important task of furnishing the upper room of the mind with the highest ideals, certain things must also be kept out, such as anger, envy, malice, and hate. A mind cluttered with petty resentments and grudges affects the other rooms of the mind, affects the other rooms of the mind, spoiling the disposition and clouding vision. A sincere spring-cleaning of the mind, occasionally, becomes a necessity in order to discard all that would mar its beauty.

A man lived on this earth many years ago, whose perfect life shone without blemish, the upper room of whose mind revealed such purity and (Continued on page 25)

By Way Introduction

JAMES SHEALY

EV. JAMES SHEALY of Greenville is the Youth Director of South Carolina. James will be thirty-two years of age next February 25. Twelve years ago he joined the

Church of God at Laurens.

After finishing his elementary school work, James enrolled in North Greenville Baptist Academy to pre-pare himself for the ministry in the Baptist Church. In addition to the regular high school curriculum, he was privileged to receive ministerial training in such subjects as Bible, Homiletics, Missions, etc. At the same time, he was a member of several school so-cleties organized for the purpose of improving posture, speech, public speaking, and displaying talent for church work. Before completing his high school work, James did some spe-cial work at home through corre-spondence. He received his high school

University of South Carolina. This young preacher has studied several college subjects under special teachers. In 1952 he had the privilege of attending Lee College for a special course in the summer. In various forms he has received practical experience which has helped to qualify him for the Lord's work. He has led singing in tent and church revivals.

diploma by special examination at the

At the age of six, James became a salesboy, selling candy, newspapers, magazines, and other items. Since then he has worked at intervals on jobs such as delivery boy, store clerk, textile worker, office hand, shipbuilding, and many other different jobs.

At the age of eleven he conducted his first church prayer meeting at the Northside Baptist church in Woodruff, South Carolina. In May, 1939, he was licensed for the ministry in the Baptist Church. While in that church he conducted revivals and served as supply pastor on several occasions.

In January, 1942, God led James into the holiness way. It happened on a Thursday night that he talked with Rev. W. D. Childers about the baptism of the Holy Ghost. On the following Sunday afternoon, God sanctified and filled him with the Holy Ghost. That night he joined the Church of God. The following year he evangelized in South Carolina.

This young preacher has held pastorates at St. Stephen, Walhalla No. 2, and Pelzer, South Carolina. He has also pastored the church at Avondala Carolina.

Georgia. Before accepting the position of State Youth Director of South Carolina, James served four years as District Youth Director. Two of those years were on the Walhalla District, and two were on the Greenville District.

In June, 1940, James married Ruth Giles of Laurens. The couple has three children: Barbara 12, James 10, and Dennis 6. All except the baby are members of the Tremont Avenue Church of God in Greenville. His wife has been a source of inspiration, working anywhere and everywhere as

the opportunity permitted.

James is a firm believer in prayer and God has answered many prayers for him. Prayer with a working faith has resulted in many souls being born into the kingdom of God. Four times God has saved him from drowning, and many times he has been protected from serious automobile accidents. He considers it a miracle to be alive and gives God the glory. He believes in taking everything to God in prayer.

Some of the highlights of his life

are as follows

"My sanctification, baptism with

the Holy Ghost, and joining the Church of God.

"The first years of my ministry in the Church were hard. My first revival was conducted in a rented store building used for a church with the conducted of the church wilding used for a church of the church wilding used for a church of the church of building used for a church. After a time of testing and trials, God has opened the way until now I have been privileged to preach on the sreets, in schoolhouse, jails, county homes, brush arbors, tents, and churches. Just to know I have been instrumental in winning some to God who are now in the ministry is a real highlight."

James says of the future of our youth, "They will be determined by the type of leaders and leadership they get today. Youth has zeal, vitality, desires, ambitions, aspiration; and with the proper leadership this can be channeled into the right course, resulting in righteous ideals, a great Church, a strong America, and a won-

derful world."

RAYMOND D. HARRIS

AYMOND D. HARRIS is the Youth Director for Washington and Oregon. The birth of Ray-mond occurred April 7, 1924, at Checotah, Oklahoma. Later the family moved to Phoenix, Arizona, where he finished high school. After this Ray-

mond worked as a tinner.

God saved Raymond in a little church in Phoenix. In 1941 he joined the Church of God. The next year Raymond and Pauline Luna were married. His wife has proven a great helper in his ministerial work. The couple now has three children.

It was early in 1942 when Raymond first felt the call of God to the ministry. Just when he planned to attend Bible School, Uncle Sam called him into service. From June, 1943, until November, 1945, he served in the armed forces. During those two and one half years, he never forgot God's call

It was August, 1946, when Raymond entered the Church of God Bible Training School, attending one term. In July, 1947, he accepted his first

church in Phoenix, Arizona, thus beginning his ministry. While pastoring the East Phoenix church, he attended the Arizona State College at Tempe

for three years.

After this pastorate, Raymond went to Yakima, Washington, to pastor that church, where he served for two years. The next year he evangelized in California. Then in June, 1953, he was chosen State Youth Director of Washington and Oregon. Raymond considers this as one of the highlights of his Christian experience. Since he has been interested especially in the youth, he feels this gives him a better chance to work with them and to do something for them.

This Youth Director believes there is a great future for the young people of the Church, but he thinks also that much of it depends upon the zeal, fervor, and spirituality of the Church today. The future will be very bright if we can keep a good spiritual and definite program before our

youth.

DRIVE IN CHURCH

Enola Chamberlin

ASADENA Community Church at St. Petersburg, Florida, boasted one hundred seats and forty members when Dr. J. Wallace Hamilton became its minister in 1929. Today this church, with its two L-shaped auditoriums seats 1,200 people. Yet, at a recent Easter service 10,000 devoted listeners flocked to the church and heard Dr. Hamilton render a powerful sermon. Any ordinary Sunday brings out from 6,000 to 8,000 worshipers. To accommodate all these people Dr. Hamilton has had to make use of the great out-of-doors.

Behind the church, palm-shaded

and flower-beautified are three garden sanctuaries. A huge picture win-dow at the rear of the altar looks out on one of these gardens. Grouped under the palms are seats for 1,500 peo-ple. In mild weather every seat is taken. The church's wonderful sound system carries the minister's voice to

the listeners.

But the church buildings and the gardens seat less than 3,000 people, so eighteen acres of car parking with adequate sound devices, take care of the other thousands who refuse to miss hearing Dr. Hamilton preach. Entrance to the church on a Sunday morning is like the rush hour at a factory. To get these cars parked, to get everyone happily seated requires seventy men ushers, tweny of whom are deputy sheriffs with traffic-di-rection training. Twenty women greeters take care of the indoor and garden seating and resolve problems that come up in the handling of so

many people.
Dr. Hamilton felt his duty just as strongly when he talked to thirtyfour people his first Sunday in the church twenty-five years ago as he does today talking to thousands. This has to be so or he would never have attracted these thousands into his

congregation.

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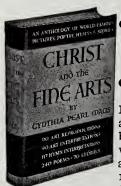
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SLIPPERY PLACES

(Continued from page 15)

in some church basements by paying

their "bingo" fee.

Sin, regardless of its false face and fancy costume, still remains sin, and the Bible emphatically declares "the soul that sinneth it shall die" and "the wages of sin is death."

THE LAST, but by no means least of the slippery paths that I desire to mention, is the very, very slippery path of morality. Many who are not guilty of traveling the aforementioned paths do not realize that the path they are traveling is just as treacherous and leads to the same destination as the others. Because of their morality, they are patting them-selves on the back, reaching into the pie of good morals, pulling out a plum, and saying, "What a good boy am I!" Any sensible man will agree that

good morals are to be commended, and certainly more desirable than bad ones. However, nowhere in the Bible do we find where morality is to be a substitute for salvation. Morality is a result of our good works; salvation is a result of Christ's work on Calvary. The familiar Biblical story of the rich young ruler leaves him a lost sinner because he lacked one thing, although otherwise he was morally upright. The Bible declares that "all our righteous-nesses are as filthy rags" (Isalah 64:6) and "except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3).

You may ask the question, "What sin have I committed and by what sin will my guilt be determined? I have always been a good person." Please consider my answer. If you could be saved without Calvary, then the death of Jesus is a mistake and God is guilty of allowing it to be made. Furthermore, the Bible declares you were "born in sin" (Psalm 51:5). Until you repent you are guilty of rejecting the only begotten Son of God, the only Sacrifice for sin (John 3:16, 36). Therefore, it leaves you guilty of the horrible sin of neglecting and rejecting God's sacrifice for sin, His Son Jesus Christ. Please consider two Bible questions. Hebrews 2:3, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" Hebrews 10:29, "Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God?" Can you answer these questions? No one else has ever been able to.

In conclusion, you may be just as prosperous as the ones the Psalmist was considering when he came to the conclusion given in our text, "Surely thou didst set them in slippery places." Or you may be dejected and discouraged, bordering on despair and tragedy. You may now be planning to find a way out of it all (you think). Whatever your position now, remember, if you are without now. Christ, it is precarious and leaves you sliding hellward.

"Surely thou didst set them in slip-pery places," Psalm 73:18.

I plead with you now, before you lay aside this message, to reach out your hand and by faith grasp the nail-

riven hand of Jesus; then you can sing with the lyrist, James Rowe,

"I was sinking deep in sin, far from the peaceful shore; Very deeply stained within, sinking to

rise no more But the Master of the sea heard my

despairing cry, From the waters lifted me, now safe am I.

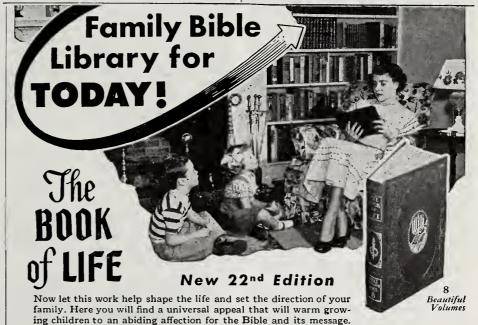
"Love lifted me, love lifted me, When nothing else could help, LOVE LIFTED ME."

FROM THE SIMPLE PIPES OF PAN (Continued from page 19)

day organs allows even our homes, whether we be millionaires or day laborers, to give a place to this instrument so adaptable to all places and people. For while we read of the massive giant in the great cathedral or concert hall, we also can find the small organ in modest homes.

Yes, from the great cathedral of Canterbury to the tiny chapel or humble home, the depth and fulness of the beautiful organ tones peal out. As we listen to the soft tones, our minds seem to go back to the simple reed of more than 5,000 years ago, for this ancient reed gave birth to the versatile electric organ we appreciate so much today.





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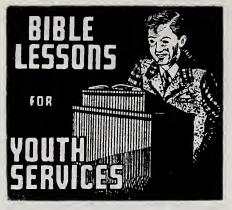
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SECRET SERVICE

SCRIPTURE: Matt. 6:6, ". thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

CLOSE THE HEART-DOOR

The task of closing the heart-door when one attempts to engage in prayer is very hard. There are things that have been done, but not so well; things to be done, urgent, important things. Bits of conversation repeat themselves; songs hauntingly come to the mind; an unusual account from the daily newspaper presents itself for further thought. These are common distractions in the prayer closet. Then personalities and friendships clamor for attention when a heart seeks to render "secret service." In evening devotions, the enemy of prayer metes out the sleep sedative, and often the desire to pray is drugged.

All of these forces, and many more, serve to pull one away from effective praying—praying in the Spirit. But, praise God, when one brushes aside hindering thought influences, and pushes past "things," there is awaiting that heart the great privilege of rich communion with the Father.

To truly shut the door involves the coming into an attitude of inner stillness and quiet, hushing every thoughtintruder, dismissing every feeling of rush and hurry. Shutting the door involves recognizing the Holy Spirit's presence and place in prayer, giving heed to His impressions as prayer continues.

SECRET SERVICE CALLS FOR SACRIFICE

"Secret service," a great many times, calls for the sacrifice of legitimate, wholesome endeavor and entertainment. One fine Christian girl said to a friend, "Sometimes when a group of the young folk plan some wholesome pastime that I would wholesome pastime that I would wholesome that I would be action of the young folk plan some wholesome pastime that I would be action of the young folk plan some wholesome pastime that I would be action of the young folk plan some wholesome pastime that I would be actioned to the young folk plan some wholesome pastime that I would be actioned to the young folk plan some wholesome pastime that I would be actioned to the young folk plan some wholesome pastime that I would be actioned to the young folk plan some wholesome pastime that I would be actioned to the young folk plan some wholesome pastime that I would be actioned to the young folk plan some wholesome pastime that I would be actioned to the young folk plan some wholesome pastime that I would be actioned to the young folk plan some wholesome pastime that I would be actioned to the young folk plan some wholesome pastime that I would be actioned to the young folk plan some wholesome pastime that I would be actioned to the young folk plan some wholesome pastime that I would be actioned to the young folk plan some wholesome pastime that I would be actioned to the young folk plan some wholesome pastime that I would be actioned to the young folk plan some wholesome the young folk plan some wholesome pastime that I would be actioned to the young folk plan some wholesome wholesome wholesome the young folk plan some wholesome the young folk plan some wholesome the young folk plan some wholesome wholesome wholesome wholesome wholesome wholesome wholesome who young folk plan some wholesome wh heartily enjoy, God whispers to me, 'I want you to pray.'" And as she denies herself an occasional outing to engage in prayer, only God knows what good is wrought!

In thinking upon this matter of secret praying, it naturally follows, in these busy lives we lead, to ask, "How can I spare the time to give secret service above my regular devotion and Bible-reading period?" An examina-tion of how time is spent will reveal some startling factors. First of all, the busiest may doubtlessly find that a few minutes cut from this and that activity will yield enough time for a blessed session in the Divine Presence. Then, it is amazing how much time is spent with newspapers, novels, and secular periodicals. Good reading is necessary to the well-rounded, well-informed young person, but a few minutes taken from time spent in this way and transferred to secret praying will bring a rich reward.

Besides the time one can extract from busy schedules, and the mo-ments sacrificed from wholesome recreation to spend in the secret closet, God honors those burdens His children bear unto Him in the routine of

everyday living.

SECRET SERVICE CHALLENGES FAITH

"When thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward the openly." No man can measure the rewards the Father bestows upon His secret-service workers, but those rewards, rich as they are in this life, compare not to the weight of eternal glory. A soul won through prayer, a burden lifted from weary shoulders, an errand of mercy done, all are a part of salvation's story.

That one who is often and long alone with God soon sees the vast expanse of the kingdom, and his prayers increase in scope and ardor. He first finds faith only for those about him, but ere long, his secret service extends to the community, the district, the state, the nation, then over the seas to China, Japan, India, Africa, the islands of the sea, South America; indeed, his prayers girdle the globe.

In pursuing the Master's command to pray, the soul finds true happiness and joy that passes not with the using. Prayer controls the spirit, softens and sweetens the disposition, fosters kindness, and lends glory to all who en-

gage in it.

Besides all of these personal benefits are the blessed effects prayer renders to those for whom one prays. A soul finds God in His saving power, a sick one is healed, a revival comes to the home church, a missionary feels that someone has prayed, new fields of endeavor are opened. God's work moves on and His kingdom is coming moves on and His kingdom is coming, because His people, which are called by His name, take time to pray!

GOD, AS A FATHER

GOD, AS A FATHER, COMMANDS

In Genesis 18:19, Abraham, as a father, commanded his children. God, as a Father, commands us, His children. And we have learned by experience that His commandments are not grievous. When He, for example, commands us to give Him first place in our hearts (Exod. 20:3), He is only desiring us to be supremely happy.

GOD, AS A FATHER, PITIES David, as a father, pitied his children (2 Sam. 18:33). God, as a Father, pities us, His children, too. Psalm 103:13, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Even when we err, He is sorry for us, although we know it is

our inestimable loss to wander from His paths.

GOD, AS A FATHER, CHASTENS Jacob, as a father, chastised his children when they did wrong. He was a splendid father to the twelve patriarchs, despite his faults. God, as a Father, though He pities His children, is the perfect Father. He chastises us when it is necessary. "For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth; even as a father, the son in whom he delighteth," Prov. 3:12. Therefore, let us not despise the chastening of the Lord, nor be weary of our Father's correction. See Proverbs 3:11 tion. See Proverbs 3:11.

GOD, AS A FATHER, INSTRUCTS Solomon, as a father, instructed his children (Prov. 4:1). God, as a Father, instructs us. He tells us in Psalm 32:8, "I will instruct thee, and teach the in the way which thou shalt go." Let us, as His children, listen to His words of instruction.

GOD, AS A FATHER, GIVE US

GOOD THINGS
Our earthly fathers try to give us
the best. It is a pleasure for them to see us happy. Our Father in heaven—God, as the Father—gives good things to them that ask of Him. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" (Matt. 7:11.)

GOD, AS A FATHER, FORGIVES The prodigal's father, as a father, forgave his child (Luke 15:20). God, as a Father, forgives us our many transgressions. "He hath not dealt with us after our sins," we have proved over and over. Words by lip or pen can never fully express His forgiveness as the Father!

GOD, AS A FATHER, REJOICES GREATLY BECAUSE OF US Lastly, we shall turn to Jacob again,

who, as a father, rejoiced in his children. How splendid are his words of triumphant joy in Genesis 48:11, "I had not thought to see thy face: and, lo, God hath shewed me also thy seed." Think, also of Jacob's pleasure in Goshen, how he would rejoice greatly because of Joseph, his wise and right-eous son. "The father of the right-eous shall greatly rjoice," we find in Proverbs 23:24. God, as a Father, re-joices greatly because of us—the righteous. When we live a good consecrated life, and are endeavoring to help someone to find the right way of life, then God is pleased with us as His children.

DAVID REFUSES! By Earl T. Golden

Note: This is the third lesson in this series.

SCRIPTURE LESSON

1 Samuel 17:39, "And David girded his sword upon his armour, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him."

INTRODUCTION At the time of our lesson David is called by King Saul "but a youth"; and when his opponent, the giant Goliath, saw him, he viewed him as "but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance."

I. WHAT DAVID REFUSED

A. "And Saul armed David with his armour, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail," 1 Samuel 17:38.

When King Saul was finally convinced of David's sincerity in desiring to meet the giant Goliath in combat, he proceeded to arm David with the armour he had used in battle many times before. This David refused.

II. WHY DAVID REFUSED

A. It Was Another's Armour
1. Philippians 2:12c, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."

We can not get by on an-other's experience. We must trust God for ourselves. We may have godly parents, but their righteousness will not suffice for us.

David did not want to be a cheap imitator. He knew that he was not King Saul, that he was not King Saul's size, and he felt ill at ease in his ar-

B. It Was Untried

1. 1 Samuel 17:39b, "I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them."

David realized the serious-ness of the conflict facing him; he must take no chances. To carry a heavy ar-mour that had not been proved might turn out to be an added weight that would turn victory into defeat.
2. Hebrews 12:1b, "Let us lay

aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

III. WHAT DAVID CHOSE

A. A Tried Weapon
1. 1 Samuel 17:37a, "David said moreover, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

It is always best to use a weapon in which you have confidence. David had used his sling many times before

- and knew its potentialities.
 2. Ephesians 6:11, "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the dev-il."
- Weapon Administered in B. A Faith
 - 1. 1 Samuel 17:45, 46, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou has t defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee,

and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcases of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel."

C. A Weapon That Won the Victory

1. 1 Samuel 17:49, 50, "And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his that the stone forehead, sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David." The same weapon that had been sufficient for beasts was sufficient for giants. If we keep faith in

CONCLUSION

us a weapon of victory.

TWO THOUSAND MOUNTAINTOP **EXPERIENCES**

(Continued from page 8)

what an appropriate time for rejoicing!

On this mountain God draws patterns for lives. Hearts are melted together and God easily moulds lives so flexible. Men are called to harvest fields, broken bodies are healed, and desires are accelerated to witness to the unsaved. Remember that the writer of Hebrews, when referring to Moses on Mount Sinai, said, "See that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed to thee in the mount" (Hebrews 8:5). God patterns lives here, remolds and changes ways. On this mount thousands have come with burdens of the world and leave with a burden for souls. They go into the deepest jungles, unto the highest mountains, and they bring the lost to Christ. From this mount flows blessings untold. I held my heart open here and God filled me. Today I feel full . . . I was one of the two thousand.

THE UPPER ROOM

(Continued from page 20)

nobility that every thought, word, and act transcended beyond criticism and without fault. He went about teaching a philosophy of love and kindness, until He so aroused the jealousy of certain people that He suffered condemnation, and they crucified Him. No man but Jesus could present such a perfect example of a life controlled by



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a spotless upper room.

As He looked down from the cross, He said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." In speaking these words, Jesus demon-strated the functioning of the upper room of the mind in its highest possible attainment.

The upper room, or conscience, properly trained never fails to illuminate the Christian in the question of right or wrong, and establishes a sure foundation for a life of happy,

useful service.
"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee."

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CROSSES AND CROWNS

(Continued from page 9)

sterling Christian character, inspired him to learn about God, and he delighted in reading the Bible. He felt that someday he would like to write and illustrate articles for Christian publications.

Financial conditions made it necessary for John to start working as soon as possible. At the age of thirteen he secured employment, helping a man put shingles on houses. The employer's manner was severe. Frequently he would scream at John, "Stop wasting time! Go ahead; get up that ladder!" High on the ladder, the heavy load of shingles would press into the boy's bony shoulder. On one occasion, the boy's frail arms and legs ached so severely he felt he could not climb another step. "Get on up that ladder!" called the man. Numbness came to John's feet, his fingers relaxed and slipped from the smooth rung of the ladder. Down, down dropped the weary body to the pavement thirty-five feet below.

During the following two weeks, John was unconscious most of the time. Strangely, no bones were broken, and he breathed regularly. Finally, John opened his eyes and looked toward his kinfolk and friends, but they said nothing to him.

"Why doesn't someone say something?" gesticulated John.

Then the doctor wrote on a slate, "You are deaf-mute."

DEAF, PENNILESS, physically weak-how could this boy become the great artist and author that he desired to be? Fervently he prayed that God would help him to be a useful person.

His next job as an apprentice in a cobbler's shop was not encouraging. His boss delighted in beating him when he did not respond quickly to an order.

John flinched in pain and wrote on his slate, "I am deaf. I could not hear you. It is not right to beat me." But the beatings continued. Poor John knew that he could never be an able shoemaker, especially with the kind of treatment he was receiving. His next job, selling pictures and signs on the street corners, was more pleasant. Making the pictures and signs was interesting; also, he had more time now to read his Bible and to write and draw.

The young artist's work attracted the interest of George Harvey, a famous mathematician. Mr. Harvey told the editor of the Plymouth Weekly Journal about John's work, and a week later the world's first illustrated Bible story was printed.

The picture-stories were very well received. "Who is John Kitto?" people wanted to know. Soon he was invited to be an honored guest in the Governor's home! The Governor permitted John to use his great library, and encouraged him to become a printer.

Successful years were ahead, and John Kitto, the deaf-mute, who was once too poor to buy a paintbrush, became a well-known Christian artist and writer. Finally, he published a book called the "Pictorial Bible," which was translated into twenty languages!

HOW EASY IT could have been for this young man to have yielded to self-pity and to have said, "I'm so severely handicapped I can do nothing for God or my fellow man. I'll just not try."

The apostle Paul had a thorn in the flesh and could have neglected to do anything for God, but he felt that with Christ he could do all things. Likewise, we, who may be inclined to doubt at times, through earnest prayer can renew our faith and perhaps do far more for God than we ever thought we could. Someone has said that the secret of successful Christian living may be found in three words-"In the closet." There, alone with God, we can experience renewed faith and courage to do that which will honor and glorify God.

WILLIAM CAREY

(Continued from page 18)

ropes." Not long after arriving, they lost all of their property in a storm. He then went to work as superintendent of an indigo factory to help support his family. During the next five years, he mastered several of the Indian dialects, held daily religious services for the factory employees, preached among the villages, and worked at the translation of the Scriptures, which was to be the work of his life.

It was seven years before Carey and his companion found a convert who was ready to endure persecutions and be publicly baptized. His companion was so happy that he became momentarily deranged. In 1799 two more missionaries, by the names of Marshman and Ward, joined Carey and all three formed the famous "Serampore Triad." They established a missionary college at Serampore, India, and set up schools and printing presses in other sections of India, in addition to their evangelistic and pastoral work, in order to spread the gospel.

In 1801, the Governor General recognized Carey for his ability to speak so many languages and hired him to

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teach Bengali, Mahratta, and Sanskrit in the new Fort William College at Calcutta. With the fifteen hundred pounds that he received as salary, he supported his family and two com-panions, and devoted the larger portion to the promotion of the spreading of the gospel.

CAREY MADE MANY contributions to India during the forty-one years he spent in India. Under his supervision the Scriptures were translated, in whole or in part, into thirty-five languages or dialects. He also did much work on translating the Bible into Chinese. During his lifetime, there were over 200,000 Bibles and portions of the Bible printed in different dialects from the Serampore press. He contributed to the vernacular education of India by compiling and publishing grammars in the Sanskrit, Bengali, Mahratta, Telugu, and Sikh languages.

In 1832, Carey corrected the last sheet of the eighth edition of the Bengali New Testament and declared, "My work is done. I have nothing more to do but to await the will of God." On the ninth of June, 1834, Carey died and went to receive his heavenly re-ward for his labor in India.

LOOKING BACK

(Continued from page 12) courage in the face of the storm. This daily trying, this steady, uninterrupted "forward looking," with our eyes ever fixed upon Jesus our Goal will help us plough a straight furrow. It will help us unerringly guide someone home, who may be following along the heavenly pathway.

Someone, perhaps it was Stevenson, once prayed these words: "Help us with the grace of courage that we be none of us cast down while we sit lamenting over the ruins of our own happiness. Touch us with the fire of Thine altar, that we may be up and doing, to rebuild our city!"

This grace of courage will enable us to look backward, if we will, upon ruined happiness, but courageously rebuild the city of our hopes, and to help others onward to a better day.



RAY HUGHES, General Youth Director

Summertime Activities for Youth

T IS SAID THAT during school months young people of school age have two to five leisure nours each day; however, most of this time is taken up with school activities.

Now that school is out and young people have a lot of time on their nands, the church can take advantage of this to enlist them in some pleasurable, yet profitable activity. Activity is a trademark of youth. Their energy must be harnessed and properly guided. The church is responsible for the outside activities of its young people. We can hold them by giving them something to do, and challenging them.

TRY A STREET SERVICE

Although this method of evangelism has been abused, a group of young people, with proper supervision, can make an impact upon a community with an impressive presentation of the

gosel in songs, sermonette, and testimonies.

The program should be well planned, with two or three songs and choruses, selected testimonies, and a brief message.

This method is especially good for unchurched communities or underprivileged areas. At the conclusion of the service, a special invitation to attend the sponsoring church and Sunday School should be extended.

A street service in a community can serve to break the ice for a house-to-house visitation of the immediate area. Leave the *Lighted Pathway* and *Evangel* in the homes, along with a schedule of the services.

Young people need training in witnessing for Christ. This is an opportunity. Two or three individuals could be delegated to pass out tracts and literature to the passers-by.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL OUTING

A Sunday School picnic is always enjoyed by young people; at the same time it helps to weld the various departments of the Sunday School together. It provides for recreation and fellowship, which youth must have. The pastor who counts such as nonsense will soon find his audience lacking in youth attendance. People are naturally attracted to a church where youth plays an important role and provision is made for them.

OPEN-AIR SERVICE

Plan a service in a park, or by a lakeside, on some hot summer evening. This type of service takes more planning than the ordinary Y.P.E. gathering. Be sure to plan far in advance, and publicize the meeting well. It is imperative that the necessary arrangements be made and permission be granted for the use of your meeting place.

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN SUNDAY SCHOOL Average Weekly Attendance for March

Average week			
North Carolina	GROUP A	AA	
North Carolina			21,293
Tennessee South Carolina			19,351
South Carolina			16,080
Captrola			10,001
Florida			13,995
	CDOTID	A	
West Virginia Kentucky	GROUP	Δ	10 987
West Virginia			7 270
Kentucky			6.841
Virginia			
Ohio		******************	
Mississippi			5,143
	GROUP	В	
California			5,214
South Alabama			_ 3,714
Tilingie			3,694
Michigan			3.494
Wichigan	~ TTD	~	0,
	GROUP	C	0.700
Missouri			2,100
Arkansas			2,533
Maryland			4,411
Oklahoma Arizona New Mexico			2,152
	GROUP	D	* 405
Arizona			1,435
New Mexico			924
Kansas Washington Western Canada			764
	GROUP	E	
Washington			814
Western Canada			461
Towa		~~~	402
Iowa			394
North Dakota			384
Itoron Zanou	GROUP	F	
North Dakota Idaho New York	C.2		239
New York			191
New Jersey Nebraska			168
Nobracka			145
District of Colur	nhia		125
District of Colum	GROUP	G	
District of Colur	31.001	_	370
Central Canada			92
Wyoming			
Minnesota			
Minnesota			

Connecticut

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN Y.P.E. Average Weekly Attendance for March GROUP AA

North Carolina			11,309
Tennessee			10,163
Georgia			9,936
Florida			8,648
South Carolina			7.874
South Caronna	CDOUD	A	.,
	GROUP	A	7,239
West Virginia			1,239
Kentucky			. 5,355
Ohio			4,321
Wirginia			_ 4,180
Mississippi			4,112
	GROUP	10	
G-116	GROUP	ь	2 277
Caiifornia			2,490
Illinois			2,400
Pennsylvania			2,439
South Alabama			. 1,943
Michigan			_ 1,668
	GROUP	C	
Missouri	GROOT	· ·	1.876
MISSOUTI			1.639
Arkansas			
Oklahoma			1.506
Maryland	~= 0115		1,300
Maryland Arizona	GROUP	ט	F.C.0
Arizona			303
New Mexico			493
Kansas			463
	CROTTE	Tr	
Washington			413
Montana			264
North Dakota			249
Wortern Canada			248
Delegrero			224
Delaware	GROUP	F	
Idaho	GROOT		162
Idaho District of Colum	1-1-		105
District of Colum	ıbıa		85
New York			
Nebraska	,		69
New Jersey			59
	GROUP	G	
Maine			268
Central Canada			49
Minnesota			21
Massachusetts			10
Connecticut			5
Confidence			

TEN STATES REPORTING THE MOST HOME DEPARTMENTS

West Virginia	56
Ohio	51
South Carolina	49
Florida	34
Tennessee	33
Virginia	26
Georgia	23
Pennsylvania	22
North Carolina	21
Michigan	19

NATION'S BIG TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL Average Weekly Attendance for March

Tremont Ave., Greenville, South Carolina	850
Kannapolis, North Carolina	648
Missionary Ridge, Tennessee	532
Alabama City, Alabama	510
South Gastonia, North Carolina	495
Detroit, Michigan	491
North Cleveland, Tennessee	481
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	47
Middletown, Clayton Street, Ohio	443
Pulaski, Virginia	435

NATION'S BIG TEN IN Y.P.E. Average Weekly Attendance for March

War, West Virginia	555
Missionary Ridge, Tennessee	388
Orphanage at Sevierville, Tennessee	314
Daisy, Tennessee	303
Alabama City, Alabama	284
Lake Dale, North Carolina	267
S. Gastonia, North Carolina	261
Canton, Ohio	226
Whitwell, Tennessee	22
Riverside, Georgia	21

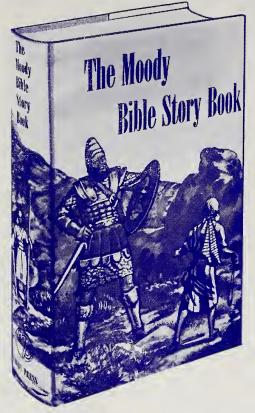
NATION'S TEN LARGEST HOME DEPARTMENTS

East Louisville, Kentucky	4,066
Pike Avenue, Birmingham, Alabama	3,950
Krafton, Alabama	856
Henderson, North Carolina	714
Akron, Market Street, Ohio	
Hamilton, 7th and Chestnut Sts., Ohio	604
Rossville, Georgia	200
Princeton, West Virginia	509
Chicago Avenue, Arizona	

Sinc Assemb	
SAVED 4,299 65,83	17
SANCTIFIED 1,946 30,94	13
FILLED WITH HOLY GHOST 1,547 24,10)9
ADDED TO 1,287 20,99	16
NUMBER OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS ORGANIZED SINCE ASSEMBLY2	99
NUMBER OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S ENDEAVORS ORGANIZED SINCE ASSEMBLY 2	50
NUMBER OF BRANCH SUNDAY SCHOOLS OR-	

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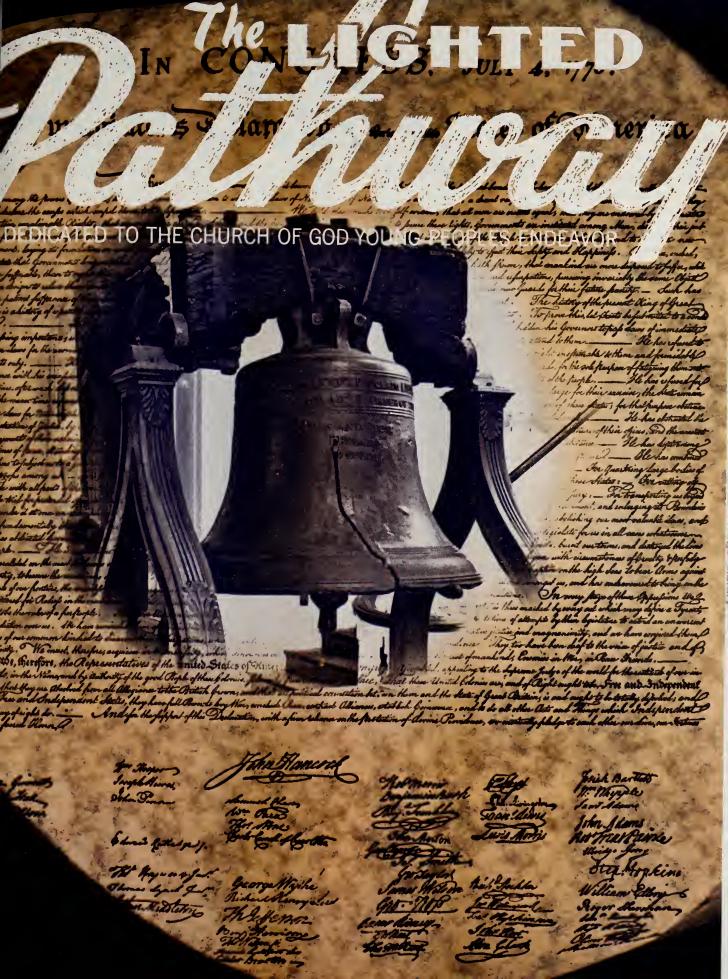
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Men of loyal breeding,

The nation's welfare speeding;

Men of faith and not of fiction,

Men of lofty aim in action;

Give us Men—I say again,

Give us Men!

Give us Men!
Strong and stalwart ones;
Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honor fires,
Men who trample self beneath them,
Men who make their country wreathe
them

As her noble sons,
Worthy of their sires;
Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false are others;
Give us Men—I say again,
Give us Men!

Give us Men!

Men who, when the tempest gathers, Grasp the standard of their fathers In the thickest fight;

Men who strike for home and altar, (Let the coward cringe and falter),

God defend the right!

True as truth the lorn and lonely, Tender, as the brave are only;

Men who tread where saints have trod, Men for Country, Home—and God:

Give us Men! I say again—again—

Give us Men!

-Edward Henry Bickersteth

7 HE LIGHTED THE LIGHTED DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

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The LIGHTED PATHWAY

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The LIGHTED PATHWAY

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"Thy Word is a Light Unto My Path"

National Youth Board

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Think It Over

NE HUNDRED seventy-eight years ago a group of courageous men met in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to draw up a document which set forth the ntention of the United States to become a sovereign nation. The honored declarations of that historic paper were not to be fully realized, however, until after a long, bloody truggle. But the colonists concluded that all of the unpeakable suffering was not too great a price for an independence which they valued more dearly than life. They were willing to empty all upon the altar of sacrifice in order to gain a Bill of Rights which would give dignity and lemocracy to every citizen.

Down through the years of our illustrious history the ndependence we value so highly has been sustained by nuch sacrifice and suffering. As we salute our flag this ndependence Day, we should remember the tremendous cost of the freedom which it implies. The blood and death of our fellow men have provided our rights to speak free-y, publish what we please and worship God according to he dictates of our own conscience. These rights must be evered and protected.

Obviously there are many insidious forces at work to rob is of our freedom. Perhaps more attention is given to the hreat of communism, and surely its danger cannot be veremphasized. I sincerely feel, however, that there are other evils which possibly hold greater dangers for us. Apathy and indifference toward our freedom is a basic in. Selfishness which cripples the unity necessary to our existence is also a powerful menace. Somehow I feel, however, that the juvenile delinquency problem is perhaps our greatest danger. Youth is vital to our future and if youth suffers a deterioration of soul and character, then the future is susceptible to all the aforementioned evils.

According to available statistics more than one million children violated the law in 1952. Of that number some 350,000 ultimately came before the children's courts of our country. These, of course, were the known delinquents. Conservative estimates indicate that the hidden or unknown delinquents number at least 118,000. They are guilty of stealing half of all cars stolen, as well as assault, cape and murder. So serious is the problem that a Senate committee has been assigned to investigate it.

At a recent convention of the National Association of Evangelicals, two resolutions were adopted which I feel are of sufficient merit to bring to your attention. I hope you will not only be shocked by the problem, but be shaken into doing what you can in accordance with the program set forth in the resolutions.

RESOLUTIONS:

Education and Juvenile Delinquency

WHEREAS, we recognize the fact that education is one of the most important factors in the development of our American youth, and

WHEREAS, we are deeply concerned by the constantly rising wave of juvenile delinquency in our nation, and WHEREAS, it is increasingly evident that a withering, materialistic philosophy, which denies the transcendent power of God and encourages man to glorify himself has imbued much of our modern education, and

WHEREAS, our youth is being taught that man is little more than an intelligent, cultured, sophisticated animal, a creature of heredity and environment; that human conduct is the result of natural laws working more or less mechanically; that truth is only relative and not in any sense ultimate or authoritative; that religion is only an escape mechanism and that genuine ideals are to be found only within the movement of experience; that freedom is the absence of restraint; and that there is nothing permanent but change, and

WHEREAS, it is evident that such so-called progressive education is basically responsible for much of our juvenile delinquency

BE IT RESOLVED that the National Sunday School Association go on record as urging our educators and particularly those whose philosophy of education is basically Christian, to start a crusade for a return to those educational principles and methods in both public and private education which have made our nation great, and furthermore

BE IT RESOLVED that we call for an aroused Christian citizenry to demand through legal means at their disposal, the dismissal of educators who insist upon perpetuating systems of education inimical to the moral and spiritual welfare of our children and our youth, and furthermore

BE IT RESOLVED that where all efforts fail to produce essential educational reform we urge Christian people to organize their own schools—parish, parent-community, or denominational, to provide their children and their children's children with an education based on a sound Christian philosophy of life and conduct.

Sunday School and Juvenile Delinquency

WHEREAS, the rapid increase in juvenile delinquency indicates that a moral debacle is facing our nation, and WHEREAS, the breakdown of the Christian traditions of the American home seem to be largely responsible for this tragic situation, and

WHEREAS, we believe that a return to the beliefs and practices of the evangelical Christian faith with respect to marriage, the Christian home and family, is basic to the solution of this problem,

BE IT RESOLVED that our Sunday schools

- (1) give special study to the causes of juvenile delinquency in their respective communities,
- place special emphasis on a program of child evangelism,
- (3) develop young couples' Bible classes,
- (4) set up study groups in Christian parenthood,
- (5) cooperate with the juvenile courts in handling special cases, and
- (6) take such other steps as may be necessary to relieve the present emergency.



tended, and had aided Christian ork in many ways in this northern tpost. Realizing the injustice about be done this benefactor, Rene rose his defense.

"They won't get away with that if can prevent them," he declared to mself. "I'll get to that cabin first." The instant the way was clear, he mbed to the trail and started for e cabin. He followed the river for to miles, then climbed a ridge overbking the valley in which the cabin is located. From the crest of the dige he had a clear view of the valley. startled cry escaped his lips, for he wa man disappearing in the woods youd the cabin.

"Too late!" His cry of defeat sprang om the depth of a sinking heart. Yet might be wrong; perhaps the man d not visit the cabin.

"I'll soon know," he declared, hasning to the cabin. A search of the ntractor's desk convinced him the pers were not there. The little evince he possessed pointed to one conusion—the man who disappeared in the woods had the papers.

Could he overtake the man and arn his identity? That knowledge old be valuable if there proved to underhand work. The man, ignort of pursuit, might not be as elusive expected.

WITH THE CAUTION of a ld animal stalking prey, he searched e woods for sight of the man, finally terging by the river without once thing or hearing him. He paused, ed and defeated.

DARK HOUR

Ted Lowry professed to be real Christian but the stolen upers were in his possession!

By L. L. WIGHTMAN

"Now where could he have disappeared?" he questioned. "I should have—"

His eyes rested on a portion of the bluff which had recently broken away. Very recent—for the earth was fresh. Moving a few steps from the danger zone, he peered over the edge, for something or somebody had caused the slide. Sure enough! A huddled form lay at the base of the cliff.

"The man I'm looking for," he cried. "His weight on the edge of the bluff caused the slide. Looks like he's hurt."

Finding a place where safe descent was possible, he hastened to the motionless figure. Carefully he rolled him face upward. A sharp cry of recognition sprang from him.

"Ted Lowry!"

Ted lay perfectly still, blood flowing from a gash in his head. Rene went into swift action to stem the flow of blood. As he straightened Ted to full length from his cramped position, a packet of papers slid from his pocket. Rene's groan emanated from mental and spiritual anguish. The stolen papers in Ted Lowry's possession!

"O Ted, I can't believe you would do anything like that," he cried, putting the papers in his own pocket. "You wouldn't let Matt Powers use you for such work."

His heart cried out against the evidence before him, but facts must be considered, not dismissed. The papers were real, furnishing concrete evidence they had been taken from the cabin.

He bandaged the wound to the best of his ability, but he saw that was not enough. He must go for help. As if in answer to his prayer for help, a man suddenly appeared on the scene. Rene recognized him as Joe Losey, a trapper and hunter of the vicinity.

"Accident?" he questioned as he neared Rene.

Rene nodded. "Looks like he fell from the bluff. I found him here, and have checked the flow of blood, but it is not enough. If you'll stay with him, I'll go for help."

"Go ahead," Joe agreed, perfectly willing to remain. "While I wait for you, I'll look him over for further injuries."

AS RENE SPED on his way, he thought of Ted Lowry. Ted was a Christian youth, and had been instrumental in getting Rene to go to the mission school with him. The teaching and environment of the school, plus Ted's individual witness, helped Rene overcome the effects of

a different environment. Rene became a Christian.

Ted graduated from the school with high honors, and had gone forth in the world of men. What happened to cause him to fall to this present level? Rene shook his head. But he did know this would be a blow to the mission and Christian work if it became known.

Suffering from the wound lodged in his heart, Rene's fighting spirit welled up within him. Would he stand idly by to see Ted's life wrecked by an unscrupulous man? Could he see Ted fall into an error, yet raise not as much as a finger to check him from following such a course?

He summed the information he possessed. Matt Powers sent someone to get those papers. Ted got the papers. What influence Matt used Rene did not know.

"But I have possession of the papers," he declared. "What happens next depends on me."

A sudden resolution swept him. He would deliver those papers where they belonged—he would take them to George Watson at Belfour. He would fight to the finish to aid Ted. If Ted were guilty, no one would know it if he could possibly prevent it.

Reaching the nearest cabin, he soon had help on the way. Joe Losey was still there; Ted was still unconscious. As soon as possible, Rene slipped away and hastened home.

"I'm going to Belfour," he told his folks, giving them the details of the accident. "Ted had important papers belonging to Mr. Watson. He can't make the delivery, so I will. I think they should be delivered at once."

"You'll remain with friends in Belfour tonight?" his mother asked.

"Yes. I won't make the return trip until tomorrow."

In a few minutes he had completed his preparations. One thing bothered him. Joe Losey passed the cabin, paddling at great speed. Why had he left the party caring for Ted? Did he also have other plans? Perhaps Ted may have recovered consciousness and asked Joe about some papers. Were Ted and Joe partners in this matter? Rene shrugged. He would deliver the papers, and let the other matter iron out in some fashion. In this frame of mind he launched his canoe for the long trip.

Mile after mile he left behind him. (Continued on page 23)



Human Mirrors

"We strive as hard to hide our hearts from ourselves as from others, and always with more success; for in deciding upon our own case we are both judge, jury, and executioner, and when sophistry cannot overcome the first, or flattery the second self-love is always ready to defeat the sentence by bribing the third,"—Colton.

(All rights reserved)

By CHESTER SHULE

TRICKLAND GILLIAN, noted humorist, relates in one of his lectures his boyhood experience buying his first suit of "store" clothes. He says that he entered the store, selected a suit, and while the merchant was wrapping it, looked about him with interest. It was his first trip alone to the town store, a huge event in his young life.

Some distance away he saw another boy, of strange appearance. Strickland began to grin as he noted the other fellow's odd clothing, gaunt, awkward body, unhandsome countenance. Then he saw the other boy grinning back at him—and discovered that he was looking for the first time into a full-length mirror at the other side of the store!

Sometimes we, too, find it painful to bump into a human "mirror"—someone who has the courage or temerity to help us see ourselves as others see

Frank was a young fellow who was friendly enough and seemed to acquire friends easily. Yet he never had any real friends on whom he could count. Frequently he was puzzled to understand why this was so. He constantly hoped that one of the boys he liked so much might remain true and develop into the real friend he craved. But always he was disappointed, as the other's interest waned and he gradually became only casual.

And then one day Frank met a real friend—a human mirror, just when most needed. This friend was courageous enough to tell Frank what caused his trouble. "You're a good fellow, Frank," he said with a friendly smile, "but you have just one thing

that probably robs you of real friends."

Frank swallowed hard, but managed to say: "Yes? Well, won't you tell me what my fault is? I'd like to make friends, if I can—rather, I'd like to keep those I do make."

"Really, this isn't such a fault, Frank," continued the other. "It's just something that happens to annoy the average person, makes him feel uncomfortable, and half-irritated, and causes him to avoid you as a sort of self-defensive measure—"

"Oh, my," exclaimed Frank, "do tell me, please, what it is! I certainly don't want to be like that."

"I'm sure you don't want to be, Frank. It's simply that you are always right. At least, you give others that impression. You appear to forget that the other person may be correct in his opinions and views some of the time. You do have a splendid fund of knowledge, and probably are correct a great deal of the time. But it's annoying to almost anyone to be around a person who has a 'right' complex. I know this sounds unkind, Frank, but you asked for it—and I'd really like to be your friend for keeps."

IT WAS A BITTER dose to swallow. Frank swallowed hard a few times, then said: "Go on, please. I want to hear the worst."

"Well, I'd say you are a victim of a superiority complex. Now a certain amount of that is very helpful, even essential, if we would succeed in life. But it is seldom appreciated by other folks. You also are fond of arguing, which is no fault, but which isn't enjoyed by everyone. There are exceptions of course, but the average person does not enjoy an argument."

"Say, I never dreamed—" exclaime Frank. "But go on, please. Give n the works."

"I've noticed that you are fond representing or championing the m nority much of the time. Now it's fine piece of courage to stand with the minority when the minority is right But merely to dissent to most of the things which the majority wants do isn't always right and it is seldo: popular."

FRANK WAS, after all, sensible fellow, and after he recovere from the shock of this revelation he his real friend, he took stock and projeted by what he had been shown by full-length view of his own faults.

Of course, Frank was embarrasse as well as surprised. But he first all sat down and reviewed his experences of the past in making—and loing—friends. Gradually, he saw the one or more of these faults probable had been responsible for cutting should be the friendly relations. He resolved put things in reverse and try to withem back as real, lasting friends. was even more difficult, for they we "suspicious" at first, but eventually I succeeded.

These human "mirrors" are not to easily found. Not many persons care to risk incurring enmity by being fran Pointing out another's faults is not only unpleasant, but dangerous. We will do it only with the best of motive and with someone we truly love are whose best interests matter to us. But happy are we if among our genuir friends we can number one or most brave enough to serve us as a huma mirror. Happy are we then if we will profit by what we see.

OD NEVER MADE ANYTHING CHEAP! He has equipped every life for a great career and a great destiny. He challenges the youth to a wonderful iendship with Him. Out of this friendship and fellowtip shall come development, strength, guidance, and sucss. God is interested in youth. He has great things for m to accomplish during his lifetime.

The natural spirit of the day in which we are living, owever, will wreck the young person if he is not careful. one were called upon to sculpture a memorial to this pirit, he would probably carve a young man with his numbs in vest bragging about his exploits. By his side ould be a young lady with her head poised in haughty elf-centeredness. That spirit is pride!

The spirit of pride and arrogance has come to be the ommon spirit of our day and Christian young people ust guard constantly, lest this spirit makes inroads on their attitudes, both toward themselves and toward

The key of wealth, personality, great experiences and

diligent work, or by legacies left him, he should thank God, then humbly walk among his fellow men.

Position in the world should not make us proud. If providence or people have placed one in a particular position of leadership in the Church or community, they have done so because they have believed in his ability. Because of this, one should render humble service. Remember, "cliques" built on artificial social brackets are not the construction of big people.

Charles Spurgeon once said, "As a rock gravitates toward the earth, so we gravitate toward self." Even in the Christian life there is the temptation to this gravitation,

and one should constantly be on guard.

Pride, self-centered, is self-destructive. It has the power to reach within the inner recesses of the human character and rob it of the beautiful overtones that make for its worth.

THE CHRISTIAN SHOULD be a "booster," not a "boaster." Pride will rob one of his friends. The person who is always telling of his personal exploits and



There Is FOLLY PRIDE

By KATHERINE BEVIS

arge services, is shared by you and God. He is so earnest make each life beautiful, healthful, useful and radiant, nat He will admit no defeat. You alone can wreck your wn life!

A PRIDE WHICH boasts of talents and abilies, wholly self-centered is unwarranted. Talents and bilities are gifts of God. While it is true that one who is alented will many times be placed in leadership capacies, and rightly, yet he should not "lose his head," for to o so is folly. Rather he should be humble and feel that ne greater his talents, the greater his responsibilities.

To boast of "blue blood" is absurd. After all, it is but hance that puts an individual in one home rather than another. It is foolish to be arrogant about the race to hich one belongs. The mysteries of the human race, in s divisions, are strange, but we know the idea of a "suerior race" is fiction. And since the circumstances which take a person one color rather than another are beyond is individual control, he should refuse to allow it to be ne cause of high pride and bigotry.

Material goods should never make us haughty and roud. Many unexplainable factors make one person the ecipient of an abundance of worldly goods and another erson without them. If one has gained these goods by calling attention to himself is soon unwelcome in any group. We should all learn to be good listeners and to brag on the other fellow instead of ourselves.

To reject sinful pride does not mean that as Christians we must eliminate self-respect from our own personality. Jesus gave us the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." There is a legitimate respect that each Christian young person should have for his own person, his dress and his appearance, as well as his conduct and general demeanor. He should be anxious to do the jobs that are his and to do them well. He should be desirous of having the good will of the good people, but in all this, he should constantly maintain a truly Christian attitude.

The apostle Paul set the example for young Christians to follow when he said that he would count all those things about which he might have boasted as loss, that he might win Christ and that he might give himself wholly to the sacrificial service of God (Phil. 3:4-9).

Again and again in the Bible the Christian is directed not to think more highly of himself than he ought to think. "God, others, and then myself" should be our life's

Remember, God never works only for today. His plans (Continued on page 21)

uly, 1954

HERE'S NOTHING accidental about divisions among Christians. There's a good reason some think they're zealously combating Communism when they are only fighting each other, while others close their eyes and try to wish the whole problem away. As usual, "an enemy hath done this"—the same old enemy who has always specialized in confusion and deception and the paralyzing effect of selfish indifference.

The first thing for a Christian to do about Communism is to begin to understand more of its nature. It's easy to think of Communists as all being greedy gangsters with an insane lust for blood. It's simple to explain every Red advance as resulting from nothing but violence and espionage. But Communism is not that simple. It's a many-headed monster, and each head has a different appearance, and while we're busy trying to destroy one of them the whole creature may be growing.

Communism is a plan to make earth a paradise, just as Satan has always dreamed. It must therefore concern itself with everything that concerns man. It is rooted in an explanation of the universe as being nothing but matter, eternal but ever-changing according to its own mysterious nature a philosophy that denies God but gives matter itself many of His attributes. Communism takes over the sciences and shapes them so that they prove what it wants them to prove. Communism takes over history and makes it a story of change based only on the rise and fall of social classes. Since absolute truth depends on the existence of a moral God, the "truth" of Communism is that which helps its cause, and "right" is what the Party chooses to do.

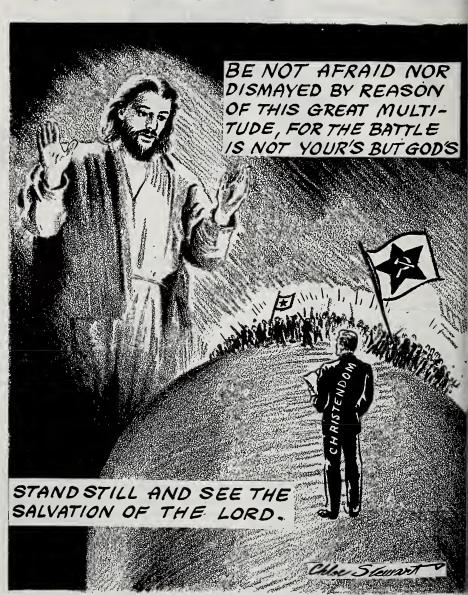
The blood-mad maniac may have his work in Moscow dungeons, but he is not the most dangerous Communist. The men who without a qualm can sentence millions to die might have a normal distaste for the sight of blood and seem much like other men. They may admire Shakespeare, or the music of Beethoven as Lenin did. They may have their pictures taken patting the heads of children as Stalin dida man whom that astute observer of human nature, Winston Churchill, once called "that great and good man." Or they may look like other "clean cut Americans." They differ from others in that nothing matters to them but the triumph of Communism.

The goal of godless paradise never changes. Communists will never be satisfied until every island on earth has been taken and every thought of God has been wiped from the memory of man. But tactics change, not only from year to year but from day to day—and how many words the politicians and commentators waste on speculations on the meaning of these shifts.

COMMUNISTS USE every means to their end. No one works so hard as they to build unions, which must be made powerless once the revolution comes. None are such tireless nationalists in small and undeveloped countries, though Communism is the opposite of nationalism and is pledged to destroy it. Communists organize pacifists to sabotage wars they oppose, and shoot them as enemies of the people when they come to power.

They shout for academic freedom, bu no informed Communist believes it right in a "people's democracy." The speak for the grievances of sma farmers, and promise sharecroppe: and poor peasants their own plots (land when big estates are divide though Communism teaches that lan must be socialized and cultivated i huge state farms. Communists wor with witch doctors or Catholic pries or Protestant pastors, giving eac warm assurance of support whi planning for the day when they ca be liquidated. These are not change in line. These are not inconsistencie These are tactics fully explained i Communist textbooks. It is a very cor sistent line, fathered by the father lies.

How much attention we give to figures, seeking to know how many blong to the Communist Party in each



puntry, when figures tell so little of he real danger. Communists don't ant a majority of the people inside heir Party—they want those who will ive everything for the cause and put othing before it. They don't even eed a majority to support them or gree with them. They do need to ave the majority neutralized—by onditions, by propaganda or by fear. ll they need is that many should be oured by corruption and the endless rangling of politicians; or be made esperate by hunger; or be sick of ar; or simply be brought to the point f saying "it's not my business." Comunists have no illusions about revoition in prosperous America . . . they an wait for debt and war costs and verproduction and class conflict and conomic battles between North and outh and jealousy among nationsnd possibly war devastation—to do neir work first.

But What Can We Do About CMMUNISM?

By HELEN SIGRIST

ote:

Having been an ardent communist for veral years, Mrs. Signist is imminently ualified to write this important article. nee her conversion she has been completededicated to the cause of Christ.

"'Tis the final conflict—" These words from "The Internationale" were sung by Communists of every nation until the recent soft-pedaling of international organization. We must see that Communism is indeed a part of Satan's final conflict with God. Then we must prayerfully examine each weapon the church is asked to use in this war.

GOVERNMENTS of this world naturally seek material defense. Atomic subs, guided missiles, H-bombs —we have these means of death-dealing defense, but never enough for security since the enemy has them, too, and we must rush to build more and to invent better ones. We seek to hold the line by arming other nations and feeding them and building their economic strength. We spend money for radio broadcasts and literature urging the world to imitate the democracy and prosperity of America. Weapons. machinery, welfare programs, propaganda-free nations do not use them as does the Communist enemy, but if we trust in them we, too, are materialists. If the church's weapons "are not carnal but spiritual," then we must give our attention to something quite different.

Again, the church is asked to take sides in partisan politics. Some would have us trust the United Nations, pathetically hoping that the frail ropes of agreements will hold a fire-breathing dragon. Others insist that evangelical churches support isolationism, ignoring the fact that Moscow rejoices at the speeches of American isolationists since each will have violently anti-American answers in a dozen countries. There are just as dangerous pitfalls in national and local politics, to the right and to the left. When Christian debates Christian, how quickly rises the flush of what we call "righteous indignation." Then Satan laughs, and amid our confusion we see Communism marching on, while at the same time Catholic dictatorships flourish, and materialism grows stronger in our own country.

If this seems too black a picture, let's remember that God's Word calls these only the beginning of sorrows. We often say that we live in the last days, but our actions prove that we hope it isn't so. The world has gone through many dark days. If only we could find just the right program of action we think we might push the clock back a century or so, and go on with business as usual.

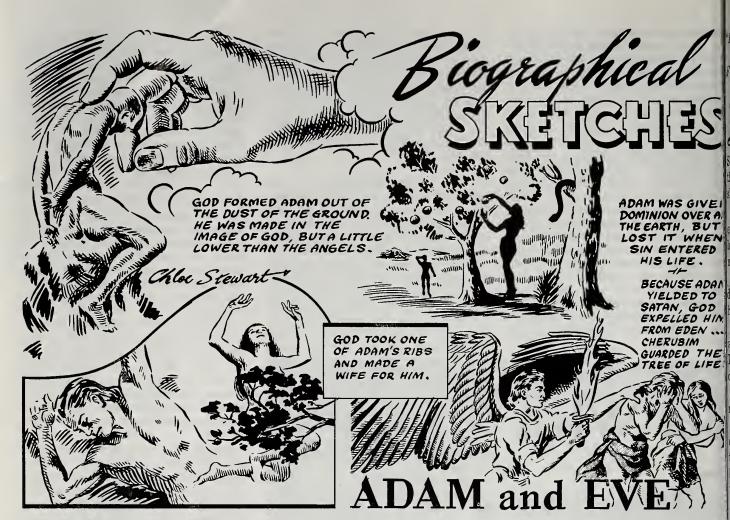
THE CHURCH IS weak because even now we don't know that man is helpless to hold back the flood of evil. God says "Put not your trust in princes," and "Cease ye from man," and "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord." If only we belived this, what a difference it would make. Then when we were asked "What is the way to fight Communism?" we would answer "We have no way but Christ."

If we knew our helplessness we would ask God to search us and show us our sin and failure. He would have many of us compare our service to Him with the service any "good" Communist gives to the cause of darkness -night after night and week end after week end given to meetings or distributing literature, enduring ridicule, risking loss of job, going to jail, and often being willing to give up life for the cause with no hope of anything beyond death. God would ask us again if it is too much for us to give the world His message, "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die?"

The Lord would remind most of us how we have spent money in these years of advancing Communism. We can't recover what has gone for trifles, and if this were possible we could no longer spend it to bring the news of the love of Christ to those now engulfed by the Communist flood. We have thought we have done more than is required of us-and yet how much care we have for our own comfort. But the Lord is merciful to those of contrite heart, and will show us how many others there are who may still hear the truth that will make them forever free.

If we sincerely ask the Lord to search us, we must let Him talk to us about our attitude toward our fellow men. Neither our ideas of freedom nor out faith will attract those who see in us no real care for them as individuals. By far the strongest appeal of Communism is to those—the majority of humanity-who feel they are despised because of race or nation. It is not enough if we as Christians have not persecuted them ourselves, for well they know how prejudice hides behind chilly courtesy. Only if we have loved them as our own can we be sure that their blood is not on our handsand our many explanations will freeze on our lips when we stand before the

(Continued on page 21)



ADAM AND EVE

Smith-Goodspeed Translation Gen. 2:4-9; 2:15-3:24

HE FOLLOWING are the origins of the heavens and the earth in their creation.

At the time when the Lord God made the earth

At the time when the Lord God made the earth and the heavens, there were as yet no field shrubs on the earth, and no field plants had as yet sprung up; for the Lord God had sent no rain on the earth, and there was no man to till the soil—although a flood used to rise from the earth and water all the surface of the ground. Then the Lord God molded man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, so that man became a living being. Then the Lord God planted a garden in Eden, to the east, and put there the man whom he had molded. Out of the ground the Lord God made all sorts of trees grow that were pleasant to the sight and good for food, as well as the tree of life in the middle of the garden, and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. . . .

The Lord God took the man and put him in the garden of Eden to till it and look after it; and the Lord God laid this command upon the man:

"From every tree in the garden you are free to eat; but from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil you must not eat; for the day that you eat of it you shall certainly die."

Then the Lord God said,

"It is not good for the man to be alone; I must make

a helper for him who is like him."

So the Lord God molded out of the ground all the wil beasts and all the birds of the air, and brought them the man to see what he would call them; whatever the man should call each living creature, that was to be it name. So the man gave names to all the domestic animals, the birds of the air, and all the wild beasts; but for man himself no helper was found who was like him. The the Lord God had a trance fall upon the man; and whe he had gone to sleep, he took one of his ribs, closing up it place with flesh. The rib which he took from the man the Lord God built up into a woman, and brought her to the man, whereupon the man said,

"This at last is bone of my bone,

And flesh of my flesh;

She shall be called woman,

For from man was she taken."

(That is why a man leaves his father and mother, and clings to his wife, so that they form one flesh.)

Both of them were naked, the man and his wife, bu they felt no shame.

Now the serpent was the most clever o all the wild beasts that the Lord God had made.

"And so God has said that you are not to eat from any tree of the garden?" he said to the woman.

"From the fruit of the trees of the garden we may eat," the woman said to the serpent; "it is only concerning the fruit of the tree which is in the middle of the garden that

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'Heavenly sunshine, heavenly sunshine.

Flooding my soul with glory deee-vine!"

EBBIE LOVED to sing, especially this chorus she had learned in Sunday school with the happy words and the tune that almost sent her feet skipping!

She skipped now into the kitchin, giving her mother a quick hug before sliding into the breakfast nook.

"I'm glad it's such a beautiful lay for Edra Mae's party!" she said

happily.

"Yes," agreed mother, "although a lovely rain came in the night, but I'm sure you can dodge the puddles."

"I'll be careful so I won't soil my new pink dress," Debbie promised.

THE MORNING dragged even though it took lots of time to wrap Edra Mae's gift of a book and a tiny bottle of perfume. "I get all tangled up with the string!" laughed Debbie as the blue strands curled about her fingers.

At last! At last, time drew near for the party. Debbie raced upstairs. Spread out on the bed lay the dress mother had made. She pressed its crisp, pink folds lovingly about her.

"I love this dress!" she confided, skipping out the door with the package under her arm.

Then it happened!

"Rags!" Debbie shouted in shocked surprise. Then she burst into tears. "Mother!" she sobbed, "Rags jumped on me with his muddy feet. Oh, Rags, how could you?" she scolded.

The little, curly-haired puppy, gray-white and soiled from his dips into the muddy puddles slunk away, his tail drooping.

"There won't be time to wash your dress, Debbie," said her mother. "You'll just have to change. How about your yellow one?"

"I suppose so," said Debbie listlessly, her red eyes staring into the mirror watching her mother button her up the back.

Once again, she started to the party.

I feel dreadful, she thought. I know I can't even have a good time.

WHILE they played games, Debbie caught sight of her face in a big mirror over the davenport. Why, I look real cross and horrid, she thought. She scowled fiercely. The image of a grim-faced little girl with sulky eyes and turned-down mouth looked back. There! she thought, that's exactly

The story of a litte girl who discovered that one has a song inside if he pleases Christ.

Debbie's Sunshine Song

By Margaret N. Freeman

how I feel!

Then Edra Mae announced a game called "smiles." "The person with the sunniest smile will get a prize!" she laughed.

Well! Debbie nodded to the scowling girl in the mirror. You won't get any prize! she promised her silently.

"One—two—t h r e e—go!" said Edra Mae.

Debbie looked about. How silly! she sniffed, everybody trying so hard to smile. She tried to look very severe. Everywhere she looked, smiles broadened faces. But it was Tubby Turner who made Debbie forget to frown. He looked

so comical! Debbie watched, fascinated, as his smile stretched like a rubber band over his broad face. Surely he couldn't smile wider! Yes, his smile grew until it reached almost ear to ear. There he sat, his face red with trying, his cheeks rolled 'way back! Debbie giggled. Then she laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Edra Mae laughed merrily. "You should all have prizes, but let's vote on the best smiler!"

Everyone looked at everyone else. Voices began chanting: "Debbie! Debbie!"

DEBBIE TOOK the prize Edra Mae handed her. She was so surprised she had to peek in the mirror before opening it! A little girl in a sunny yellow dress gazed back, and the smile on her face reflected clear up to her sparkling eyes! I'm sorry I wasted time pouting, she thought feeling ashamed, I look and feel much better this way.

"When Debbie smiles, she smiles all over!" someone said, "even her dress is like sunshine!"

Debbie rustled away the tissue paper. Out rolled a candy bone. She stared at it a long moment, then she giggled. It certainly was a day for Rags!

Soon the children chorused: "Goodbye and many more happy birthdays!"

"I had a lovely time, Edra Mae!" Debbie hugged her friend.

And I did, too, she told herself as she skipped homeward, after I stopped sulking and started smiling. Suddenly she knew a smile had to come from within to really mean something. That was what the chorus meant she'd learned in Sunday School! You had a smile inside when you really tried to please Jesus!

Happily she began to hum:
"Heavenly sunshine, heavenly sunshine—!"



The Girl
Who
Said
NO!
to

"Now os she was dying, the Lord had corried her over the scenes of her disobedience."

ANICE WAS DYING, and she knew it. The soft footsteps, the hushed whispers of her family, the haunting sadness mirrored in her mother's eyes, told her more than all the kindly Christian doctor had said.

Kneeling by her bed, he had tenderly placed his hand upon her head. "Honey, you'd be better off in heaven. Don't ever let them take you to the hospital, for man cannot help you."

She knew that. For seventy days, she had been lingering between life and death. Eight bottles of pills and eighteen bottles of liquid medicine on the dresser testified to man's inability to help.

Nothing availed. She was anemic, and had a nervous heart. She was unable to take any nourishment, and now it was difficult for her even to retain liquids. The never-ending agony of pain was like a continuous nightmare. Convulsions wracked and twisted her poor, thin body with persistent and rhythmic violence. She even longed for death. Perhaps it would not be very long now.

She had caught a fragment of a conversation that came in through her opened window one day. "Janice hasn't much longer, here. It's not a matter of days now. It is a matter of hours." They hadn't thought she

heard. But it didn't matter. It was strange to feel like this, when one was only twenty-two. Those happy, lighthearted days before these weeks and weeks of suffering seemed so far away.

SHE REMEMBERED the day she had fallen. It had hurt terribly as she fell into that gutter, but she would not let her family know it. The following Wednesday night, however, as the family were having devotions, she lapsed into unconsciousness. This was followed by days and days of horrible suffering and intense pain. The doctors who examined her said the organs of the body were dislocated and diseased.

They diagnosed it as cancer. Special light treatments, repeated hypodermic injections—nothing would stop the pain. Now, all visitors were forbidden to come into her room, excepting the closest members of her family, and a few of her most intimate friends.

And so it seemed strange one morning to see Mr. Pearson, a dear old Christian man, walk into the room. "Janice," he said, "the Lord has sent me."

Janice's thin form shook with sobs. The tears wrung from her once bright blue eyes clung for a time to her thick eyelashes, and then splashed down in little stinging rivers of pain across her

face. What did he mean, the Lord had sent him?

With tears streaming down his own face, Mr. Pearson explained his errand. "Early, at two o'clock this morning, Janice, the Lord awakened me and spoke. He said, 'I have placed My hand upon Janice. I am calling her, even as I dealt with your daughter Ruth.'"

Janice remembered how God had spoken to Ruth, and after yielding to the call of God in her life, she was serving Him in far-off China. But here Janice was, helpless and hopeless, as far as human help was concerned. How could this message be for her?

"Jesus paid it all on Calvary, Janice," he reminded her. "By His stripes you were healed." And then Mr. Pearson was gone.

And miracle of miracles, the work of Calvary was manifested in that sick room. The pain was gone. She longed to be alone with the Lord. Wellmeaning loved-ones were always fluffing pillows, putting straws into her mouth or fixing pads. But now she wanted to be by herself. Reluctantly they left her.

HER ROOM was filled with a sweetness and warmth, and she knew that Jesus was there. She almost sensed the fluttering movements of the angels, and that she heard the faint and distant strains of their songs.

Then her life unrolled as a scroll before her. She remembered the call of God upon her soul, and her failure o respond. Scene after scene flashed before her. She saw that night she was a happy little six-year-old girl who was going to spend the night with her little playmate, Loretta.

As they were ready for bed, they melt in prayer, hugging their dolls lose to their hearts. Suddenly the larkened room was illuminated as prilliantly as if someone had turned on the electric switch. The room was looded with the glorious presence of God. A cry came from the depths of Janice's soul. It was not the routine prayer of, "God bless mama and papa." Instead it burst out of her neart, "Jesus, I need you! Jesus, I need you!"

God answered the cry of that little child's heart. Down into the depths of ner little soul, a burning fire blazed with heavenly glory. Janice was filled with the sense of God's goodness, with

A True Story

By HONORE OSBERG

the joy of sins forgiven. Joy danced in her heart, and she started praising God, for His wonderful love to her.

Then it was that the Lord showed her the ripened harvest fields of the world. Then God first spoke to her about serving Him. This revelation of God was later followed by a heavy burden of prayer for the people of the world who were lost.

Many nights she awakened from the deep and peaceful slumber of child-hood, with the burden of a lost world upon her heart. And in the dark hours of the night, she wept in prayer.

HER FATHER understood this cry of the heart, and he would slip out of bed, and together they would pray to God. A long narrow closet was their prayer room. Sometimes they prayed until the first thin streaks of the dawn would creep in through the solitary window.

Those were precious memories she had of that dear father. It almost seemed like yesterday, when suddenly all the laughter and happiness of childhood, and even her deep new joy in Christ, became shadowed with sor-

There was nothing to warn her of

what was coming. It was a bright, sunny California day. She had been laughing and playing ball in the yard, when her father called to her. "Janice, darling, go in and tell mama to fix the bed for papa. He is sick."

Her mother fixed the bed quickly, and soon her papa was lying there so still and quiet. She longed to speak to him, but they would not allow her into the room. She watched her chance, and when she saw the nurse step out for a few minutes, quickly and quietly she slipped into the room. She ran into her papa's arms.

He was so solemn. "Janice, daddy is going away," he told her. These strange words left an aching sore inside of her. "I'm going to pray for you," he continued, "that you will be a preacher of righteousness. I want you to carry on for me, Janice, darling, after I am gone." And then he prayed that God would guide her to His field of service.

Those few precious moments passed so quickly. This was so solemn, so serious for a little girl of eight. With a burdened heart, she ran out into the yard. She would pray it through alone in the playhouse. She couldn't bring this sacred thing to anyone else. The tears splashed down her cheeks. Sobs of grief tore at her little body as she knelt out there alone.

As the days and weeks and months passed, however, the pain of separation disappeared. She advanced rapidly in school, and life was suddenly filled with many other things.

The girls in her high school class were all older than she was, and she wanted to be as grown-up as they were. She did not want to be known as a preacher's daughter, either. Outside of her home, she would dress herself in the borrowed clothes of her friends. She learned to dance. The call of God was becoming dim in her life. The pleasures of the world were crowding out that sweet communion she once had with Christ.

Then once again Janice heard the call of God. It was an Easter Sunday, and the conviction of the Holy Spirit gripped her soul so that she trembled as if chilled. Even the very leaves on the trees seemed to rustle out the message to her from the heart of God. "This is the way, walk ye in it."

The preacher had for his subject the command, "Go and tell." God was dealing once more. Again, Janice said, "Yes." to the Lord, but there were res-

ervations. It was not a wholehearted surrender. She did not want to preach the gospel.

How could she preach? She was so self-conscious. In high school, it was so difficult for her to recite orally, the teacher allowed her to hand in written compositions. She could never get up before a group of people and talk. But always the call of God would rise before her, and she was restless and uneasy.

One day, she prayed a desperate, awful prayer, "Oh God, never let your Holy Spirit bother me about preaching. I will do anything in the church. I will scrub floors, or do house to house visitation, anything but preach."

God, in His infinite grace and mercy did not answer that prayer, as she wished. Yes, she knew that Mr. Pearson was right, when he had said God's hand was upon her. But it was too late now.

Now as she was dying, the Lord had carried her over the scenes of her disobedience. With deep sorrow, she asked Him to forgive her. Later that evening, the same pains returned. All night long, at her request a friend sang softly, "Take up thy cross and follow me, I hear the Blessed Saviour call."

The next night a specialist was called, and he gave no hope. He promised to be back in half an hour as the end would be soon. Her mother and relatives stood about her bed weeping, but she could make no response.

Her mother sobbed out, "If only my girl would say 'Jesus' once again." A queer sensation swept over Janice. Momentarily, she seemed to lose consciousness. As she became aware of her surroundings, she saw she was standing on the banks of a river.

Never had she beheld such beauty. There was nothing on earth which could be compared with this. She saw a brilliant city before her. And out of that city came One whom she knew to be Jesus.

She felt the sweetness of His love, the warm glow of His Spirit surrounding her. Placing that gentle nailscarred hand upon her head, He gave her His commission once more. It was the answer to that long ago prayer of her dying father. "I have anointed you to go with My gospel."

With these words, she seemed to slip away from the brightness of heaven, and found herself returning once again to earth. She had a touch of the

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HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Conducted by Alda B. Harrison



FAMILY PRAYERS

You say you are "busy this morning In the maelstrom of family cares, And husband must rush to the office, So there isn't a moment for prayers."

Then the children are sent to the schoolroom

And the grind of the day thus begins,

With no word from God's book to remember,

Nor the echo of strengthening hymns.

What wonder the burdens are heavy, And the hours seem irksomely long; What wonder that rash words are spoken,

And that life seems discordant and wrong!

And at even, discouraged and wearied, You carelessly go to your rest, Forgetting that Jesus is waiting To pillow your head on His breast.

He longs for a word of thanksgiving And to hear your love spoken again: He asks to review the day's record, And to cleanse it of blotches and stain."

But if you forget so often,
Some time you may knock at His
gate

And, awaiting the summons to enter, You may hear, "You are praying too late."

So pause for a little each morning, And again at the close of the day, To talk with the Master who loves you Remember, He taught us to pray.

MAKING THINGS RIGHT

There may be parents in whose hands this paper may fall who will feel remorse of conscience as the Holy Spirit speaks to your heart and reveals to you that you have not been faithful in the training of your children. You perhaps have been a careless father or mother and have let your children drift away from you. You may be a church member and have been active in church work and still you realize your example before your children in the home and elsewhere has not been the best. At times you would give anything to live your life over and do differently, but that is impossible. You must face the future and leave the past behind under the blood of Christ. Be brave and courageous. Go to those children and tell them just how you feel and invite them now to turn with you and be a real soldier of the cross. It is the only way you will ever be able now to influence them. James says, "Confess your faults one to another." It is those confessions that restore confidence in us and make them willing to listen to our words of counsel.

Just a word to young fathers and mothers who are beginning the training of the little ones, let them see in father and mother just what you want your children to be after a while. It is the seed sown in early youth that springs up in later years and bears fruit. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

CHRISTIAN MOTHERHOOD

Every child is a bundle of tremendous possibilities; and whether the child shall come forth to life, its heart attuned to the eternal harmonies, and after a life of usefulness on earth go to a life of joy in heaven, or whether across it shall jar eternal discord, and after a life of wrongdoing on earth, it shall go to a home of impenetrable darkness and an abyss of immeasurable plunge, is being decided by nursery song and Sabbath lesson, and evening prayer and walk and ride and look and frown and smile. Oh, how many children in Glory crowding all the battlements and lifting a million

voiced hosannas, were brought to Go through Christian parentage.

A daughter came to a worldly moth er and said she was anxious about he soul and she had been praying all night. The mother said, "Oh, sto praying. I don't believe in praying Get over all these religious notion and I will give you a dress that will cost \$500.00 and you may wear it nex week to the party." The daughter tool the dress, and moved in the gay circle the gayest of all the gay that night Sure enough all religious impression were gone and she stopped praying. I few months after, when she came to die, she said in her closing moments "Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost \$500.00. The mother thought it a very strange request but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," she said, "Mother, hang that dress on the foot of the bed.' The dress was hung there—on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at the mother and said, "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul." Oh what a momentous thing it is to be a mother. —Talmage.

LOST-A BOY!

Not kidnapped by bandits and hidden in a cave, to weep and starve and rouse a nation to frenzied searching. Were that the case, one hundred thousand men would rise to the rescue, if need be.

Unfortunately, the losing of the lad is without any dramatic excitement, though very sad and very real.

The fact is, his father lost him! Being too busy to sit with him at the fireside and answer his trivial questions during the years when fathers are the only great heroes of the boys, he let go his hold upon him.

Yes, his mother lost him! Being so much engrossed in her teas, dinner and club programs, she let the maid hear the boy say his prayers, and thus her grip slipped and the boy was lost to his home.

Aye, the church lost him. Being so much occupied with sermons for the wise and elderly who pay the bills, and having good care for dignity, the minister and elders were unmindful of the human feelings of the boy in the pew, and made no provision in sermon or song for his childhood, and so the church and many sad-hearted parents are now looking earnestly for

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HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

Conducted by Alda B. Harrison

EDITOR'S MESSAGE . . .

ECENTLY a young woman wrote to me these words: "Sister Harrison, I was converted in the Methodist Church, but my people belong to the Church of God. I want to ask you a question. I don't know what to think about my experience. Sometimes I feel like I'm saved and sometimes I don't know. I don't feel that joy all the time. Do you suppose I am saved?"

Another young woman said the same thing to me one time, and I presume there is not a Christian in the world that doesn't understand just what these young women are talking about. I believe "Faith in the Dark," will be a good subject for our message this time. We are little children and a little child will take its father's hand and bravely walk out into the darkest night without fear.

Our little sister who asked this question had gone up on the mountain top and had been saved and the joy of the Lord had flooded her soul, then when the Lord let her come down into the valley she did not understand. Jesus took Peter, James, and John up on the Mountain of Transfiguration with Him to meet with Moses and Elijah, and they had such a wonderful time that they just wanted to stay up there forever, but Jesus knew better. The mountain top experiences are grand but the valley experiences are just as necessary.

When one gets saved it would be lovely just to sail around on wings of joy and never have a cloud to cross our sun, but the God who gave us that joy wants to develop something else in our lives. I can remember times when the joy of the Lord was so great that I couldn't realize I was walking on the ground, but it really seemed that I was floating in mid air. Oh, yes, those of you who have had a real baptism with the Holy Ghost know just what I'm talking about.

I remember one day especially when I spent the day visiting the sick and making calls on some friends whom I desired to win for Jesus. I can see the field yet that I crossed with a pathway leading up to the humble home of a dear old lady who was sick. Many

pathways have grown over or have vanished from my mind but this one never will. I did not walk in that path but I floated above it and all day long as I walked the streets going from place to place I floated, seemingly. I had a good time, much good was accomplished that day, and, oh, how I'd liked to have lived every day like that, but there was something else to be accomplished in my life.

Very soon after this wonderful mountain-top experience, I was caused to pass through a fiery trial and it seemed that I was let down into the very deepest valley that it was possible for one to go. God was just trying to establish and purify my life. The great joy was a preparation for the trial I was to meet, and the great trials we pass through, if we are faith-

PRAISE AT MIDNIGHT Carrie Judd Montgomery

The darkness still is deep'ning,
O tried and weary heort,
Na rift af marning brightness
Bids midnight glaam depart;
The prisan walls surraund thee,
Na human help is nigh,
But blest is the assuronce
Thy Saviar reigns an high.

When shodawed in the darkness, And pressed by every fae, Then let yaur gladdest corals And sweetest onthems flaw; The praise so sweet ta Jesus, The "socrifice of praise," Is when na earthly sunshine Paurs forth its cheering rays.

'Tis then yaur sang is wafted
All human heights abave,
And mingles with the ongels'
In reolms of perfect lave;
'Tis then the Gad af glary
Makes Saton feor and flee,
And sends a mighty earthquoke
Ta set His ronsamed free.

'Tis eosy when the morning
Appears at lost to view
Ta proise thy strang Redeemer
Wha burst the bondage thraugh,
But 'tis the proise ot midnight
Thot gives the fae alarm,
Thot glorifies thy Saviaur,
And bores His strong right arm.

A conquerar thau wouldst be?
Yeo, mare thon canqueror thau,
If thau wilt shout in triumph
And claim the victary now;
The prison daars will apen,
The dungeon gleam with light,
And sin-choined souls oround thee
Shall see Jehavoh's might.

ful, brings the joy later on.

Now to our little friend who is disturbed, just remember you must learn to walk by faith and that is what God is trying to teach you. You are to learn to believe God and trust Him whether you see or not. Of course, sometime, you may disobey God or do something to cause Him to hide His face from you. Always ask Him to show you; if you do not find this to be true, then just trust Him and praise Him until the cloud passes over. You will appreciate the joy more after you have had an experience where you had to walk by faith.

Trust Him when dark clouds assail you,

Trust Him when your faith is small, Trust Him when to simply trust Him Is the hardest task of all.

ESUS MADE His home while here on earth with Lazarus, Martha and Mary. He loved them and they loved Him and believed in Him and always felt secure when He was around. But one day He went away and left them, and trouble came and Jesus wasn't there to help them. Lazarus took sick and died, but Jesus didn't stay away forever. He came back and it was all for the glory of God. See what He did for them after He came back. Of course, their faith was strengthened and many were made believers because He went away. And so if in your experience with Jesus He seems to go away sometimes, just remember He'll be back and His going away will mean something to you as well as others if you stand true and have faith in the dark.

It is in this time of testing that many fall by the wayside. They think God has forsaken them, or they think when their first test comes that there is nothing to salvation after all. Sometimes after people come through with a bright experience, the next day when the joy may not be so great they decide, "Well, I guess it was just excitement and there is nothing to it." After each revival I always wonder how many will really stand, and more and more am I made to realize the need of good, strong teaching being given to our new converts. Special at-

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The youth spotlight shines on Mrs. Carmelita (Howell) Walker as the young lady of the month. Mrs. Walker is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. A. V. Howell, who are pastoring in Orlando, Florida. She was born in Plant City, Florida on September 1, 1932. She was converted and joined the Church of God at the age of seven, and three years later she received the Holy Ghost. She was called upon to assume the duties of church planist at the age of eleven. Two years later her father's ministry took the family to Orlando, Florida, where she served as planist, organist, and sang in the Radio Trio. The year 1949 brought Carmelita to Lee College. During her senior year there she was an honor student, and upon graduation received the Danforth Award as an outstanding student in leadership. In June of 1952 she was married to Paul LaVern Walker. She then assumed the role of pastor's wife in Newberry, South Carolina, where she serves as church planist, Sunday School teacher, youth leader, and president of the L.W.W.B. As president of the Willing Workers she won high acclaim for raising the second highest amount of money in the entire State of South Carolina during the year of 1952. This amount exceeded \$3,000 and was an important factor in the building program the Newberry church undertook the following year. She is dearly loved by the Newberry church and greatly appreciated for her untiring efforts in the church work.

This month's youth spotlight focuses on Paul L. Walker. This young preacher was saved at the age of thirteen and received the Holy Ghost a few months later. He joined the Church of God in Baltimore, Maryland, where he was active in church work with his trumpet and piano playing. After graduating from high school as an honor student, he entered Lee College in 1949. Lee College was to be the turning point of his life, for it was there that he was called to preach during a soul-sweeping revival that left its imprint on the lives of every student. While there he served as president of the student body, the student council, and the athletic club. His musical ability was manifested in the mixed chorus, the operetta, Lelawala, and the Continental and Messengers Quartets. He began active preaching in the summer of 1950. After graduating in 1951 as Mr. Lee College he accepted an assistant pastorate at Fort Mill, S. C., and attended Presbyterian College in Clinton, S. C. In June of 1952 he married Carmelita Howell, of Orlando, Florida, and then accepted the pastorate of the Church of God in Newberry, S. C. Under his leadership all records have been broken and a new church valued at \$50,000 has been built. 1953 brought his graduation from Presbyterian College with a B.A. degree in Bible and English with highest honors. (Summa Cume Laude) He attributes his success to three main factors: his parents, Lee College, and the wonderful blessings of the Lord.

By Way of Introduction

HOMER J. BOATMAN

EV. HOMER J. BOATMAN, Youth Director for the state of Florida, was born in Cleveland, Tennessee, May 20, 1925. It was while serving in the United States Navy, stationed in California, that he first received a definite experience with God. That same year, 1945, he received the baptism of the Holy Ghost in the Church of God in San Francisco. Immediately after his discharge he entered Bible Training School and College. There he preached his first sermon with the Veterans' Gospel Band.

While at Bible Training School he met Rosemary Bunts and on May 22, 1947, at the close of the school term, they were married. They now have two lovely children, Christina, age 5 and Michael Lynn, age 1.

After his graduation from Lee College in 1949, he attended the University of Chattanooga, and at the present, lacks one semester of work before receiving a B.A. degree.

Since leaving the University of Chattanooga, Homer has been engaged in full-time evangelistic and pastoral work. In 1950 he was appointed to North Ridgeville, Ohio, as his first pastorate. For 18 months God gloriously blessed as they labored among those people.

Growing up within the Church of God, attending Bible Training School and Lee College, and now engaged in youth work, Homer has had the opportunity for several years to be acquainted with many of the youth in the Church of God. He says of the future of our youth: "Our young people love Christ supremely, are deeply spiritual and consecrated fully. Those who are engaged in church work and the ministry are keenly aware of the tremendous responsibility and sacred and solemn obligation that rests upon them today. The 'faith which was once delivered to the saints,' the faith delivered, loved, and protected by the early church, the founders of the Church of God, and our own godly parents, is now delivered to the Christian youth of today.

"As 'examples of the believers' our Christian young people in the Church of God realize and accept their responsibility as 'trusties of a holy and sacred deposit.' I think the future is bright, for I have been thrilled as I watched our youth declare allegiance to Christ and prepare and consecrate themselves to protect, defend, love, preach, witness, and live the 'faith which was once delivered to the saints.'

"My heart is heavy as I think of the many boys and girls in the ranks of our Church that we are not reaching, teaching, winning and enlisting for Christ and the Church, but I believe that with the positive, active and appealing youth program that is now being formed, the future is indeed bright."

The Martety Page



ICICLES IN JULY

It was cold; real cold. Hanging from the barns and houses were enormous icicles. Over at the Church of God parsonage in Coffeyville, Kansas, little four-and-a-half-year-old Janice Golden clutched a six-and-a-half-foot icicle in her mittened hands. This little daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Earl T. Golden, local pastor, made a pretty picture as she stood thus in front of the parsonage. A photographer from the Coffeyville Daily thought so too, and snapped the picture. The picture not only appealed to the Coffeyville readers, but was picked up by the Associated Press and appeared in other newspapers across the United States. Naturally, the photographer received considerable publicity for her selection of such an interesting subject, but not any more than the subject herself. Little Janice has received clippings from newspapers as well as greetings from people in many sections of the country. Her mother has compiled them into a scrapbook for her. Our congratulations to Janice for her favorable place in the news and for furnishing us such a refreshing variety item this sultry July!



MR. MONROE DISTRICT

Pictured above are the contestants during a District Youth Rally at Archibald, Louisiana, during which Mr. or Miss Monroe District of 1954 was chosen. The title was awarded on the basis of the person evidencing the greatest Bible knowledge, spirituality and initiative. One contestant from each church on the district competed in the contest. Winning the title was Arnold Thornton from West Monroe, standing to the extreme right. Others entering the contest, seated from left to right, were Miss Harper from Monroe, Miss Carpenter from Bastrop, Miss Crawford from Archibald, Miss Douchesne from Woolen Lake and Miss Douchesne from Woolen Lake and Miss Douchesne from Picture to right are Miss Marie Johnston, District Youth Director, Rev. G. W. Tingle, judge, and Rev. George Mangum, judge. Our congratulations to Arnold Thornton for winning this title.



FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR CLASS

The Crichton Church of God, Mobile, Alabama, needed money to meet some pressing bills. How would it be raised? Feeling their share of the responsibility, the Young Married Couples Sunday School class went to work. Led by their teacher, Tommy Lewis, they set a goal of \$500 within the next few weeks. Working together harmoniously they not only reached, but exceeded their goal. The pastor, Rev. L. W. McIntyre, says, "I thank God for young people who unite in teamwork for God and the church."



A Farewell Letter

By PEARL M. STARK

Missionary to Angola, Africa

Dear Brother Walker:

Truly the Lord is wonderful! When I think of how He reveals Himself through circumstances, and makes Himself so real at times of trial and testing, it melts my heart and makes me want to do more for Him. Yes, He is always there, but it takes the dark clouds, sometimes, to make us aware of His deep love and concern for us. During the past few months of great testing, these words have been ringing over and over in my mind, "I know not what tomorrow may bring, but I know who holds my hand."

The time was coming to an end for me in Kansas City, and I was soon to take my leave of Mother and friends. On Thursday, I went to the hospital for the last time to see Mother. Her frail frame was there, but she was so weak that she would lapse into a deep sleep while talking. As I turned away and started down that long hall, I began to realize just a little of what Jesus must have felt when He had to turn away from His mother; for my sake He did it. He had to do it alone, but we have Jesus ever near us.

The Kansas City pastor, Brother Yates, and his wife took me to the airport that night, and soon we were soaring high above the clouds. It made me feel so near to God. At 6:00 a.m. the tall buildings of New York loomed up, and soon I was met by Brother Sindle, Overseer of New York. We were at their home for breakfast, and their smiling faces made me feel at home.

Since the boat was to sail on Monday, and Saturday and Sunday were holidays, I had to get busy and attend to everything on Friday, in spite of the fact that I had been up practically all night. We had quite a time searching for my baggage, but we finally located everything. The boat was providentially delayed and did not sail until Tuesday night, so just before supper that evening I felt impressed to call back to Kansas City and find out how my mother was getting along. The operator told me that Brother Yates was not at home, but would call

back after he returned from the funeral home. When he finally called, he informed me that Mother had quietly slipped away early that morning. My heart was heavy, yet peace like a river flowed over my soul as I realized how the Lord had timed everything. He knew I had to get to New York to get the last minute things done before sailing. It seemed that I saw in a flash how He also knew how very hard it would have been to have received news of her home-going while I was packing, and He wished to spare me in those busy moments.

That night, Brother and Sister Sindle took me down to the boat, and in the course of his conversation with the steward, Brother Sindle found out that the boat would be touching at Norfolk before sailing across the Atlantic. At once I felt that this was a provision of the Lord, in order that I might attend my mother's funeral. We made reservations through to Norfolk by way of Kansas City, so as to be sure of not missing the boat. I was delayed en route to Kansas City by engine trouble and then high winds, but we finally made it, and we were escorted through the heavy traffic of the city by a police car. It seemed that traffic was paralyzed in front of us and on all sides as we followed behind the police car which was leading the way through all red lights at great speed to the other side of town. At last we were there, and friends were waiting. The singing was such a comfort to my heart, and the message too. It seemed that heaven was looking down, comforting my heart and giving me strength to press on, with a deeper desire to know my blessed Lord better, though it might cost hard trials.

Brother Yates preached the funeral, and his message was very timely and greatly appreciated. Mother looked so peaceful with all the suffering and pain gone. The Lord had taken good care of her since I had set my face back to the field in Angola, to try and win more souls for Him. He had waited until I had the last thing on board ship, and then He had arranged it so I

could have one more glimpse of my dear old mother's face, and could see that she was at rest. I find that I have to keep reminding myself that I cannot look for any more letters from her. She had been so faithful in writing every week, and now those letters will be missed. I must just work a little harder so the time will fly away, and I will not have time to think about it.

After the service, I was taken to the airport by my oldest brother, and while we were waiting for the plane he said to me, "That surely was a miracle that your boat should have been delayed so many days, and just at this time." I had felt the same, but it made my heart rejoice to hear my brother say it, because he had never spoken before of anything being a miracle. He said so many times that evening that he was so glad that I could come even if it was for only a few hours. I felt the Lord had rewarded me for my willingness, and I felt a sense of relief and peace in my soul as the plane carried me high above the clouds swiftly across the great country. I was deeply conscious of how the Lord can lift us up above the clouds of sorrow and grief, and make a peace like a river flow in our hearts. I felt as if Mother's frail temple of clay, which I had just viewed, was like a garment which was old and worn, and had been washed, carefully pressed, folded, and laid away. She was now basking in the sunshine of the Lord still higher than the plane that was carrying me.

When I reached Norfolk, the pastor and his wife were there to meet me. After a refreshing time of fellowship in their home, I was taken to the boat that evening. As the boat glided slowly out to sea, and the shores of the homeland receded in the distance, my heart was made to rejoice at the way the Lord had led. The great kindness of all those who helped to make my load lighter is so deeply appreciated, and words fail me when I try to thank you, but may our loving Lord reward all.—Yours for Angola, Pearl M. Stark.

THE TEACHER'S PLEDGE

- 1. I PLEDGE to keep my own spiritual life so that it will be an example to my class in Christian testimony, conversation and prayer.
- 2. I PLEDGE to endeavor to lead all my students who are unsaved to accept Christ as their personal Saviour.
- 3. I PLEDGE to make the spiritual life of my students my chief concern, in order to lead them into a fuller life of spiritual growth.
- 4. I PLEDGE that I will carefully prepare my lesson and make each session a matter of prayerful concern, presenting the doctrines of my church with conviction and honesty; and at the same time I will be considerate of the convictions of others.
- I PLEDGE to attend all services possible that are conducted at my church; morning worship, midweek service, young people's service, and revival services; and I will encourage my students to do likewise.
- I PLEDGE to endeavor to lead all my students to a high standard of regular attendance, punctuality, bringing the Bible, preparation of the lesson, and giving in offering.
- 7. I PLEDGE to live up to my responsibility in being prompt to see that all absentees are contacted before the following Sunday.
- 8. I PLEDGE to participate in all programs of the Sunday School to reac'h new students for the school, and to be cordial in welcoming new students and visitors into my class, and I will see that all visitors are recognized.
- I PLEDGE my regular attendance at Teachers' Meetings and Workers' Conferferences for the promotion of my Sunday School, and to take advantage of any training course offered for teachers.
- I PLEDGE that if at any time I am unable to teach my class, I will notify my superintendent as soon as possible.
- 11. I PLEDGE to be subject to the authorities of the Sunday School with the understanding that my appointment may be changed at any time.
- 12. I PLEDGE, by the help of God, to be faithful in performing my duties to the best of my ability and to be as efficient as possible.

Signed:

Note: Teacher's Pledge (9x12) can be purchased for 50c per dozen from the Church of God Sunday School and Youth Department, 1080 Montgomery Avenue, Cleveland, Tennessee. Use these in the installation of new teachers.

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN SUNDAY SCHOOL Average Weekly Attendance for April

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN Y.P.E. Average Weekly Attendance for April GROUP AA

	GROUP	AA	
Tennessee			22,507
North Carolina _		***********************	22,158
Georgia			18,378
South Carolina _			17,311
North Alabama _			12,966
	GROUP	A	
West Virginia			12.117
Kentucky			8.261
Ohio			8,137
		******	7,198
Texas			5,897
	GROUP	В	
California			5,265
South Alabama _			4,677
Michigan			4,153
Pennsylvania			3,898
Illinois			_ 3,886
	GROUP	C	
Indiana			. 3,596
Arkansas			2,853
Missouri			. 2,843
Maryland			2,691
Oklahoma			2,042
	GROUP	D	
Kansas			
New Mexico			_ 809
	GROUP	E	
Washington			855
Iowa			481
Western Canada			434
North Dakota			
South Dakota			392
	GROUP		
New York			
New Jersey	***************************************		193
Nebraska District of Colum	hio		116
District of Colum			110
	GROUP	-	
Central Canada			82
Wyoming			38

	GROUP AA	
Georgia		11.173
North Carolina _		11.078
	-	
North Alabama		6.073
		0,0.0
	GROUP A	
West Virginia	*********	7,381
Kentucky		5,827
Ohio		4,601
Virginia		4,252
Texas		4,058
	GROUP B	
California		3 497
Illinois		2.657
Michigan		1,630
	GROUP C	
wai yi aii u	~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~	1,400
	GROUP D	
Arizona	*************************	592
Kansas		508
New Mexico		371
	GROUP E	
		400
North Dakota _		477
washington		205
Western Canada		302
Montana		
	GROUP F	
District of Colum	nbia	125
Idaho		117
New York		
Nebraska		75
	GROUP G	
		62
wyoming		70

YOUTH WORK STATISTICS

TEN STATES REPORTING THE MOST HOME DEPARTMENTS

West Virginia	54
Ohio	
South Carolina	47
Tennessee	37
Georgia	26
Pennsylvania	22
Virginia	19
Michigan	17
North Carolina	17
Illinois	14

NATION'S BIG TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE STATE OF THE S	**
Average Weekly Attendance for April	
Tremont Ave., Greenville, South Carolina.	991
Detroit, Michigan	639
Kannapolis, North Carolina	610
East Louisville, Kentucky	589
Alabama City, Alabama	585
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	508
South Gastonia, North Carolina	501
Middletown, Clayton Street, Ohio	490
North Cleveland, Tennessee	457
Pulaski, Virginia	447

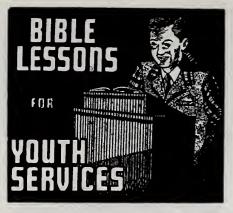
NATION'S BIG TEN IN Y.P.E.

Average Weekly Attendance for April	
Bluefield, Virginia	313
Orphanage at Sevierville, Tennessee	308
Daisy, Tennessee	289
T: 11 1	268
Canton, Ohio	237
Pulaski, Virginia	235
Whitwell, Tennessee	
Beattyville, Kentucky	
Jesup, Georgia	221
South Cleveland, Tennessee	214

NATION'S TEN LARGEST HOME DEPARTMENTS

East Louisville, Kentucky	4,189
Pike Avenue, Birmingham, Alabama	3,050
E. Lumberton, North Carolina	1,744
East Nashville, Tennessee	1,638
Krafton, Alabama	1,025
Park Avenue, Memphis, Tennessee	846
Calhoun, Georgia	667
Hamilton, 7th & Chestnut, Ohio	604
Glamorgan, Virgnia	567
Wahpeton, North Dakota	560

		mu
	As	Since sembly
SAVED	4,485	70,302
SANCTIFIED	2,273	33,216
FILLED WITH HOLY GHOST	1,651	25,760
ADDED TO CHURCH	1,345	22,291
NUMBER OF SUNI SCHOOLS ORGA SINCE ASSEMBI	NIZED	321
NUMBER OF YOU, PEOPLE'S ENDE ORGANIZED SI ASSEMBLY	AVORS	263
NUMBER OF BRA SUNDAY SCHOOL GANIZED THIS	DLS OR	,



"RED LIGHT" By Alice Josephson

Children in grade school like to play "Red Light." The leader hides his face and counts to ten while the other children run toward the goal. When he finishes and yells "Red light," at the same time looking up, whomever he catches moving must return to the starting line.

Four or six persons should be chosen to compete singly or in two teams. They may start in the back of the church, using the front as the goal; or they may move from one side to the other across the front.

The person in charge will read a Bible question to each contestant in his turn, and if he gives the correct answer the leader will call "Green light" (or a green light may be flashed on). The contestant moves forward one step. If he fails to answer correctly, the leader calls "Red light" (or flashes the red light), and the contestant remains in his place.

The congregation will not become tired, because each member will have a number and when the contestant gets the red light, the leader will draw a number from a hat or box—and the person whose number is called will have to be ready with the answer. The number is replaced so there will be a chance of calling it more than once.

If you wish to carry out the idea of lights in the musical part of the program, you may use:

"This Little Light of Mine"
"Brighten the Corner"
"Let My Life Be a Light"
"Love Lights the Way"

Or you may wish to use the idea of traveling as the theme:

"Heading up the Way"
"I'm Going Through"
"Lead Me Gently Home"
"I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go"
"I'm Following Jesus"
"Step by Step With Jesus"

Programs such as these, used occasionally in the youth service, should encourage them to read the Bible; they could even be encouraged to find hard questions for each other in their daily conversation. Emphasize the fact that we can never know too much about the Bible and its contents.

MARCH OF FREEDOM

Mrs. Brady Dennis

INTRODUCTION:

The MARCH OF FREEDOM was sponsored by the National Association of Evangelicals and inaugurated by President Dwight D. Eisenhower on July 4, 1953. This was to be a yearlong crusade which will climax with another ceremony at the Washington Monument on Independence Day, 1954. At this time the leaders of this project will report to the President those who have joined in the MARCH OF FREEDOM by signing the declaration of the seven divine freedoms, as set forth in the Twenty-third Psalm. This program was designed to remind America that the freedom we are in danger of losing is of a spiritual origin. The nation must be awakened to the fact that freedom is of God and can be maintained only as people have faith in God.

DRAMA

Large candle burning on stand, beneath which is placed an open Bible. (Place Bible at forty-five degree angle.)

Curtains open as music softly plays. Reader reads declaration while music softly plays.

READER:

BECAUSE the forces of evil in the world are bent on destroying our religious freedom as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States and specially protected by the First Amendment of the Constitution, ratified by the people of the United States, and . . .

BECAUSE these same forces are bent on destroying the very foundations of our democracy whose Constitution owes its continued existence to the faith of the people in Almighty God and . . .

BECAUSE America needs to be reminded of its spiritual heritage and its responsibility to Almighty God as its sovereign Ruler, its Purveyor of past blessings, its Guarantor of a continuance of justice and liberty for all . . .

WE DO THEREFORE AFFIRM that the heritage of freedom which we cherish as Americans is from God, who is the Author of the SEVEN FREEDOMS in the Twenty-third Psalm of the Bible, and WE DO FURTHER AFFIRM that only those who have an obedient faith in God are assured of freedom and the abundant life; and that only those nations will live and be free whose people have this faith.

Girls attired in white, carrying shields and unlighted candles, enter one at a time while the music softly plays and the reader reads. As each girl enters, she lights her candle at the big candle and remains in the center of the platform until the reader completes her respective Bible quote, after which she takes her place in the semicircle around the candle and Bible. (This continues until all seven girls have entered.)

1. FREEDOM FROM WANT-"The

Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

- 2. FREEDOM FROM HUNGER—"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."
- 3. FREEDOM FROM THIRST—"He leadeth me beside the still waters."
- 4. FREEDOM FROM SIN—"He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake."
- 5. FREEDOM FROM FEAR—"Y e a, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."
- 6. FREEDOM FROM ENEMIES—
 "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies."
- 7. FREEDOM TO LIVE ABUNDANTLY
 —"Thou anointest my head with
 oil; my cup runneth over. Surely
 goodness and mercy shall follow me
 all the days of my life: and I will
 dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Deeply grateful for the gift of these seven freedoms we now reaffirm our faith in Almighty God, the Author of these freedoms. In repentance we humbly confess our sins and seek the forgiveness of God and His blessings for our nation, dedicating ourselves henceforth to uphold and proclaim these seven freedoms that all the world may be free under God.

Music softly plays "The Lord's Prayer" or appropriate number, while the curtains are closed.

CURTAINS CLOSED

The girls retain their positions. LARGE FLANNELBOARD IS SET UP. (The flannelboard is set up just behind the candle and Bible.) The person who is to place the figures on the flannelboard takes his position and is ready to place the figures as the reader reads. (The emblem of the MARCH OF FREEDOM is a strong hand holding a sword perpendicular with flames of fire on either side. Composing the sword is the open Bible as the hilt with the Washington Monument standing upon it representing the blade. With a hand placed immediately beneath the hilt you have a perfect picture of a sword ready for action. The flames on either side complete the emblem. These figures may be made from construction paper.)

CURTAINS OPEN. (Music softly playing "Faith of Our Fathers.") READER: The emblem of the MARCH OF FREEDOM crusade has depth of meaning.

- 1. THE BLADE—a monument of memory standing firm and strong against aggression.
- 2. THE HILT—the Word of God as a firm foundation of the March-of-Freedom credo.
- THE HAND—a firm grip by men of faith and courage.
- 4. THE FLAME—the Spirit of Almighty God.

(Action magazine used in research for this program.)

BUT WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT COMMUNISM?

(Continued from page 9)

Christ who died for us, and for them.

TRULY understanding our helplessness, we would be driven to pray. There are those who take prayer seriously, who come near to fulfilling the command to pray without ceasing, but they are not many. Even in public prayer our attention is most often on our own immediate needs. We feel it proper now and then to pray for revival, but are neither surprised nor greatly disturbed if our special meetings bring no great moving of the Spirit among believers and no spiritual awakening of the whole community-though nothing less could bring the church to the place where God's power could work through it.

We are not ceaselessly praying that the Communist enemy be restrained and that the gospel may reach those who still haven't heard. Rarely do we remember to cry out for the Lord's strong support of our brothers in Communist lands and that the church there may grow during the nightmare of pressure against it. Satan has learned much since he failed to crush the church through the persecutions of Nero, and no longer gives a clear choice between denying Christ and a quick death—to be faithful under this new terror is possible only by a miracle of grace. May the Lord help us to see all that He would do through our prayers.

Yet just as the whole law could be summed up in the necessity to love God, so can all these and many other needs of the church in this hour of crisis. If we do not see Christ and love Him more than any comfort, any ambition, any person, then He said we are not worthy to be His disciples. If we are not His disciples, we certainly cannot look to have power to withstand manifestations of Satan's pow-

Some will feel this is too high a goal to set the church and demand to know what else we can do meanwhile-what legislation we should sponsor, what resolutions we should pass, what literature we should issue to fight Communism while we wait for Christians to turn to the Lord, who bought them by His blood. But God has no stopgap, no quicker way. If it is impossible to bring Christians to real spiritual awakening, what chance have we with our pitiful plans to hold the many TWO COMPANION BOOKS TO THE BIBLE

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millions who have never known Christ from the path to catastrophe?

When the great armies of Moab and Ammon and their allies came against Judah, Jehoshaphat led the people to turn to the Lord, and prayed, "O our God, wilt thou not judge them? for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon thee." Had they thought that they should rely on their own army and walls of defense with only an assist from the Lord, they would never have received His message of assurance, "Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not your's, but God's."

Never was any war so completely a spiritual battle as this one. Never have we so much needed to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. Do we believe this?

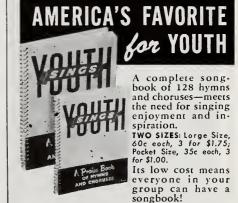
THERE IS FOLLY IN PRIDE

(Continued from page 7)

run on and on. The web He weaves is from everlasting to everlasting, and if you can fill a part of that web, be it ever so insignificant, it will abide for ever. This should be one of the most comforting thoughts for youth. He should challenge himself with the words, "while on earth I will do something for eternity."

The young person who will live a life, void of the folly of pride, will gather up all those things about which he might have occasion to be proud, and putting them in a waste-basket, will walk out to live a humble, consecrated. Spirit-filled, useful Christian





Spark up your Singing Youth with YOUTH SINGS!

PRAISE BOOK PUBLICATIONS

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

(Continued from page 10)

God has said, 'You may not eat any of it, nor touch it, lest you die."

But the serpent said to the woman,

"You would not die at all; for God knows that the very day you eat of it, your eyes will be opened, and you will be like gods who know good from evil."

So when the woman realized that the tree was good for food and attractive to the eye, and further, that the tree was desirable for its gift of wisdom, she took some of its fruit, and ate it; she also gave some to her husband with her, and he ate. Then the eyes of both of them were opened, and they realized that they were naked; so they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves girdles. But when they heard the sound of the Lord God taking a walk in the garden for the breezes of the day, the man and his wife hid themselves from the Lord God among the trees of the garden. The Lord God called to the man.

"Where are you?" he said to him.

"I heard the sound of thee in the garden," he replied, "and I was afraid, because I was naked; so I hid myself."

"Who told you that you were naked?" he said. "Have you eaten from the tree from which I commanded you not to eat?"

The man said,

"The woman whom thou didst set at my side, it was she who gave me fruit from the tree; so I ate it."

Then the Lord God said to the woman,

"What ever have you done?"

The woman said,

"It was the serpent that misled me, and so I ate it." So the Lord God said to the serpent,

"Because you have done this,

The most cursed of all animals shall you be,

And of all wild beasts.

On your belly you shall crawl, and eat dust, As long as you live.

I will put enmity between you and the woman, And between your posterity and hers; They shall attack you in the head, And you shall attack them in the heel."

To the woman he said,

"I will make your pain at child-birth very great; In pain shall you bear children;

And yet you shall be devoted to your husband, While he shall rule over you."

And to the man he said.

"Because you followed your wife's suggestions, and ate from the tree from which I commanded you not to eat,

Cursed shall be the ground through you, In suffering shall you gain your living from it as

long as you live;

Thorns and thistles shall it produce for you, So that you will have to eat wild plants.

By the sweat of your brow shall you earn your living,

Until you return to the ground, Since it was from it that you were taken; For dust you are.

And to dust you must return."

THE MAN CALLED his wife's name Eve (mother), because she was the mother of all living beings.

The Lord God made skin tunics for the man and his wife, and clothed them.

Then the Lord God said,

"See, the man has become like one of us, in knowing good from evil; and now, suppose he were to reach out his hand and take the fruit of the tree of life also, and eating it, living forever!"

So the Lord God expelled him from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from which he had been taken; he drove the man out, and stationed the cherubim east of the garden of Eden, with the flaming, whirling sword to guard the way to the tree of life.

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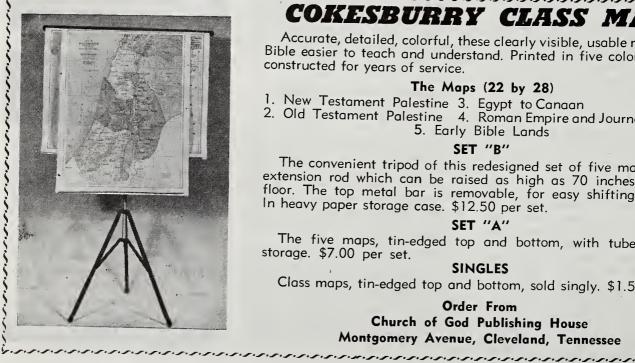
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THE DARK HOUR

(Continued from page 5)

Ten miles from Belfour the river became a narrow channel as it swung around a sharp bend. As Rene rounded this curve, he saw the other canoe ahead of him. It contained two occupants, Matt Powers and Joe Losey!

Rene grew tense, a sense of impending disaster sweeping through him. The presence of these men held a threat for him. Perhaps the trapper knew all about the papers and had hastened to tell Matt Powers what had happened. Whatever the truth might be, it was evident these men intended to question him, having guessed he might do exactly what he planned.

Had he succeeded thus far on his mission only to be balked? Not if he could help it! He assumed an attitude of indifference as he answered the hail of the men. Ceasing paddling, he left his canoe drift towards them. Outwardly he appeared unconcerned; inwardly he trembled until his teeth chattered. The current carried him closer to the other canoe.

Matt Powers smiled in a disarming manner. "Just wanted to ask you something," he said as Rene drifted alongside. "About some papers . . ."

Rene thrust his paddle deep in a quick stroke. Like a living being surcharged with power, the canoe shot ahead of the surprised men. Before they recovered from their surprise, Rene had a lead of fifty feet.

"They'll never catch me now," he declared, a laugh of triumph floating on the breeze.

Those miles were bitterly contested, for the men gave Rene the race of his life. A less efficient canoeist would have been overtaken, but Rene kept in the van by a narrow margin until Belfour came in sight and his pursuers gave up the chase. He beached his canoe and staggered ashore in a state of exhaustion. Now to see George Watson.

RENE WAS a bit apprehensive as he entered the presence of this Christian gentleman. "Here are some papers which belong to you," he said as he delivered them.

A look of surprise crossed George Watson's face. "How did they come into your possession? Ted Lowry was supposed to bring them to me."

Ted was Mr. Watson's messenger? He wasn't a thief? Oh, what grand news! Rene could laugh-could crycould shout aloud. Now he saw the

"Ted was injured; how much I do not know. I found him at the foot of a cliff unconscious."

He explained in detail, seeing now that Joe Losey was the would-be thief whom Ted had beaten to the cabin.

One thing he kept to himself—his suspicion concerning Ted. No one must ever know he doubted Ted. If those doubts had been voiced-if he had accepted the inference of circumstantial evidence—if he had acted on hasty judgment— He condemned himself for his secret judgment. What injury he might have done!

From his heart there arose a prayer for forgiveness, also a prayer of thanks for divine wisdom to do the Christian thing when he thought a brother in Christ had erred. Perhaps he would confess to Ted. Above all he wished for a deepening of their fellowship in their Lord and Saviour.

HELPS FOR TEMPTED AND TRIED

(Continued from page 15)

tention should be given them.

Recently after the closing of a wonderful revival here in Cleveland as I stood and wept and watched them come into the church, I thought, "O God, how much they will need teaching." Yes, they will need so much encouragement. What a responsibility. If they fail will it be their fault or will it be ours? The church with no religious educational program is a onesided church and when the revival is over and enthusiasm has died down it soon goes to nothing. I have heard some say, "I must keep the revival going all the time to keep the people in line." God pity the man or woman who cannot stand outside of a revival. They would be pretty weak to send out to foreign mission fields or into new fields in the homeland.

HAPPY HOME CIRCLE (Continued from page 14)

the lost little one.

Is that little one your boy or girl? Character is the most precious of life's possessions. What are you doing to develop Christian ideals in your home?— Selected.

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THE GIRL WHO SAID NO

(Continued from page 13)

resurrection and the life. The Living Word had commissioned her. Christ had spoken a new and living faith into her heart.

A little later, the room again became brilliant with heavenly glory, and she heard the words from Isaiah 60:1, "Arise, shine: for thy light has come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

Again her loved ones wept bitterly. They thought it was her last few minutes on earth, but that night, the cancer loosened its hold upon her body. Almost immediately she started to im-

Two nights later she testified in church about the call of God. She had said a final "yes" to God, and He had touched her body as well as her soul.

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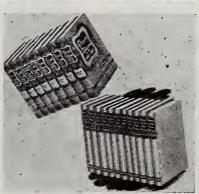
—A. H. Eilers and Company, St. Louis, Mo.

One Three Dimension
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Fifty Church of God Hymnals—Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn.

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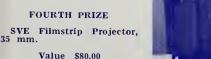
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Value \$92.50



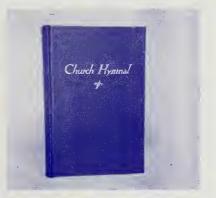














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SIXTH PRIZE

Fifty Church of God Hymnals—Church of God Publishing House, Cleve-land, Tenn.

Value \$55.00

SEVENTH PRIZE

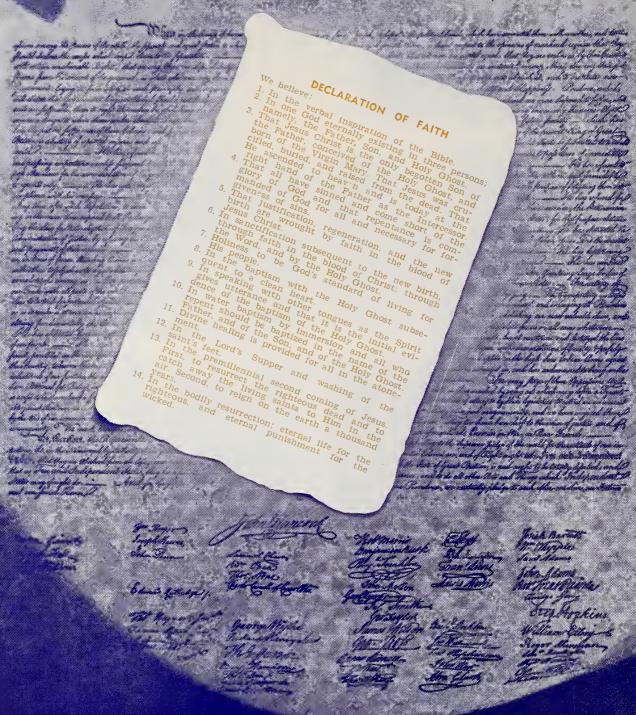
One Wooden Sunday School Register Board— Broadman Press, Nashville,

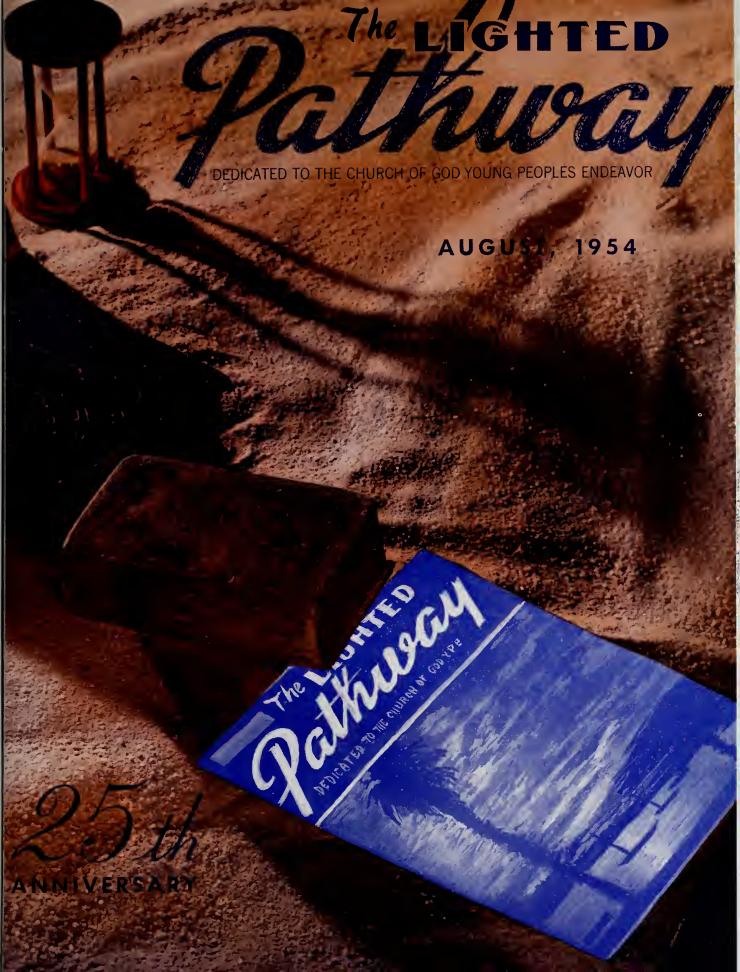
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Twenty-fifth Anniversery

WENTY-FIVE years ago the first edition of The LIGHTED pathway was presented to the readers. It was far from an imposing magazine in that early day. The proverb, "Great oaks from little acorns grow," has been especially applicable in the development and growth periodical. From that of this youth periodical. From that first eight-page edition of 500 copies, it has grown to twenty-eight pages with a paid circulation of about 58,000. Now it reaches into every section of the United States and many foreign countries.

Those early years were very diffi-cult. Success did not come immediately. Rather, there were times when it seemed doubtful if the infant magazine could survive. Through the perseverance and faith of its first editor it did survive, however, and in 1937 was accepted as the official youth was accepted as the official youth magazine of the Church of God. Supported by the youth organization the circulation, within the next two years, increased from 6,000 to 22,000. Continuous progress has characterized the development of the magazine. The purpose of The LIGHTED PATHWAY has been to serve as a minister of spiritual help to its readers. While it contains appeal for the

ers. While it contains appeal for the whole family it is specifically slanted toward teen-age young people. Much prayer and planning has gone into the preparation of each issue to make it effective in presenting its message. Thousands of testimonies from readers during these twenty-five years are the best and most valued tribute to its success.

From the young person in the great city and the one on the isolated farm; from the missionaries abroad and the servicemen in far-flung battle stations; from the minister and from the layman, the testimony is the same. The LIGHTED PATHWAY has been a perpetual source of inspiration, instruction and encouragement. True to its name, for twenty-five years it has been lighting pathways the world over.

It is with sincere appreciation and honest pride, therefore, that we salute The LIGHTED PATHWAY on its twenty-fifth anniversary. Credit for its unusual success must go to the two former editors, Mrs. Alda B. Harrison and Rev. Charles W. Conn who guided it, and the readers who supported it. We pledge to maintain the same high editorial policies and practices which have made it one of the most prominent evengelical youth magaprominent evangelical youth magazines in the world today.

Those of us responsible for the crea-

tion and production of this magazine feel keenly our need of divine help. We are not satisfied only to make the content and format correct according to editorial rules, but we are determined that each issue will be infused with the power and purpose of the Holy Spirit. Your prayers, therefore, are earnestly solicited that this magazine will continue to be a minister of Christ's gospel.

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

CHARLES W. CONN Editor-in-Chief

The Lamblighter

Cover Picture

LEWIS J. WILLIS Editor Church of God Publications The LIGHTED PATHWAY

ALDA B. HARRISON Editor Emeritus The LIGHTED PATHWAY

Vol. 25

AUGUST, 1954

Galloway

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By Way of Introduction: James B. Loer; John Black

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Have We Sacrificed Sacrifice?

Note: By request I am reprinting in this 25th anniversary issue e February 1953 editorial.

HE CHURCH is in-danger of falling victim to her environment in that her people, who are enjoying the ease and luxury of life, will create a nonresisting and flabby church. Perhaps the pressing danger is the lly optimism born of property and prestige which eadens the spiritual senses to the dangers of this critical incture. Christendom was created to change and redeem he earth, not to relax in the sensuous and deadly powers? It. It would appear, however, that the world is succeeding in circumventing and thereby converting many of he so-called "stalwarts" of the church. We ought to ealize quickly that the institution which was nourished the very lifeblood of our church fathers is being sick-ined by the rivulets of ease and selfishness.

Sacrifice is the forgotten virtue. Of course, it is not forotten as a measure of speech for many sanctimonious ersons wrap it piously about their "mite" of service and estify long of their monumental effort. As a common nd distinguishing trait of Christian behavior, however, we re hard put to find it. May Almighty God help us to realte that it is only when the Cross is the center of our inerest and actions that all will be well with the church, or "the Cross remains the highest expression of power, ecause it is the highest expression of sacrificial love that the world has ever seen."

The story the church may tell about the persecution nd sacrifice of her Founder, her martyrs and her misionaries is more impressive and more powerful than all he accounts of military heroism the histories contain. It is not surprising to read the edict issued by the Emperor pecius: "Let the Governors of the Provinces diligently earch out the Christians and punish them by scourging, y burning at the stake, by beheading, by tossing them to the wild beasts, by the dungeon, by seating them in ron chairs heated red hot, by tearing out their eyes with urning irons, or by tearing their flesh from their bones y steel pincers."

It is not likely that the progress of our religion and the naintenance of our churches will demand martyrs exept in very rare cases, but we will be constrained "to leny ourselves and take up His cross and follow Him." To have ideals is not enough; we must be content to acrifice for them. To know our duties is not sufficient; we must be willing to endure the hardships of following he path duty designates.

Our Master did not advocate sacrifice for the sake of acrifice alone, and we ought not to encourage meaningess suffering; but there is need for a warning against the endency to shrink from that which is wearisome and

painful in religion. Self-indulgence is our enemy. Too often we think of the Cross as something very abstract and not as something rough, heavy and hard. We are prone to be soft and cowardly when the actual crucifixion takes place. Christ's words, "He that taketh not his cross and followeth me is not worthy of me" should be a warning written upon the altar of our soul.

As tracic as it is true is the fact that one of our great needs is for a revival of sacrificial service among the ministry. Doesn't it seem a bit strange that after we sing loudly in our councils the old hymn I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go, that almost inevitably the Lord leads toward the best and the biggest? Only seldom does He lead to the smaller and more needy congregation. Perhaps I am foolishly bold in making such an assertion, but I wonder if this isn't a disease capable of sapping the strength from Pentecost until we become only a "form of godliness."

Unselfishness and sacrificial service among the ministry is the essential requisite to comparable behavior among the laity. One must make sufficient consecration to put the cause of Christ ahead of his personal comfort if he expects others to do likewise. We may thank God for a few who are sterling examples of this devotion.

Where we can render the largest service in bringing men to Christ should determine our place in the field of spiritual effort. If we will allow Christ to guide us in this respect we will spend less time selecting new fields and more time cultivating the one we have.

No doubt many laymen will shout a hearty "Amen!" to this humble criticism of some clergymen, but they have little reason for boasting when it comes to sacrificial service, for many of them are conspicuous for their self-ishness rather than their selflessness. While there are a few who still place God's Word and work first, many are inclined to attend to personal affairs first. At no time in our history has prosperity been more widespread and paganism more pronounced. The gods of pride, position, ambition, and possession have become the motivation with many erstwhile believers. Christendom is growing in number, property, and consequently position, but diminishing in piety, humility and charity.

A GLANCE at history reveals that self-sacrifice has earned the major victories for the church and the nation, while selfishness has been the consuming fire of destruction. We ought to study, with renewed interest, the teaching of Christ which affirms "he who would save his life must lose it." This law is found in every realm, but is certainly the most important one in Christianity. Sacrifice is the most influential weapon the Christian has.

If we are to regain the power and happiness which is characteristic of Christendom, we will have to throw self-interest aside and go out into the highways and hedges and win others to Christ. When we shall forget our own comfort and happiness and give our all to the work of God, then shall peace and security be assured, for human nature is so created that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Those who work for the sole purpose of success or happiness rarely find it, but those who lose themselves in unselfish service become known and loved before they are aware of it. The secret to the promotion of the kingdom of God and the happiness of the believer is to give heart and soul in sacrificial service to Christ.

August, 1954

T JUST ISN'T any fun to be as bashful as I used to be, and interested in the girls at the same time. Nice, Christian girls, that is. Like Susie Stouffer, for instance, the girl with the wonderful soprano voice who sang in our church choir.

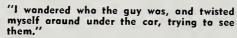
Well, this Monday afternoon I was underneath Uncle Phil's old car, feeling plenty cold and uncomfortable. I'd been there ever since I came home from school, trying to adjust some things that had gone wrong on Sunday and caused me to miss Sunday School for the first time since I came to live with Uncle Phil and Aunt Alice. I'd gone to the country to bring Gramp to Uncle Phil's for dinner. But the old car stalled, and we didn't arrive until along about noon. Now, as I worked and grunted, I wondered what the Gladhanders' Class had done, and what our lesson was all about. Which reminded me, I'd not studied it last week, and I'd have to do that before next Lord's Day for sure.

Funny things happen sometimes, and just then, as if in answer to my thoughts, I heard a girl and a boy talking. It was quiet, and I could hear their voices distinctly. She said, "I'm so glad our class elected a boy for its president, aren't you, Ralph?"

I heard some fellow grunt. Then the girl's voice came again, "Especially such a nice boy so tall, handsome. and sort of-well, dignified, and-"

"'Tall, handsome, dignified,' eh?" interrupted the fellow in a deep voice. "Haw! That's a good one! Sounds just like a girl's idea of a good class president." He tried to laugh, but I didn't like the edge on his tones. I wondered who the guy was, and twisted myself around under the car, trying to see them. The fact is, my heart was thumping pretty loud—for I'd recognized the girl's voice by now. It was that of Susie Stouffer, the girl I admired from afar. As I've hinted, in my opinion (very private opinion, that is, because of my bashfulness). Susie was just about the prettiest, sweetest, bluest-eyed, kindest, cheeriest girl in all our very large Sunday School and church. The trouble was, I wasn't the only fellow with that same opinion of Susie . . . and just now, I wasn't exactly pleased to hear Susie's tinkley, bell-like soprano voice speaking about that wonderful "tall, handsome, dignified" fellow they'd chosen as our president. I sort of sympathized with this Ralph, knowing he felt just about the way I did to hear some other guy praised by Susie.

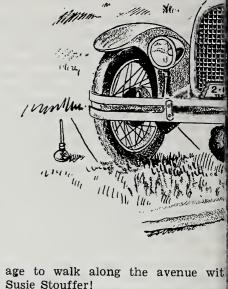
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By this time, the pair were just across the street from where I was hidden underneath the car-at least I hoped I was hidden, because my face and hands were smudged with grease, and I must have looked a fright. I peeked through the wheels and saw them. Susie, looking so very pretty and neat, and some big fellow whom I'd seen in class several times. I didn't mean to listen to their talk, but could not help hearing her say,

"Oh, Ralph, you know how I mean it!" Susie sounded just a bit impatient. "But I do think he's a nice boy. He's quiet and mannerly, and always seems so interested when Miss Gray teaches, and-"

Ralph laughed, trying to appear unconcerned. "Oh, sure, sure, Susie. If you say he's okay, why he's okay, see? But frankly, I don't envy his job. He's quite welcome to it. Being president of that bunch isn't . . . " They went 'round the corner then, and I went back to work. But I couldn't help thinking about that lucky fellow whom Susie thought was so tall, handsome, and dignified; or of lucky Ralph. Why if I could get up the cour-



Susie Stouffer!

But what was the use of daydream ing? Susie wouldn't even look twice a a guy like me. I'd better devote m energies to fixing this old heap w called a car. Besides, I'd find out al about this wonderful new presidentthe boy Ralph didn't envy-when I g to class on Sunday.

IT TOOK ME quite while to fix the car. When I finally crawled out, I was stiff, cold, and ter ribly dirty. I looked in one of the windows and had to grin. My face surely was a sight, smudged with grease. To help things along, I took my finger and painted a nice cute mustache or my lip and a goatee on my chin. I was having fun, grinning at my reflectior in the car window, when I heard a light step behind me and a sweet voice saying,

"Hello, there, Mr. President!"

Say, you can just imagine how 1 wanted that old street to open wide and swallow me up at that moment! Or did I? I wasn't exactly certain. It's bad enough to be as bashful around



rls as I was, but to have your face neared with bogus mustache and latee! I must have looked comical as stood there gulping, blushing, and ying to speak to pretty Susie.

But Susie is too kindhearted and blite to laugh at bashful fellows, so be appeared not to notice my confuon at all, as she chatted along, "We ere sorry you weren't in class when he held the elections. Someone nominated you as president, and you were ected by a large majority. I thought besibly you hadn't been notified, and "

I suddenly found my lost voice. "You on't mean," I gulped, "that I was ected president of our class? Oh, not e—I mean not I—that is—" I felt y ears and face burning despite the old. And by that time I couldn't help oticing that poor Susie was almost noking with suppressed laughter.

"Surely," she said, in the most matro-of-fact tone. "Why not? I know ou'll make a splendid president, and the class will back you up, too. At ast," she smiled in a way that almost add me forget my troubles, "the new cretary will do her best to be on the

By WIRT BLAINE

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job and help out."

"You mean—" It sounded just too good to be true! "You mean you're the new secretary?"

Susie nodded and looked very pleased. "And Ken Roberts is vice-president, with Anna Beaver as treasurer. Well, I must run along now. Be seeing you, Joe."

With a wave of the hand she was gone. I stood there staring after her, and feeling just wonderful. I pinched myself—hard. Was this a dream? Why, she had called me Joe! Then I saw my messed-up face in the window again and felt pretty sure the thing was real, and I'd better clean up before Susie decided to come my way again. A fellow just didn't want to look like a bum with a girl like Susie around.

I MUST ADMIT that during the next few days I thought more about Susie than about my new

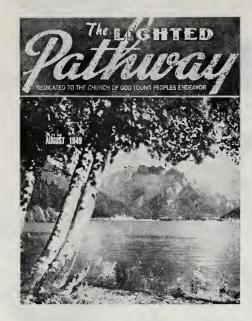
job as class president. But when I met Doctor Grayson, our minister, Saturday afternoon he paused to congratulate me. I was surprised to know that he had learned about a mere class election. "I'm expecting great things from the Gladhanders Class," he said, cordially. "We have a lot of talent in that group, and I have the feeling that under your leadership, Joe, the class will go places for the Lord."

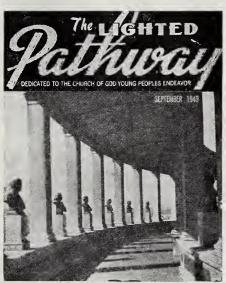
"Thank you, sir," I managed to say.
"But I guess I'll not be much good at being president, for you see—"

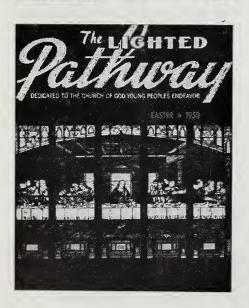
"Nonsense, Joe. You've never tried yourself out," he said, kindly. "Just keep the class busy doing good things, and you'll succeed. Here's an idea. We have a very large membership in church and Bible school; it is difficult to keep track of all newcomers. But it is fatal to fail, if we hope to build our work. I shall wish to confer with you and your cabinet about that matter, real soon, Joe."

I felt on top of the world. Doctor Grayson believed in me, and Susie believed I'd make good. I'd have to do it —for their sakes, and for the Lord Je-(Continued on page 22)

ugust, 1954







\mathcal{A}

Preacher Speak

By CECIL M. TRUESDELL

Hello there! Of course you know me! Can't we have a little chat?

Drag your chair a wee bit closer, while we sort of chew the fat;

For I'm sure we've things in common; you're a worker, so am I!

When it comes to preaching Jesus Christ, my limit is the sky.

I've been out evangelizing since the year of "twenty-nine,"

And there've been some rugged battles, but the triumphs have been fine.

I was sort of like a stepchild for those first eight hectic years,
For the church folks seemed to view me with some mingled doubts and fear
But at last I was "adopted," and the church youth sponsored me,
Since those youngsters got behind me, I have grown continually.
So that was the brightest moment I have known in my career;
With their fine support and backing, I have grown year after year.

If you've helped me take the message of God's love and saving grace To each global nook and cranny, to each color and each race; If you've helped me catch the teardrops from the high and from the low, As I pointed souls to Jesus everywhere I chanced to go.

Say, I'd like to shake, and thank you for the work you've helped me do; For I never could have made it, if it hadn't been for you!

Yes! I've been a missionary in those lands as black as night,
And to many lost in darkness I have pointed out the light;
I've been placed on burning foreheads, while folk watched with bated breat
And the prayer of faith delivered from the very jaws of death.
So, you helped me win the battle, though you stayed, and though I went,
For I could have made no contact, if you hadn't prayed and sent!

Like a bolt came Pearl Harbor, and our boys were called to war,
Then you sent me out to witness in their centers, near and far.
There I gave my testimony, and the Spirit did the rest,
For great numbers sent their letters, telling how their souls were blessed.
Many officers endorsed us, giving us an open door,
And we reached one hundred thousand, back in May of forty-four.

Personal evangelism is the work that's down my line,
Going right into the homes to spread the news is where I shine.
Oh, I like to reach a fellow when his dreams are all apart,
And the hopeless alcoholic, or the girl with broken heart;
Or the fellow who's decided that the battle's not worth-while;
These are prospects for a new life, and a winning Christian smile.

Ithough I'm the leading preacher in the field I represent, broughout Pentecostal movements, with my work I'm not content; or I've caught the shocking vision of the millions yet undone, nd I know their doom, unless they hear the message and are won. I'm trying to develop my effectiveness and worth itil I shall have a way to reach all peoples of this earth.

his can never be accomplished without study, work and prayer.
ut if you will stand behind me, and will share the load I bear,
7ith the Holy Spirit's guidance, we can storm the fields of sin,
nd shall take them all for Jesus, who will help each conflict win.
recall how little David slew Goliath in the fray,
nd the God who guided David is the God we serve today.

ve been great on visitation since I started out to preach,
nd I strive to contact people everywhere within my reach;
1y! I visited five hundred folks the first month I began,
nd I've constantly been working to improve this contact plan.
[onth by month I've kept on climbing, still I haven't reached my prime,
ut I'll visit sixty thousand homes before I'm through this time.

m not just evangelistic, but I try to teach, as well, 'bere have been so many rescued, who without instruction fell, 'bat I've learned indoctrination helps to hold the ground we've gained, and in trials, many converts, with good teaching are sustained; 'bile, if they had not been grounded, they could not have stood the shock. Then he's saved, I like to help a man get anchored to the Rock.

'hen I strive to be a contact for our youth throughout the world, n the States and all the countries where our banners have been hurled. believe my work has helped them keep a Christian fellowship, is they learn how each is doing, when I make my monthly trip. just glory in our young folk and their work, to tell the truth, or you know, my heart is wrapped up in the progress of our youth.

It you know that it's my silver anniversary today?

Itelp me celebrate by kneeling, or just taking time to pray,

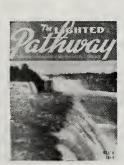
That the Lord will bless my efforts, and will give me grit and grace,

o in nothing I'll be lacking, as I go from place to place.

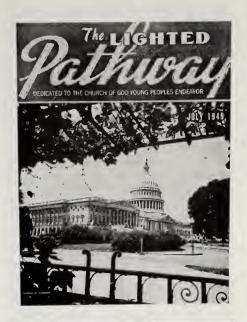
Jow, I don't believe I've told you who I am, perhaps you knew,

'm your monthly LIGHTED PATHWAY; my success is due to you.



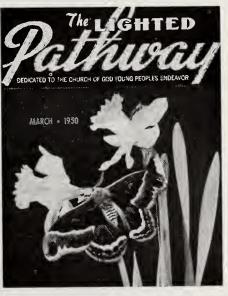












WCH OF OUR time is spent in thinking of the future. Sometimes these thoughts of the future are fears, but usually they are hopes and desires for better times, better living, and a better self. When your mind is occupied with elaborate plans for tomorrow, it is a sign that you are an envisioned soul—or merely a daydreamer.

Now, daydreams and visions are opposite in every way, even though they appear for a while to be the same thing. Both of them build what we commonly call "air castles," which is a poetic expression for things as we should like them to be. There is certainly nothing wrong with building air castles and yearning for a better world, but the fault lies in the dreamer's waste of them. The elaborate spectacle that comes into the mind of the envisioned one is a means toward an end, but to the daydreamer it is the end itself. What the world needs, then, and especially among Christians, is more stout hearts with distinct visions, who will with their hands forge those visions into reality. What we need less of is the daydreamer who whiles his time away with his dreams. A man who has a vision cannot rest until his vision is realized. He must work and strive and struggle until his vision is no longer an illusive tormentor of the mind, but a living reality to be held and enjoyed; but the daydreamer is at ease, being lulled into listlessness by his dreaming. An envisioned soul is made miserable by his vision, but a dreamer is at rest with his dreams. The person who has a vision of a better church will spare no energy to make the church as good as his vision, but the daydreamer is satisfied to dream and talk of something better, while the church itself decays about him. A vision compels action, but a dream induces sleep. Visions are the stimulant that keeps the soul alert, but daydreams are the sedative that puts it to sleep. A man who has a vision is busy at work, while the man who has a daydream is content to talk about it.

All of us see things that need to be done and treasure our hopes for the future. That is no sin, even though we are laughed at for having them. Don't be ashamed because you dare to think of better things for tomorrow. Don't be alarmed because you see so much that needs to be done. Be glad that you cannot be satisfied until conditions that are bad are improved. These thoughts and plans and desires

are neither good nor bad in themselves, but it is their effect on us that makes them either. It is our response to them that decides whether we are in the category of the envisioned ones or the daydreamers. If these hopes for the future disturb us until we cannot rest, and are compelled to endeavor to bring them to pass, they are good for us. If, on the other hand, the thought is the end, and nothing is ever done about it, they are worse than a plague to our lives. If you find pleasure and contentment in your dreaming, and they in themselves satisfy you, then they are daydreamsand that is bad. If your dreams cheer you in that they suggest possibilities to you, but disturb you until you see them accomplished, and persist in their disturbance until you do something about them, then they are visions-and that is good.

THIS IS precisely what to Solomon meant when he said in *Proverbs* 6:6, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." If what we consider and hope for motivates us, we are wise; but if the hoping satisfies us, we are lazy and cheat ourselves. That is why it is said in *Proverbs* 29:18, "Where there is no vision, the people perish." Visions move people to build cities, to improve themselves, to help others, and to promote good. The Church is moving forward today, under the power of people with visions, leaving the dreamers behind.

If today I hear you longing for something that can by hard work be attained, I shall feel admiration for you, believing that you possess, and are possessed by, a vision. But, if a year from now I hear you longing for the same thing, without having made any effort toward realizing your ambition, I shall know that you are not envisioned after all, but merely a daydreamer. If I hear you longing for something today, and something new shortly after, and then soon again something else, I shall know that you are not only a daydreamer, but that you are fickle in your dreams. Longing to have something or to be something in the future, without ever making any effort toward attainment, not only thwarts your future, but it masks the realities of today.

Do you dream of being an accomplished musician? Do you long for the day when people will be thrilled by your playing? Whether your longing is a daydream or a vision will be determined by its effect on you. If it is a

vision, you cannot rest until you beg to study and practice and exert eve effort toward the end you desire. you are content to dream of being great musician and make no effort t ward becoming one, then you are daydreamer and a liability to yo possible self. The same is true of ed cation. People who dream want an e ucation, but people with a vision g one. A vision will not let you rest un you are busy in your struggle 1 learning. A vision will hound you un you do something about it. It will r put you to sleep, and it cannot stal laziness.

Some people today are *dreaming* leading souls to salvation, but other are busy *doing* it. Some would like see the kingdom of Christ promote and some will promote it. Both

Daydreams and Visions



Rev. Chorles W. Corwos the second edit of the "Lighted Potway," serving fro 1948 to 1952. The ditoriol opeored in Jonuory 1950 issu

these groups share the same desir in the beginning, but one group content to desire, while the other determined to fulfill the desire. At tl beginning there seems to be no di ference in the dreamer and the ma with the vision, but the difference w soon be manifested, for the dream will hold his dream to himself, and lo it and cultivate it, living with it da and night, while the envisioned or will use his dream only as a patter after which to make the finished pro duct. All of us meditate about the fi ture; therefore, all of us have da; dreams or visions. If your meditation are only daydreams, they are con plete in themselves; but if they a visions, you cannot rest until you se them brought to pass. For 1954, v need people who have visions, mal visions, and use visions!

ear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

I HAVE JUST returned om the upper room in the Evangel fice where we meet for a season of ayer each morning. The Lord blessed y soul as we sang the song "Pray the ouds Away." It took me back over e twenty-nine years of my life since e Comforter came in to abide. How any times the clouds have hung eavy and there seemed no way out, it just a little talk with Jesus made right. To live righteously in an undly world without plenty of prayer an utter impossibility, and that is ny so many of us fail God in the sting time. "The Lord is nigh unto I them that call upon him," Psalm 5:18. Now isn't that comforting? We n't have to run away off somewhere get help, for He is with us all the ne. If we could always realize this id depend on Him in time of dan-

Obstacles and Prayer

rs. Alda B. Harrison,
as the first editor of
a e "Lighted Pathay," serving from
229 to 1948. This
litorial appeared in
ctober 1939 issue



er, in time of temptation, and in me of sorrow!

This verse says, "The Lord is nigh." n't that wonderful? This reminds e of one time when I was praying, nd I said, "O Lord, draw me closer thee," and the sweet voice of the oly Spirit answered within, "You do ot need to pray to get closer to me, or I am in you and around you all ne time. What you need to pray is, ord, help me to be more yielded to nee.'" Now doesn't that help you ome? It did me. Oh, what we need is have our lives and everything we ossess yielded to Him. He will take are of the rest. So let us carry this nought with us for the rest of our ays. He is ever near; He loves us nd will hear our prayers. We may ot get the answer in our way, but if we are yielded to Him, we will be satisfied with His will and His way. We may not get an answer just at the time we expect it, but the prayer of faith cannot go unanswered. It is engraved on God's memory and cannot fail.

IT IS ALMOST Assembly time, and there are many things we need to pray about. I presume many of you are wondering how you are going to manage to go. The financial clouds hang heavy. Some of our young people are so anxious to go to Bible School-the clouds are hanging low and heavy. Father and Mother are anxious to send you, but the financial clouds hinder. They look at other homes where the parents have plenty and are able to send their children to school, and they wonder why it is. Right here the third verse of this song is very appropriate. Stop and read it just now.

Other people seem to prosper,
While it seems God keeps you poor,
You can scarcely make expenses,
Keep the wolf back from the door;
Then you gaze upon your loved ones
Through the eyes, by tears made dim,
Thinking of the needed comforts,
But their needs are known to Him.

Perhaps I should tell you the sory of a little girl who prayed the clouds away.

A few years ago when my daughter was ready to enter her junior year of college, things looked very dark, financially speaking, and we had almost made up our minds that we were not able to send her that year. We kept praying, and she would say, "I just feel that God will open the way." She and I drove to the school she had been attending, which was about one hundred miles from our home. It looked as if we did everything that was possible to make arrangements for her to go, but everything seemed to fail. We drove from the college with heavy hearts. Suddenly my daughter said, "I still believe I'm going to school." Before we reached home something happened and arrangements were made for her to go. Yes, she had prayed the clouds away.

At Christmas, we told her when she came home to bring everything as we would not be able to send her the second semester. She did so; she was very careful about our feelings because she knew it was just as hard on us as it was on her. My husband was ill at that time, and about a week after school began, we were all seated in

our living room. My husband was getting better and was lying on the divan. A knock was heard at the door. We opened the door and admitted a minister and his wife we had never seen before. He had heard that my husband was sick and came to call on him. He introduced himself as the new president of Washington College, which was located in our community.

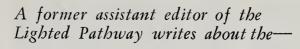
We had a very pleasant afternoon with them. In our conversation we casually told him about Mary Elizabeth's having to quit school. He looked rather disappointed. As he left, he said to her, "Don't be too badly disappointed, you are still young and you will get to finish college." She had just passed her eighteenth birthday at that time. One day, just one week from that time, the telephone rang and the voice at the other end of the line asked for Mary Elizabeth. This was the message: "Get ready to go back to school. I will bring the money over to you in a few moments." Was that just happen so? Oh no, it was answer to her prayers. When he came, he said, "I went home Sunday night and couldn't rest. I wrote up North to a wealthy friend of mine, and here is the money. Go to school this year, and I'll see you through your senior year; when you graduate, I will give you a teaching position at Washington College." She graduated at the age of nineteen and taught for three years at this place. Later she received her M. A. degree from Duke University. She has never had to apply for a position because the invitations have been always sufficient.

Dear friends, if we could only get our young people on our hearts and help them pray through about their problems, and if we had more people like this minister with a heart easily touched by the needs of others, many of our young people could be educated and sent forth to bless the world.

WE NEED TO PRAY for our officials that they may be guided aright in making the rules for the Church of God to follow; that they may stay in the middle of the great highway of holiness. To turn to the left or the right means defeat—on the one hand fanaticism, on the other formalism and worldliness.

We need to pray that they may be kept humble. God's Word says, "Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, and He will lift you up." The greatest need of the Church today is

(Continued on page 25)



D. H. SER

Years of Progress

By GENEVA CARROLL

"The heights by great men reached and kept Were not attained by sudden flight; But they, while their companions slept Were toiling upward in the night."

HIS POEM by Henry W. Longfellow is dedicated to the present and past editors of The LIGHTED PATHWAY. Indeed, this work requires long hours of working and planning, seasoned with many prayers.

The first LIGHTED PATHWAY I had the privilege of reading came to my home address at Big Spring, Texas. Soon afterwards, I joined the Gideon Band, distributing a roll of this splendid magazine in my home church each month until I came here to enter Bible Training School. I recall how thrilled I felt each time the paper came to my mailbox. I could hardly wait to read it through, for the messages left me feeling as if I had eaten the most delicious food. Since that time, I haven't failed to read a single issue.

On December 1, 1935, while in Bible School, I became Sister Harrison's secretary, working after class periods and late in the afternoon. At that time the school was located on the corner from the Publishing House, which stands in the center of the block. This location proved convenient, for I remember being called sometimes from my classes to help Sister Harrison prepare material for the press. However, we got along splendidly that school term. After school closed, I began working as full-time secretary, which position I retained for twelve years.

IN THOSE EARLY years of this publication, the editor and I spent much time in prayer for the success of the paper. Since I stayed in Sister Harrison's home, we had more opportunity to pray together.

Each morning before coming to work, we always knelt and prayed for God's blessings on the day's work. Then, only about 3,500 copies were printed each month. Today the monthly printing is approximately 60,000 copies.

I have never met anyone with greater vision, faith, and determination to put a publication over than Sister Harrison had. Perhaps if she had not possessed these qualities, the paper would have never survived its infancy. When one starts out for a certain enterprise, he usually receives criticism, knocks, and blows on every side. Sister Harrison received her portion of these, and I think she deserves roses for her great courage in the work.

It has been very encouraging to watch the growth of the paper. When I first came to work in the LIGHTED PATHWAY office, the paper was only a sixteen-page magazine. Finally, in January, 1937, eight more pages were added, making twenty-four pages; and in April, 1938, a new cover page was added, making the paper twenty-eight pages. Then for Easter, Mother's and Father's Days, and for August—tenth anniversary issue—1939, special two-color cover pages were designed. For the past six years, the paper has had a two-color cover page.

During World War II, we tried to get a LIGHTED PATHWAY into the hands of each boy and girl in service. Of course, it was impossible to send the paper to everyone, but we mailed a copy to all whose addresses we received. During 1944, a monthly average of 72,000 copies was printed. For May of that year, a record number of 100,000 copies was printed. The faithful Christians on the field made this possible. Offerings were sent regularly from the different states to pay for these papers. Only eternity will re-

veal the reward of the faithful peop Letters came from chaplains, as we as other men and women in the Armed Forces, telling of the blessin and inspiration received from the printed page.

AT THE GENERAL A sembly of 1948, Brother Charles 1 Conn was chosen LIGHTED PATI WAY editor. This selection proved be a very wise choice. Brother Conn a scholar in knowledge and exper ence. He has followed the old way worn paths of prayer. Before begin ning his work each morning, he wou kneel by his desk and pray to the Lor for wisdom and guidance for the da Often his secretary and I joined hi in his morning prayer. Thus the paper grew and the circulation increase under his editorship. Many of you know Brother Conn as a great preacher and Bible teacher, as well and an illustrious editor.

At the last General Assemble Brother Lewis J. Willis was chosen a LIGHTED PATHWAY editor. Brother Willis possesses the same high qualities and consecration as the former editors. He is giving the very best of his time and talent to the magazing With his keen intellect and vision, The LIGHTED PATHWAY will continue to grow in quality and quantity.

For more than eighteen years I hav been connected with this magazing first as secretary to the editor and then as assistant editor. Indeed, m work has been a very thrilling experience. Many of you know me through the printed page, and perhaps in the future I shall make other contributions. As you may know, the June issu terminates my position as assistant editor, but my prayers shall always befor the editor and readers.



Bu CHRIS SAVOY

UR CHURCH publications are going places! New printing machinery is being bought, aditional editors are being employed, nd a beautiful, new \$670,000 publishng plant has just been completed. one of the relatively new offices creted within the last couple of years s an art department.

For some time now there has been decided demand for literature that s well augmented with illustrations. The Church, in its untiring efforts to propagate the Gospel, is becoming nore and more keenly aware of the need for more attractive literature. Gone are the days when the ordinary reader will tolerate masses of plain copy. His time is too accelerated for nim to wade through columns of printed pages; he desires things to be simplified and condensed. Our artists, with these facts in mind, are of the firm conviction that pictures are ac-

tually time-savers. Illustrations present to the eye what it would take much longer to tell by words. Sense impressions received through sight are of a higher order and are of a more lasting value than those received through any other sense. Perhaps there has been more significance embodied in the common adage "One picture is worth more than 10,000 words," than we might suspect.

IT IS THE Art Department's job to design brochures, book covers, headings for articles, to draw flannelgraph pictures, and to illustrate stories. The illustrations, of course, are designed to serve as a sort of index to the nature of the story or article. Our artists try to make their illustrations serve as an advertisement to convince the reader that he should read the articles and stories and to sell him on the publications.

The artists try to portray what the camera cannot give and what the eyes of others often do not see. They try to orient the reader into a more correct visualization of the places and the characters described in the story.

The illustration accompanying this article shows our present staff of artists busily engaged in a problem of design. They feel that they have a part in a ministry-albeit far from preaching from the pulpit, a ministry nevertheless. The talent they possess, they attribute to God's grace. It gives them much spiritual satisfaction to know that they are using their talent for the Lord's work. Their motto

"If any man minister let him do it as of the ability which God giveth: that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."-1 Peter 4:11b.

EDITORIAL NOTE: Art illustrations are usually taken for granted. The average layman has little comprehension of the extensive preparation and intensive work which goes into such a drawing. If the illustration is absent, however, there is general frustration among the readers, for they discern something vital is missing. The artist, then, is one of those people who is ignored if he produces good work, but crucified if he doesn't.

From month to month The LIGHTED PATHWAY has proudly presented some of the finest illustrations in evangelical journalism. We are proud to have on our staff two talented and consecrated young artists. These young people have proved their ability by their work and their consecration by their devotion. They are certainly an integral part of The LIGHTED PATHWAY organization.

In the illustration above you see Chioe Stewart seated at his drawing board. Chioe is in charge of our Art Department. He was born in Jacksonville, Alabama, January 28, 1927, and became a Christian at the early age of nine. Graduating from Emma Samson High School in Gadsden, Alabama in 1945, he entered the Army and enrolled as a student in the Gulf States Art School in Birmingham, Alabama, for one year. After graduating from Lee College

two years later he enrolled in the University of Alabama. At the university he made the Dean's list of superior students and was received into the Kappa Pi National Honorary Art Fraternity. He received a B. A. degree with a major in art in 1952. Chloe's unusual talent is recognized by many editors, and his illustrations have appeared in numerous magazines.

Carol Bell is seen standing near the drawing board in the illustration above. Born in Ashland, Kansas, in 1934, Carol became a Christian at the tender age of seven. From her artist mother, Carol undoubtedly inherited similar talent, for early in life she showed strong inclination toward art. While she was attending high school in Carthage, Missouri, Carol recalls she was dubbed "the budding artist." She confesses that her burning ambition was to progress in her chosen field until she no longer needed to be called a "budding" artist. During the next years Carol received considerable experience in layout, illustrations, etc. In October, 1953 she came to the Church of God Publishing House where she now serves as a member of the art staff. Carol plans to be married to Kenneth du Plooy on August 5, and later they will go to Africa as missionaries. She plans to employ art work on the mission field.

Page 11



Governor Frank Clement at the executive desk in the State Capitol

NE Sunday back in 1930 the Men's Bible Class of the Dickson, Tenn., Methodist Church was discussing the topic, "Can Religion and Politics Mix?" Seated in the front row was an elderly gray-haired man with his ten-year-old grandson. The teacher, who had been vehemently repainting the familiar sordied picture of corruption in politics, finally wound up his tirade with the confident pronouncement, "Political life is a dirty life. No decent person should even think of going into politics."

A second later the elderly man was on his feet. "If decent people don't go into politics," he demanded hotly, "then what's going to happen to our country?"

For a moment there was a stunned silence. The teacher stared at his challenger in speechless astonishment. Then, like a mounting wave, there came a rushing murmur of approval from the rest of the class. Most excited of all was the young boy—for although he was unaware of it, at that very moment there was ignited in him a glowing desire to someday become a courageous public servant—a two-fist-

ed fighter who would crusade relentlessly against the evil forces of political graft. With shining eyes he watched as the old man's voice rose heatedly.

"This idea that Christians should abandon politics to the crooks and scoundrels is all wrong. We will have clean government only when God guides the hearts and minds of public officials. I say that one of the main jobs of Christian men and women is to get into politics and bring the Kingdom of God to pass in public life. That's the only way we can have an enduring democracy—for if we leave God out of government, then it certainly won't last long."

With that, the protester—the late State Senator J. A. Clement of Tennessee—seized his grandson by the hand and strode dramatically out of the classroom.

Although the incident was eventually forgotten by most people, on the boy it left an indelible imprint. As the months passed, the spark which had ignited in him gradually grew to a small flame. Finally one day he went to his grandfather. "I think I know now what you were talking about in

Sunday School. When I grow up want to do what you've always done—help to make this a good country fo good people."

Surprised that the youngster should have remembered the incident, the old man smiled proudly at his grandson "I'm glad to hear it, Frankie. And i you start early and work hard I predict that someday you'll not only be a big man in this country, but you'll be something even more important—a citizen who is willing to fight unrelentingly for clean government."

Now, after twenty-four years "Frankie" has more than fulfilled his grandfather's prediction. Today Frank Clement is His Excellency, the Governor of Tennessee. He is also a distinguished lay preacher who had delivered his dynamic evangelical testimony from many pulpits and platforms throughout the country. And as the youngest chief executive in the nation-he is still only 33-he has gained an impressive reputation for his courageous and eloquent pronouncements that Christianity is the hope of democracy and the salvation of man.

leet America's youngest govrnor, a devout Christian lay reacher whose—

POLITICS is his PARISH

By

WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

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THE STORY of this young Christian politician's rise to eminence s as exciting as a Horatio Alger tale. Entering high school at 13 and graduating at 16, young Frank was active in a number of student, religious and civic activities. Fired with an ambition to become a forceful public speaker, he took special training in elocution, and then proceeded to win every oratorical contest he entered. He also lost no time in pronouncing his Christian convictions, for by the time he was 15 he had preached his first sermon. He then went on to become an outstanding high-school debater, and finally graduated as an honor student.

Frank then entered Cumberland University, where he paid for most of his education by working as a laborer for 30 cents an hour. After two years of undergraduate work he transferred to Vanderbilt University law school, and promptly married his childhood sweetheart, Lucille Christianson. When he was still only in his second year of law school, he decided that now that he was "an old married man

of 20" he ought to take his bar examination and start earning a living for two.

"Don't tackle it," warned his professors solemnly. "You're not far enough along to make the grade. You've got a great future ahead of you—but a failure now could hurt you irreparably. And besides, you're not even old enough to take the examinations. The law requires a candidate to be twenty-one."

"I know," replied Frank, "but my birthday comes just before the exams. And if I really dig I think I can pass those brain busters."

Young Frank really "dug in." When examination day dawned, he was one of the 243 candidates who sat down to the "brain-busting" ordeal. When it was over, the youngest candidate turned out to be the brightest. First honors were awarded to Frank Clement. Frank promptly set up a law office, and within a few weeks he found himself in the unusual position of practicing law while still studying it. Not until the following year, 1942, was he awarded his L.L.B. degree.

Believing that it would be valuable experience for his legal career, Frank then made application as a special agent in the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Here again, he was a year under age, and he was on the verge of being turned down when a thorough investigation was made of his background. Discovering his remarkable talents, character and achievements, the FBI promptly relaxed its regulations and eagerly accepted him.

For the next two years Frank got a first-hand view of the grim struggle between the law and the lawless. He arrested dangerous criminals, tracked suspected spies, cracked difficult cases and helped break up nation-wide gangs. One assignment which almost cost him his life was the recapture of the notorious Roger Touhy mob which, having engineered a wholesale escape from the Illinois penitentiary, was terorizing the country. For weeks Frank and a number of other agents chased the gangsters from one part of the country to another, always getting closer to their deadly quarry, until finally one night in a gun-blazing raid they seized the criminals and sent them back to prison.

During Word War II Frank Clement enlisted in the army as a buck private. Here again his unusual talents soon manifested themselves. He quickly rose through the ranks to become a lieutenant, and although he was the youngest officer in his battalion, he eventually became company commander and was given the highest commendation ever awarded by his commanding officer.

AT THE END of the war Frank returned to his legal career more determined than ever to fulfill his youthful dream of being a fighter for better government. At the age of 26 he became chief counsel for the State Public Utilities Commissionand was soon embroiled in a legal battle involving unauthorized increases in telephone rates. For a while the situation looked hopeless. A high court had enjoined the Commission from taking any action. The telephone company consistently ignored the young counsel's appeals for a fair settlement. Even Frank's gray-haired legal associates told him it was no use to fight.

Frank's answer was to roll up his sleeves and once again "dig in." Ploughing through a stack of lawbooks, he finally found the key to the solution—an obscure statute which compelled the Supreme Court to dissolve the restraining injunction, and which forced the telephone company to appear before the Commission. With his foe now out in the open, Frank took a deep breath and plunged headlong into a bitter court battle. For 13 long months the fight went on. When at last the issue was decided, Frank was not only awarded a distinguished legal victory, but he was also commended for saving the citizens of his state more than \$6,500,000.

In his four years as chief counsel, Frank fought unceasingly for better working conditions for employees on common carriers and in public utilities, and he opposed the abandonment of many passenger train runs as being against the public interest. He was also active in Red Cross promotion, Traveler's Aid, and USO and Community Chest activities, and was elected state commander of the American Legion. He also served twice as state chairman of the March of Dimes—and exceeded all previous state records by collecting more than \$750,000.

When the Korean war broke out Frank again volunteered for duty, this time serving for 16 months. When he returned, he was immediately endorsed by leading civic and religious organizations throughout the state as gubernatorial candidate. Frank conducted a dynamic campaign throughout the summer of 1952. The following No-

(Continued on page 26)

RETROSPECTION

By MRS. ALDA B. HARRISON

The first editor of The LIGHTED PATHWAY presents some of the material which appeared in the initial issue twentyfive years ago.

Dear Lighted Pathway Readers:

T MAKES ME very happy to be here to celebrate the twentyfifth anniversary of The LIGHT-ED PATHWAY. How wonderful God has been to let me live to enjoy this occcasion! How happy I am as I think of that time when in my girlhood days God called me to follow Him, and I said "Yes." I thank Him for all the ways He has led through joys and gladnesses and through trials and heartaches to train me for the work He has laid out for me to do. Little did I think that that first eight-page paper would some day become the magazine it is today, but God knew. I did not have to study to know what to name the paper; God gave the name. He showed me the plans He desired, and I am giving you some of the plans He laid out.

I must not forget to thank God for the editors who have followed me. I well remember seeing Brother Conn walking leisurely at the Assembly in 1948. I called to him and said, "Brother Conn, I am resigning as editor of The LIGHTED PATHWAY. Don't you want the job?" We talked for a short time, and he walked away. God went with him, and soon he was announced as editor of this publication. Thank God for His choosing. I presumed that he was in for good, but two years ago he was elected Editor-in-Chief of all publications. We wondered just what would happen next, but God was leading on, for He ordered that Brother Lewis J. Willis, who was then National Youth Director, be elected to

take Brother Conn's place. May God bless him and make him a greater blessing as the years go by.

I should like to comment on my two wonderful secretaries that God sent to me-Miss Minnie Bell Jagers, now Mrs. J. D. Clayton, and Mrs. William Carroll, who stood by me so faithfully during the years when we needed consecrated help. They were willing to sacrifice and stand by in the hard places. Thank God for all who have contributed to the success of the pa-

We are giving you some of the material from the first LIGHTED PATH-WAY. This was the first cover page of the paper:



IESUS The LIGHT Of The WORLD

W MY HIGH RESOLVE W

Hedged in by the stone wall of their own frailties and faults, they see not she world of opportunity that reaches beyond the stars ft shall be my high resolve to awaken and inspire

It shall be my high resolve to awaken and fingine.

It shall be my aim to fill, them up to where they shall see the great
world of beauty, love, and inspiration.

Desert minds and harmy hearts shall be made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. I shall blode my time, though it may take years of effort
and sacritice I aim resolved to see every desert within my rends and influence become waving fields of grain and gardens of flowers, an I land/scapes
of rich timage, —Heart Throße of Truth.

"THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET AND A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH."—Ps. 119:105

My first message and introductor poem "The Song of Life" show ho little things can become great in God hands.

SONG OF LIFE

A traveler on a dusty road Strewed acorns on the lea; And one took root and sprouted up, And grew into a tree. Love sought its shade at eventide, To breathe its early vows: And age was pleased in heights o noon,

To bask beneath its boughs. The dormouse loved its dangling twigs;

The birds sweet music bore-It stood a glory in its place A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way Amid the grass and fern; A passing sranger scooped a well. Where weary men might turn. He walled it in and hung with care A ladle on the brink. He thought not of the deed he did But judged that toil might drink. He passed again, and, lo! the well By summer never dried, Had cooled ten thousand parched

tongues And saved a life besides.

A nameless man amid the crowd That thronged the daily mart, Let fall a word of hope and love Unstudied from the heart. A whisper on the tumult thrown, A transitory breath, It raised a brother from the dust; It saved a soul from death. O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast! You were but little at the first But mighty at the last.

-Charles Mackey

In introducing you our little paper, The LIGHTED PATHWAY, we use this poem to bring the thought of what small beginnings sometimes mean. For several years God has been laying the young people of our land upon my heart and has given me such a desire to help them that this desire has blossomed into this little paper, which I am sending forth into the world to touch the lives of the precious young people who are groping in darkness along the way.

We see so few boys and girls who are giving their lives to the service of the Master. We feel that there is a reason somewhere and that if the right chord in their lives was touched. multitudes of them would surrender their lives to the Master. The aim of this paper is to touch that chord and to help the hungry hearts to find their places in the great harvest field instead of spending their lives aimlessly with the pleasures and frivolities of this life with no sheaves to lay at the Master's feet when this life is ended.

Today there is a great wave of criticism sweeping through our churches in regard to the younger generation. Truly, it is sad to see so many beautiful lives being wasted in this day of wonderful possibilities of usefulness. What are we doing to give them a glimpse of this beautiful side of life? Our criticism will not bring results. It is only the love that beams out through our very countenances and actions toward them that will give them the desire to reach out for better things.

We often hear the expression "Oh, this younger generation!" but perhaps God is not censuring them as much as you and I are. I have been in some localities where the young people have no young people's meetings and where, seemingly, no interest whatever is being taken in them. This is one thing we hope to stimulate through this paper.

Each month we plan to publish prayer meeting topics for the young people; then the most backward community may carry on their own young people's meetings.

Oh, for leaders in the different localities who will get the young people on their hearts and who will pray and work until a training class of some kind is organized and the young people put to work—so they will feel they have a part in the great work of evangelizing the world! What are the young people of your church doing? Are you pushing them forward and training them so they will be ready for your mantle to fall upon when you are called away? Let us pray for the Lord to raise up consecrated leaders, filled with the Holy Ghost, who will launch out and transform deserts into rose gardens.

A great lesson came to me through the following poem, which I am giving you.

THE BRIDGE

An ald man going o lone highway
Came ot evening, cold and groy,
Ta o chasm, deep, and vast, and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
The sullen stream had no feors for him;

ne sullen stream had no fears for him; But he turned when sofe on the other

side
And built a bridge to spon the tide.

"Old mon," soid a fellaw pilgrim neor,
"You are wosting your time with building
here.

You never will pass this way again, Your journey will end with the clasing doy. You hove cross the chasm, deep ond wide, Why build you this bridge ot eventide?"

The builder lifted his ald groy heod,
"Good friend, in the woy I've come," he soid,
"There followeth after me today

A youth whose feet must poss this woy.

This stream that hos been naught to me
To the fair-hoired youth might o pitfall be.
He, tao, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."

-Will Allen Dromgoole.

OUR AIM

IN OUR GREAT department stores, we find they use system and order in displaying their goods. The farm tools and machinery are in one place, the automobile parts in another, the household goods in another, and so on down the line until the needs of the whole human race, temporally speaking, can be found under one roof.

It is our aim to use this same system and order in our paper as it grows and develops. We want a page for the parents of these precious young people — parents who have borne the burden and heat of the day, and whose hearts have grown weary and tired many times as they toiled and prayed for their children to be all that they desired.

We want a page devoted to our precious children to enable us to plant a few seeds in their little hearts that will save them from the pitfalls that are awaiting them in the future somewhere.



Mrs. Alda B. Harrison

A page will be devoted to questions and answers. Our puzzled and perplexed young people can ask questions, and for the benefit of others they will be answered through these columns.

It may take us a little while to do all we want to do, but this is our aim. I am sure that many of you who will receive a copy of this first issue are going to help me reach the goal I am longing to reach.

Now, may I ask you to especially pray that like the acorn in our poem, this little paper may grow as the great oak tree—spreading out its branches so that many toil-worn, tempest-tossed ones may find shelter and rest. Also, as the little spring, that multitudes may drink from its pages and be refreshed and led on into a closer place with the One who has promised that out of our innermost being shall flow rivers of living water, which means that we can be so filled with the Holy Spirit that this Spirit will flow out to others.

We especially want that love spoken of in the last verse to be our theme throughout its pages until every word will be saturated with it, for it is love that is going to win the world for Christ.

WHAT WE BELIEVE

As WE LAUNCH this little paper forth into the homes of the people, the first question that will likely come to the minds of its readers is, "What does the editor of this paper believe?" In this day of higher criticism, infidelity, formality, and fanaticism, we do not blame you for demanding an explanation along this line.

First, we believe that the Word of God is infallible and is our waybill from earth to heaven, "A lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path."

We believe in a full gospel for soul and body; that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever, and that the New Testament is our guide.

We believe that God is doing wonderful things today, but we are living far beneath our privileges. The call of God is upon us to launch out into the

We believe in three distinct dispensations—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The dispensations of Father and Son are past, and we are living in the last dispensation, the dispensation of the Holy Ghost.

We believe that, "This same Jesus,

(Continued on page 23)



Tharp

ANNIVERSARY GREETINGS



Conn



Walker



Bridge



Hughes



Chesser

ZENO C. THARP General Overseer

FOR TWENTY-FIVE years The LIGHTED PATHWAY has been guiding the paths of thousands of young people. It has blessed the youth in all walks of life, but it has been of special blessing to young people who have been tempted and tried until they hardly knew which way to turn. Some who were discouraged and felt that they could go no further have been so encouraged and inspired upon reading The LIGHTED PATHWAY that they made a new start, and today they are not only standing themselves but are also strengthening others who are weak or discouraged.

It is the young people's paper, but the older people enjoy it just as much as the young do. It has carried to the fathers and mothers special messages which have had tremendous influence on them. I know of no other magazine of this kind that is appreciated so much by so many people.

Through the years that are before us may it ever give light and life to the youth of our land.

CHARLES W. CONN Editor-in-Chief

FOR MANY YEARS I have watched The LIGHTED PATHWAY climb toward its place of eminence among Christian publications. It hardly seems possible that twenty-five years have passed since its founding, even though these twenty-five years have been filled with exceptional literature across its pages. I was greatly honored to be its editor for four of The LIGHTED PATHWAY'S twenty-five years. I was fortunate in following a great and noble lady, Mrs. Alda B. Harrison, who founded the paper, and

succeeded by the present editor, Lewis J. Willis, who is doing a superb job in feeding the minds and hearts of the readers. My heartiest congratulations on this twenty-fifth anniversary are extended to all who have a part, or have had a part in making The LIGHTED PATHWAY the great paper that it is.

PAUL H. WALKER Executive Missions Secretary

THE Lighted Pathway has served a purpose that no other paper in America has been able to equal. Its prime object, as I see it, is to "FEED THE MULTITUDE" who are hungering for spiritual strength—especially the youth.

"Give ye them to eat" was the command of Jesus after He had blessed the loaves and fishes. This command was to the disciples in whom He trusted to discharge their duty in carrying out His order. The result—a miracle. Here, obedience, crowned with the approval of the Saviour, netted for the disciples a blessing never to be forgotten, and to the little boy—well, he must have received the TWELVE BASKETS FULL, for he gave his all.

"Give ye them to eat" is still the commanded of the Lord and is enjoned to the writers of The LIGHTED PATHWAY today. Fort twenty-five years it has been sending its rays of light on the paths of the thousands who have read it. It has reached the remote sections of many foreign lands, and hearts have feasted on its living bread, because the Lord has blessed the message given to feed the soul.

"Give ye them to eat." Let us keep the Word of truth in this God-given instrument going forth into all the world. If you have old PATHWAYS that are not in use, and want them to serve a great cause in feeding the hungry, write the Missions Department for information that these messengers of truth might not die but go everywhere feeding the multitude.

CECIL BRIDGES
Business Manager

MUCH COULD BE SAID about the many different magazines throughout the land today, and much could be said about various newspapers also, but I feel that nothing is to be compared to our LIGHTED PATHWAY. Ever since it has been published and sold for the youth, I have been reading it and following it all through these number of years. I have found it to be the greatest magazine published for the youth and have never found anything in it that would be hurtful or harmful to its readers.

It is dedicated to the youth. Just this week I received a letter from a boy in the service who said he had just read this great magazine and also the Evangel. He stated that he had never belonged to the Church of God, but he was looking for a church that would put out literature like The LIGHTED PATHWAY.

Since this is the twenty-fifth year of this publication, I am putting forth more effort and have a greater determination to see that it reaches more of our young people than ever before. I challenge you as a reader to back this great magazine with a few subscriptions so that it will bless many more people. My desire is to do more than ever before to get this publication into more hands.

RAY H. HUGHES General Youth Director

WHEN I THINK of the values, benefits, and contributions (Continued on page 25)

OUNG SIR SAT on the high wooden doorsill of the big front gate and looked at the tall boy with the drum and the other two boys with shiny horns. He wished he could be among the forty or fifty children following them. They had passed his gate everyday for the last four days, and everyday someone among the children had beckoned him to join them. But Sir was an only son, and all the five years of his life his old granny had hardly let him out of her sight. In fact, even as he was watching now, she was sitting on a small stool close by making a shoe sole for his father.

The big boys whom Sir admired so much were among a group of boys

of a large pond, and up another street which led to the big room of the Gospel Hall premises opening onto the street. Once inside, they were all seated on long narrow benches. Over in a corner was a queer box on legs, and a big boy was making quaint noises come out of it.

Sir was so busy looking around that he didn't hear the teacher ask for his name. His pal gave him a nudge which made him look up. "They want to know your name," said his pal.

"My name is Wang Bow She, but they call me Sir."

"We are very happy to have you, Sir, and hope you can come every day," said the teacher.

That day the lesson was about Je-

A true story about a Japanese boy named—

YOUNG SIR

By ESTHER N. HESS

who were helping in some children's meetings at the Gospel Hall in central China.

Sir began again as he had done everyday he saw the crowd pass, "Granny, let me go. Please, Granny, you come with me, too."

And Granny always had the same answer, "No, Sir, I'm far too busy. You go play with your cousin, May Lee." Sir was a happy child, and soon forgot his disappointment as he and May Lee played together.

Tum! Tum, tum, tum! went the big drum the fifth day. Sir heard the crowd long before they ever came down his street, and away he scampered to the big front gate. He looked all around and—no granny. This was his chance. Before he knew it, he was lost in the crowd of running, jostling boys and girls, laughing and talking loudly with the rest.

Down one street, around the edge

sus healing Jairus' daughter who had died and how Jesus had told Mr. and Mrs. Jairus to give the little girl something to eat when she got out of bed. The flannelgraph picture was so beautiful, and the figures being put on and off the board so fascinating, that Sir sat very still with wide-open eyes.

As soon as the meeting was over, Sir and one of his little friends ran home as fast as their little legs could carry them. As far as Sir could figure out, he had not been missed.

That night before going to sleep, Sir seemed to see again that picture of Jesus taking the little girl's hand and telling her to get up. He thought Jesus was the most wonderful person he had ever heard of.

Sir just couldn't keep the secret very long. Before he quite realized what he was doing, he was telling his granny all about the wonderful time he had had. The next day when the big boys came by, Granny let Sir join them, and the next, and the next. Soon Sir was singing choruses and repeating verses he had learned and was teaching them to his cousin, May Lee, and the other small children of his court-yard

ONE DAY, WHEN Sir came home from the children's meeting, pretty little May Lee was very sick. Everyone was excited and talking. May Lee was on the bed with a big quilt over her.

"Oh, Sir, my stomach hurts me so badly," said May Lee, as soon as she saw him appear in the doorway.

"I can't get the doctor," said Sir's uncle, as he came running in from the street. "He has gone to the west suburb to see another sick man, and they say he may not be back all day."

"I'll go and burn some incense at the south gate temple," said May Lee's mother. "The gods must be angry at something we have done."

"The gods are only painted mud. They can't hear you," said Sir who had been quiet until now.

"Who told you that? Don't you know the gods can get you into trouble if they hear you talk like that?" said Granny.

Sir was quiet for a while, and then the picture of Jesus taking the hand of Jairus' daughter came to him. He said, "Jesus can heal May Lee. I saw a picture of Him healing a little girl."

"Well, suppose you talk to Jesus, seeing you believe in Him so much," said Sir's uncle.

Without a second invitation Sir stepped over to the bed, pulled the heavy quilt down, and put his chubby hand on May Lee's stomach. With eyes tight shut and head slightly upturned as he had seen the teacher pray, he said, "Dear Jesus, May Lee has a stomach-ache, and she needs you to heal her just like you did the little girl in that picture Thank you very much. Amen!"

Almost in less time than it takes to tell it, May Lee was sitting up in bed. "Give me my shoes. I'm all well,"

said May Lee.

The two children ran out to play. Sir's granny and May Lee's parents looked at each other without speaking for a few minutes. Then Granny spoke up, "I think we better go with Sir to the next meeting they have at the Gospel Hall and hear about this Jesus ourselves."

EING ON THE mission fields is the most wonderful, thrilling adventure a young Christian serviceman could ever have, especially at Christmas time. It was with no little nervousness that I picked up my leave orders and my bags and signed out for the northern provinces of Luzon. I went into Angeles, Pampanga, about five kilometers from the main gate of Clark Field, and waited for a bus. When one came along that had an available seat, I climbed aboard. For seven hot, dusty hours we went north into the provinces. When the bus finally reached the plaza of Santa Lucia, Ilocos Sur, I was quite pleased to find Florentino Cortez waiting for me. After having sat for so long on that crowded bus, I preferred walking to riding his little grey horse.

For almost five kilometers we walked over a well-beaten trail following an irrigation ditch, which split the lovely countryside. On both sides of us were the beautiful rice fields being harvested by industrious people properly clothed to protect their skin from the torrid sun. Ahead of us were the graceful hills and purple mountains beckoning an adventurer closer. Over little bridges and past numerous, curious working people we went. Meeting a huge carabao coming along the pathway from the opposite direction, I naturally stepped aside to get out of his way. Walking in the shade of the green bamboo trees was a pleasure, and crossing a little stream on stones was certainly a welcomed relief from the afternoon sun. The distance seemed very short because we were talking or singing all the way. My heart was filled with bubbling happiness, which made the kilometers seem as only meters.

Pausing suddenly, Florentino pointed upwards and said, "See that little bamboo building up there on the hillside? Well, that's the church house." I strained my eyes to see, but many trees and thick underbrush prevented my getting a clear first view of a mission church house affiliated with the Church of God. Since some of the young people were in the area, Florentino encouraged me to call out to them the Ilocano greetings he had taught me, but I was too unsure of my Ilocano!

CROSSING THE CEMENT footbridge farther down the trail, we approached the house in which I was to stay for the next few days with other Christian young men. I was quite pleased that at last a dream was becoming a reality—I was going to live in a picturesque bamboo home with a thatched roof of nipa palm! Climbing the bamboo steps, I alighted on the floor made of strips of bamboo carefully and skillfully nailed to beams with about one-half of an inch separating each strip. Through the openings I could see the ground and straw upon which the goats, sheep, and pigs slept at night. Leaving the little enclosed porch, I stepped under a small sign "This Is a House of Prayer" and entered the only room, neat, dustless, and made entirely of bamboo. The furniture was adequate but plain; farmers in this land do not have expensive furniture in their little nipa homes. Beside the windows were either boxes or benches upon which to sit, and beside one window was a bed made of bamboo strippings. On the table in one corner of the room was a short-wave radio set, tuned to one station, the only Christian station in the Philippines. In the opposite corner was a large bamboo screen, placed advantageously to give me reasonable bedroom privacy. I had a double bed with bamboo stripping, over which a mosquito net was hung

On Leave in the PHILIPPINES

By RALPH A. DOWLING, A1c

to protect me while sleeping. Placing both bags on the floor, I silently thanked God for bringing me into the midst of this marvelous adventure.

Having been in the Philippines for sixteen months, I had already had the privilege of dining Filipino style many times and had developed a keen taste for indigenous foods and for American foods Filipino-prepared. The Bible School student who cooked my meals was an expert and always set enjoyable dishes before me. All of my meals, except the first one, were eaten alone in the large room at a small table with the delicious foods before me and a tall pitcher of cool spring water beside me.

The young people and I visited together all the time except during the brief afternoon siestas, which I have definitely adopted as my custom, also. We talked about the Churches of God in the Philippines, about the different evangelistic campaigns participated in, and about their school activities, for the students are scattered among three different Bible Schools—none of which are Church of God but all are Pentecostal.

AT SOME TIME after supper, a loud, clanging sound came down the hill and fell upon our ears. The call to church was thrilling, and I was eager to be on my way. As soon as we were ready, we went by lantern light up a well-beaten pathway through the trees, past another nipa house, and climbed a brief ridge. Reaching the top, I suddenly saw the little church house! A peculiar thrill raced through the depths of my soul, and a sudden intake of the fresh air betrayed my happiness. There it was right before my very eyes—a Church of God outside the United States!



The Sonto Lucio Church of God and a group of Bible School students. Rev. Manuel Gonzoles is the postor.

The thrilling experience of a Christian serviceman who spent his furlough on a mission tour of the Church of God work in the Philippine Islands.



RALPH A. DOWLING, Alc

The new zinc roof did not glisten in the moonlight as it did during the times of brilliant sunshine, but it looked beautiful and substantial, spreading overhead protection from the weather. The walls were only half-finished because this is a new work, but the bamboo of which they were made was cleverly and skillfully woven. The seating accommodations had not been completed, but onehalf of the audience had the privilege of sitting on two enormous bamboo logs securely fastened together with very strong bamboo strips. On the other side, the audience had either home chairs, low benches, or boxes to use. There was no pulpit, but a little table substituted efficiently. Having no electricity, the people use excellent Coleman lamps, hanging them from the broad beams overhead so that the church's interior might have light for the night services. The floor is the hard-packed, cleanswept good earth.

Shortly after the call, the people began arriving out of the inky blackness. Far down the darkened paths could be seen the little kerosene lights, flickering wildly as the holder moved over the trail, and the brighter glare of the



The writer and four Church of God young people. From left to right they are Alfonse Bulusan, Andres Fuerte, Rolph Dowling, Florentino Cortez, and Somuel Augustin.

Coleman lamps as the holders held them high to be able to see where to make the next step. Overhead and seen through the waving bamboo limbs, the myriad of twinkling stars and the moon were trying to show their silvery faces through the clouds.

Sitting up front in a chair for the special guest, I watched with bated breath as the people slipped in to take their seats on the bamboo logs, and so forth. Word had been spread that I was there and they came to see me-and to worship God. Glistening white teeth cast against a background of brown skin and raven black hair makes the Filipino one of the most unforgettable faces of the world's peoples. With eyes mutually curious, we examined one another. The outward demonstration of my joy was mild compared to the ringing tones inside, especially when the people began to sing in Ilocano the songs of praise and thanksgiving to God. Hearing them lift up their voices in their own lovely language (of which I can speak so little) softened my heart even more, and I could only thank God over and over for giving me that call to the mission fields the previous June 8. When the young people led out in prayer, I could hardly say a word because of the enormous lump which formed in my throat. Not one word of the testimonies could I understand except an occasional word of Spanish origin, but I could feel the joy of their own hearts slipping into my flooded one.

WITH PLEASURE I stood beside Florentino while together with glowing hearts we preached the Word of God. The people listened most attentively as we recounted in English and Ilocano the wonderful things surrounding the birth of our Lord and Saviour. Looking through the open part of the unfinished wall, I could see the moon peeping through the clouds and spreading its pale, silvery glow upon the surroundings. "Glory to God in the highest" rang out into the lovely night and fell upon good ground in the beating hearts of those before us.

It mattered not that it was only the hard earth upon which they were kneeling. The people came forward and together we knelt as the shepherds had done long before us and adored the Saviour of the world. The tears which coursed down every face were not tears of sadness, despair, and a lost cause, but were of happiness, satisfaction, joyful victory, and peace.

After the service I shook hands with the people as they began to wend their lantern-lit ways back home through the dark night. Soon the little church was empty except for the diffused, pale light of a peeping, curious moon.

When I retired upon the straight bed of bamboo strips, a great peace came stealing into my soul as I had never quite known before, and I knew that it was unspeakably wonderful to be on the mission field at Christmas time.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE a distant barrio was to present its holiday drama, and we young people planned to go. When everything was ready and everyone was prepared, the girls put on their head scarves, a Coleman lamp was taken from the overhead beam, and single file we began the walk through the dark night towards the distant barrio. How nice it was to sing together lovely carols and to feel the gentle touch of a pleasant breeze upon our cheeks as we wound our merry way along the path bordering the irrigation ditch! Overhead the skies were twinkling in majestic splendor with innumerable stars reminding us that once a great one was the sign

(Continued on page 23)



NOAH

By MARY D. PLATT

HE GENEALOGY of Noah can be traced back to Adam through the lineage of Seth. Enoch, "who was not; for God took him," was the greatgrandfather of Noah. Methuselah, the man who lived the longest life, was the grandfather of Noah.

The place where Noah is believed to have lived is in the great plain of the Euphrates and the Tigris Rivers. The time is considered to be approximately 1,656 years after the creation of man.

During the time of Noah, the people as a whole were not trying to serve the true God. It was a world of men who were fierce, energetic, violent, and lawless. War and turmoil were present, and if a man desired to live a righteous life, he had to conceive it in his own mind and follow it unaided. The wickedness of the people was so great that the Lord repented He had ever made man. He said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." The vision of corruption which Noah saw is characteristically described in the narrative, "Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually."

"And he (Lamech) called his name Noah, saying, This same shall comfort us concerning our work and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed," Genesis 5:29. Lamech felt burdened because of the way the people of his time were doing. The name

Noah means rest or comfort. His parents gave him this name expecting through him the fulfilment of the name that they gave him. They believed that through some divine intimation given them that Noah would be a comforting helper. He would help them by laboring in the soil; he would help them in their resistance to the rapidly increasing violence of society.

"But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord. These are the generations of Noah: Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God," Genesis 6:8, 9. Noah's finding grace in the sight of the Lord was the foundation of his life. Grace as it is used here means God's unmerited favor, and it was this alone that gave Noah his spiritual position before God. Noah was indeed a righteous man. This means that he was an earnest, thoughtful, religious, and spiritual man. Even though there was ungodliness around him, he served God with his whole heart, holding constant communion with Him. In Noah's personal life, he was pure. His home with its order and decency was a great contrast to the indecency which surrounded it. Noah's habits were simple; he was noticeable for self-control and selfrestraint. In dealing with his neighbors, one cannot say that he took advantage of his position to grasp at his neighbor's possessions. In every transaction he was honorable, upright, truthful, conscientious, and trustworthy.

By FAITH NOAH, being warned of God of (Continued on page 26)



This month's youth spotlight focuses on Paul Alumbaugh. Paul was born in Robinson, Illinois, in 1933, to an humble Church of God home. He attended Lincoln Grade School through the eighth grade and Robinson High School through the twelth grade. At the age of fifteen, in the year 1949, he surrendered his heart to the Lord, was converted, baptized with the Holy Spirit, and united with the Church of God. Upon graduation from high school, he began preaching. He evangelized for fifteen months before entering the Junior College Division of Lee College in 1952 of Lee College in 1952.

Since his conversion, he has been active in church work, serving in the Y.P.E., teaching a Sunday School class, and was at one time district youth director of the Lawrenceburg District.

Last year at Lee, Paul served the second semester as vice-president of the Junior College Freshman Class. This year, he served as president of the Senior Class, vice-president of the Student Body, administration editor of the yearbook, business manager of the school paper, and chaplain of the Missions Club. Also, he was elected as Mr. Lee College, chosen to appear in Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities, and selected as a Lee College student leader. At graduation this year he was awarded the Balfour Award. tion this year he was awarded the Balfour Award.

His plans for the future are to do ministerial work and to continue his education. Judging from the pattern of activities and accomplishments which have distinguished this young man, we predict for him a very successful ministry.

In the spotlight for the young ladies this month is Esther (Driggers) Eubanks. Esther was born July 28, 1932, in Armuchee, Georgia, the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Driggers. At the early age of six she became a Christian and has since sought to dedicate herself to the will of Christ.

Esther graduated from high school in 1948 as salutatorian of her class. Two years later she received her diploma from Lee College. While at Lee, she served as feature editor on the Vindagua staff, secretary to the Dramatics Club, vice-president to the Home Economics Club, and as a member of the Mixed Chorus.

On September 9, 1951. Esther was married to John Eubanks. She

On September 9, 1951, Esther was married to John Eubanks. She and her husband are members of the North Cleveland, Tennessee, Church of God, where both are active in Sunday School and Y.P.E. work

work.

Being very interested in working for the Church, Esther was especially happy when she was selected as secretary to the Editor-in-Chief in March of 1952. She served in that office until September, 1952, when she became secretary to the Editor of The LIGHTED PATHWAY. In her present capacity, Esther is very closely associated with the creation of each edition and has much to do with preparation essential to presenting each issue of The LIGHTED PATHWAY. This young lady says, "My earnest desire is to be yielded to Christ and to His will for my life." The devotion manifested toward her present responsibilities would seem to validate this testimony. We pray much grace and happiness upon her.

much grace and happiness upon her.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

JAMES B. LOER

JAMES B. LOER, youth director for the state of Idaho, was born in Charlotte, North Carolina, January 21, 1924. During World War II, he served in the United States Navy and was converted in October, 1946. Sometime after this, he received a call from the Lord to the ministry and began conducting prayer meetings around Kannapolis, North Carolina, where he had lived most of his life. He united with the Church of God in June, 1947.

After attending Lee College the fall term of 1947, he transferred to Holmes Bible College in Greenville, South Carolina, where he received his B.S.L. Degree in 1951. While in Greenville, he taught the Men's Bible Class at the Tremont Avenue Church.

James married Helen Miller of Landis, North Carolina, in January, 1948. They now have a son, Eric, who is four years old.

At the last General Assembly, he was appointed pastor of the Stites, Idaho church and state youth director. The Lord has been blessing him in his work among the young people of Idaho. James says, "I am interested in the youth of our Church, and I try to encourage all of them to make successful workers for God and the Church. I appreciate how the Lord is helping us in this most needy field, the great Northwest."

JOHN BLACK

OHN BLACK, youth director for the state of Illinois, was born May 21, 1930, at Stonefort, Illinois. He was the oldest of nine children. John always loved church, and even as a small boy he would get away from everybody and try to preach. He was saved at the age of thirteen; when he was seventeen, he received the Holy Ghost and united with the church. He immediately began to work for the Lord and served as either Y.P.E. president or Sunday School superintendent until he began preaching.

He graduated from the high school in Carrier Mills in 1949. During his years in high school, he was very active in musical activities, singing in the school chorus, octet, quartet, and playing in the school band. He completed his last year of high school by going to school half the day and working in the mines at night.

John was married to Nellie Mae Tanner of Stonefort, Illinois, on December 19, 1949. They now have a little girl fourteen months old.

In July, 1951, he started preaching and was appointed pastor of a small church in the southern part of Illinois. He pastored the church and continued working in the mines. God richly blessed his work in this church.

While pastoring the church at Shawneetown, Illinois, (Continued on page 25)

THE GLADHANDERS

(Continued from page 5)

sus, too. I'm a Christian, and my mother often said, when she lived, "Joe, never say 'No' when asked to do something for the dear Lord. Do your best and leave the rest to Him. He will never let you fail, if you do your best." Well, I'd surely have to depend on the Lord, if I made good on this job.

I was glad to go to that conference with the minister. I figured he could give me a lot of good tips. Besides, Susie, Ken, and Anna would be there. Since Ken and Anna were special friends, maybe it would be up to me to see that Susie reached home safely! It wasn't safe for girls to be out alone these dark nights, and—. Then I thought of Ralph, a head taller than I, with football shoulders, and a scowl most of the time, when he wasn't talking to Susie! I tried hard to forget even Susie while I planned things that the class might do.

THE CONFERENCE was fine, and Ralph didn't show up. Susie seemed real willing to have me as her escort, and we walked along in silence for half a block, while I mentally pummeled myself for not being able to say any of the things I wanted to tell Susie. At last she spoke.

"I think Doctor Grayson is a dear, don't you, Joe? But he works too hard. Just think of shaking hands with hundreds of persons every Sunday morning and evening, and trying to remember each one and greet him by name-even finding out all about them. All that, in addition to preaching two sermons on Sunday, visiting the sick, calling on the members, and running this big church."

"Say, I guess that's true, Susie," I said. "I don't see how he can remem-

ber every person."

"He told me confidentially one day that he couldn't, and that is troubling him. He says he's kept so busy shaking hands he has little time to find out about the newcomers, and a lot of them never come back, because they feel they haven't been properly welcomed. He says that the young people who come to visit particularly like to be made welcome."

"I know how strange and bashful I feel when I go to a new church," I said, getting my voice really limbered up now, and wishing the distance to Susie's house were ten times as far. "But then I'm terribly bashful most all the time," I gulped. Then I tried to kick myself—why on earth was I telling Susie about that? "I mean-well, I can see Doctor Grayson's idea," I finished, lamely.

"Joe-" Susie's voice was low and earnest, the way I liked to hear it . . . so different from that of most girls. Nothing silly about Susie. "Joe, I believe the Gladhanders could help the minister a lot if they'd try. Here's what I mean—"

MAYBE WE did walk around Susie's block three or four times before we'd finished making plans, I'm not sure how many times. But it was worth it, and I promised Susie it would be the very first thing I tried to put across to the class when I took office in a few weeks.

We chose two teams from the class, for the experiment. Three fellows and three girls. I headed the boys, and Susie the girls. We stood near Doctor Grayson as he shook hands with hundreds of people. But we tried to stay in the background until needed.

When Doctor Grayson saw a new face, a young person, who had not been there lately, he would turn to us. If it were a boy, he'd get the name, then say, "Here, Joe, I want you to meet . . ." Then he'd go on shaking hands with the next in line.

I'd take the new fellow's hand, introduce him to the other boys, then among us we'd try to find out his name, address, phone number, where he worked, and give him a real invitation to come back next week.

Susie and her girls were doing the same with the new girls. If there was an opportunity, sometimes we tried to introduce new boys to new girls, and vice versa. We were careful, however, not to offend anyone by asking too many questions. Our chief aim was to welcome them and make them want to come back.

We gave each a program of our young people's meeting for that evening, and a card telling about the Gladhanders Class, if they were of the right age, and invited them there.

The next Sunday morning, the six of us-or some other teams of sixwould wait at the entrance and watch for our new friends to return. This was a pretty tough assignment at first, because our church had many transients. Little by little, though, we learned to recognize people better. The greeting idea really worked, because those who did return felt at home right away when greeted by someone they had met. They were hustled into the just-right Sunday School group

by some of the other Gladhanders who served as ushers.

We tried to change our team personnel often. Of course, some of us had to do a lot of it, and it meant hard work and planning. I often thought of Ralph's remark when he said he didn't envy me the job of being president. Ralph, by the way, helped out nicely. He's a splendid greeter. It was he who first suggested the nickname for our class-"The Glad Handshakers."

I'LL ADMIT I'm a very busy president. It's a job at which a fellow can work hard, or loaf, just as he chooses. But if he expects results, he must work hard. Someone has to keep pushing all the time, in the right direction. There are plenty of disappointments, too.

But there's one big thing being president has done for me-cured my excessive bashfulness. And am I ever glad! Because, you see, I was forced to be around girls a lot in my work, especially our pretty and very efficient secretary. The fact is, I don't even try to escape now when Susie happens to come along the avenue and finds me working on Uncle Phil's old car. To be truthful, the other afternoon when I noticed her coming, I deliberately dipped my finger in some grease and painted a big mustache and a goatee on my face. She laughed merrily, and I knew it reminded her of the first time we'd ever talked together.

"I'm so glad, Joe," Susie said, "that I finally did get up the nerve to speak to you that day.'

My jaw must have sagged because she laughed. "You don't mean to say," I demanded, "that you were bashful,

"Joe, if you knew how very hard it was for me to come and tell you about your being president, much as I wanted to come, you'd-"

"Well, what do you know about that?" I grinned all the way across my "handlebar mustache." "And to think that today we're expert handshakers and able to meet the public without fear each Sunday!"

"That," said Susie, is probably true, because we have met each other."

I think that my grin widened a bit then. Anyway, it's great to be busy doing things for the Lord. Especially when you have such wonderful girls and fellows to help, as I did in the Gladhanders. And such a super secre-

ON LEAVE IN THE PHILIPPINES

(Continued from page 19)

to certain wise men of the East that the King of kings had been born. Up and down the hills we went, past sheds under which were tethered carabaos, through the corn fields, and along the paths on the tops of the tiny dikes separating rice paddies. The single file of young people walking, talking, and singing happily together impressed itself forever upon my mind.

Early on Christmas morning before

the break of day, I was awakened from profound slumber by certain sounds which thrilled my heart. The young men in the house were praying and weeping before the Lord! Never in all my life had I awakened on Christmas morning to such beautiful and stirring sounds. I knew that these young people had truly dedicated their lives to the Master's work in the Phil-

ippines.

On Saturday night the young people put on their drama which they had been practicing diligently and praying over with tears. How they longed for the drama to be a great blessing to everyone and to win some lost soul to Jesus Christ! With the walls removed from two sides of the walls removed from two sides of the building, the stage was built and readied for the great moment when the curtain would be pulled and the first words spoken. People gathered from all over the area, completely filled the little building, and spilled out from under the wide eaves. With great interest they watched as our young people brought to real vibrating life the scenes which Reverend F. R. Cortez, the overseer of the Churches Cortez, the overseer of the Churches of God in the Philippines, had written. Although the drama was presented in the Ilocano language, I had a companion who interpreted for me all along so that I would not be completely lost in the progress of the drama. With a great deal of satisfaction and a certain amount of pride, I watched as the congregation dispersed at the end of the play, knowing that our young people in the name of Jesus had done a fine job—they had performed like veteran actors.

SUNDAY MORNING was the last of the series of special meetings in the little church. Humble people gathered to worship the Lord and to sing praises to Him. The sun was warm but a gentle breeze stirred to make the morning comfortable. My heart was enlarged with happiness as I stood before the small congregation and spoke to them about Jesus, using another Bible School student as my interpreter. In their precious faces I could see stamped the signs of a people who had been through a horrifying war and years of hard labor in the rice fields, but I could see something, also, which made those signs almost indis-tinguishable. There was a sincere love radiating from their faces as they listened to the message about their Lord and Saviour, who had redeemed them from bitterness and the sins of life, which would have dragged their souls down to hell. Tears of joy appeared in our eyes as we sang together and knelt to talk with our Lord.

After the morning service and before lunch, we walked along a dusty trail through the trees and descended the hill down to the river's edge. As we gathered on the banks of the shallow, flowing river, I was thrilled to know that two more people desired to follow Jesus in water baptism. Man-uel G. Gonzales had come from the Church of God in San Nicolas, Ilocos Norte, to officiate. As we sang and prayed, the three people slipped off their shoes and stepped into the water. What a magnificent setting! On each side of the broad river bed were the brush-covered banks. Far in the background were the green rolling hills in front of the tall purple mountains. Clouds floated lazily in the blueness of the sky. Just above the area where the candidates and the pastor stood were numerous shallow rapids combining their music with that of the breeze rustling through the bamboo trees around us. Since the water was too shallow for the candidates to be improved while standing each of the mersed while standing, each of the two knelt on the river floor as the youthful pastor plunged them beneath the flowing waters. The very presence of the Lord caused our hearts to burn within as the three people slowly re-turned to the bank where we were

watching, praying, and rejoicing.
When dinner was finished, there was a round of picture-taking, and then we gathered inside the house to pray together. Standing in a circle with hands interlocked, we all felt the pangs created by separation from one pangs created by separation from one another. I realized that the only complaint I could ever have with the Christian life is that the children of God are continually having to be separated from one another here, but to alleviate such feelings came the joyful knowledge that in heaven we would never be separated again. It was not easy to say good-bye; the past four nights and three and one-half days had closely knit our hearts together with the golden threads of God's boundless love.

God had sent me to the mission fields through the medium of the Air Force, and He had given me the most spiritual Christmas any serviceman could ever have.

IN RETROSPECTION

(Continued from page 15)

which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven," Acts 1:11.

We are very emphatic in our belief in keeping in the middle of the great highway of holiness and turning a deaf ear to formalism on the one hand and fanaticism on the other. Both are leading men astray and blinding their eyes to the beautiful truths of the gospel.

We believe there are good people in all denominations, but that God is calling us to "earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints," Jude 3.



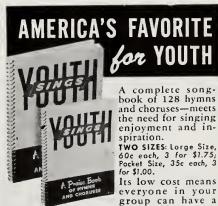
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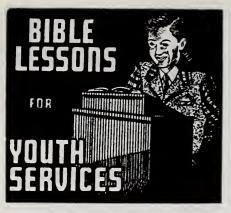


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WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF A TRAINING CLASS?

Note: This Bible lesson appeared in the first edition of The LIGHTED PATHWAY twenty-five years ago.

Scripture Lesson, Gal. 5:22-26; 6:10

Verse 22. The purpose of a training class is to deepen our spiritual life, to lead us on into the place where the fruits of the Spirit are visible in our every day life.

Verse 23. Our training class should raise the tone of the life of its members, give them beautiful ideals, and

inspire them to high thinking.

Verse 24. Its work in our hearts should help us die to the lusts of the flesh, change our selfish lives into lives of unselfishness, and make us willing to sacrifice all we have to His service. Our training class should have as its purpose, to outline good things for us to do, that will give us training in Christian service, such as visiting the sick, encouraging the discouraged, and learning how to speak and pray in public.

THOUGHTS FOR MEDITATION

Every lesson you study and help give out to others should make you a stronger and better Christian. A good way to get something is to give something.

The pool of water that never leaves its own banks becomes stagnant and unhealthy. It will draw mosquitoes and is detested by those who live near. If your life becomes stagnant, scon you will find yourself a detriment to Christian character instead of a blessing.

Let your Christlikeness flow out unto others in the meeting, and great blessings will come to your own soul. Give love, and love to your life will flow a strength in your inmost need; have faith, and a score of hearts will show their faith in your word and

The purpose of our training class should be to stimulate interest in Bible study. Read and study the home daily Bible readings outlined in these lessons. Make it the rule of your life to read your Bible lesson each day, and when you come to the meeting you will have many thoughts stored up that you can give to others.

WHAT IS MY PURPOSE?

It is my purpose to never say I can't, or I would rather not. If it is possible for me to do what I am asked to do,

I will assist the leader in any way to make the meeting a success.

It is my purpose to stand back of the president and other officers and committees in bringing success to our class and making it a blessing to our church.

It is my purpose, if I am an officer in our training class, to be a good one and do my very best to serve my Master in the place He has given me to fill.

It is my purpose to pray much for guidance in the work, that I may not run ahead or lag behind the one with whom I am working. He has promised to lead and guide us into all truth.

It is my purpose to be loving and gentle and kind to all who come into our midst, so that I shall not drive them away, but can win them for Christ.

HOME DAILY BIBLE READINGS
Better devotions Psa. 63:1-8
Deeper consecration Rom. 12:1-2
Larger giving 2 Cor. 9:15
More faithful steward-

ship _____ 1 Pet. 4:10, 11
Earnest soul-winning _____ Jude 23
Wider service ____ Acts 1:8

YOU MUST VOTE By Josephine Kon

CONCERT PRAYER:

CONGREGATIONAL NUMBER: "Get on the Happy Side of Living."

SETTING: To make the program more effective, have the platform set up as during a political campaign. If possible, hang a large portrait of Christ on one side of the wall, and the devil on the other. On each side of the platform will sit the representatives of each candidate. If possible, drape flag bunting above the pictures. By all means have the Christian flag and the flag of our country in suitable positions. The one representing the devil should carry undesirable literature such as movie advertisements, et cetera. The one representing the Lord should carry the Bible.

PERSONS NEEDED: One acting as chairman, one as representative for the Lord, and one as representative for the devil.

SONG: INSTRUMENTAL NUMBER —"Glory Hallelujah March."

CHAIRMAN SPEAKS: Good evening, Young People. The day has finally come in which you must make the greatest decision ever made in your life. You must vote. You must take your stand, either for that which is right or for that which is wrong. We are living in a day of anxiety, confusion, frustration, and war. You all are tired of it and want security and peace. The future of the world and of your life depends on you.

I am going to present to you the representatives of the two candidates in this election who will discuss the promises made by their candidates. The first to speak to you is Mr. Sin, representative for the devil. Mr. Sin.

MR. SIN: Mr. Chairman, Young People, good evening. My candidate, Old Satan, promises to give you nothing but the best this world has to offer. Movies, alcohol, dancing, smoking,

gambling, and all the pleasures of the world. He wants you to disobey God and your elders in every way possible and to influence others to do wrong. Cursing, swearing, and many sins too numerous to mention are also used by the devil.

Old Satan is the father of sin. You know that being partial to sin is just as bad as going all the way and breaking every commandment of God; so why not vote for Old Satan? Time is short, and you are either too good for the Lord or too bad for Him, so why not vote for Old Satan and enjoy life while you are young?

SOLO OR QUARTET: "The Fight Is On."

CHAIRMAN: I now present to you Mr. Joy, representative for Christ. Mr. Joy.

MR. JOY: Mr. Chairman, Young People, good evening. It is a pleasure to come before you this evening to speak for my candidate. He is One who is true to His promises. He doesn't promise you any of the pleasures of this world, for He is not a part of this world. He gives His love, the greatest promise of all. Love that is unspeakable and full of glory. Joy in the forgiveness of sin. The minute you repent and forsake sin, His precious blood will wash away your every sin, make you a new man, and put a melody in your heart.

Most of all, He will be your Friend—One who will never forsake you but will be with you at all times, both day and night. When you are discouraged and blue, and the whole world seems to be against you, He is right there to come to your aid and lift you up. Oh, what blessed assurance He gives to all

who vote for Him!

He doesn't promise you there won't be any trials and tests, nor does He say there won't be persecutions and afflictions, but glory be to God, He does promise salvation to all' those who repent of their sins and believe on Him. To all believers, He promises the Holy Ghost and with Him He does make a way for you to overcome it all. The greater the test and affliction, the greater the victory in Jesus. Yes, by His wonderful, matchless grace He will save you from sin, death, and hell, and give you peace that the world in all its glory cannot give. If you want a crown of life, a mansion in heaven, then vote for my candidate, the Lord Jesus Christ.

SONG: QUARTET—"It Is Joy Unspeakable and Full of Glory."

CHAIRMAN READS THE SCRIPTURE: Mark 8:36, 37, "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Give a short sermon on these two verses.

Young people, you have heard the representatives of the two candidates. Old Satan promises you worldly pleasures by becoming a slave to him. Yes, the pleasures are many and the results are great. They lead to starvation, killing, neglect to children who must suffer, and condemnation of the soul living in the bottomless pit of hell in all eternity. Old Satan is a sly old

fellow and very cunning. He will trick you into sin of every kind, and then laugh in your face when you are weak and helpless and doomed for hell.

On the other hand, though, you may have trials. Jesus gives you the grace to overcome it all, plus love, meekness, self-control, joy, and everlasting life in heaven. The decision rests upon you. You must vote. Christ said, "You There is no half way proposition. You can't be neutral. The decision is yours to make, and now is the accepted time; today is the day of salvation. You must vote now; tomorrow may be too late. What will you give in exchange for your soul?

SONG: "What Will You Give in Exchange for Your Soul?"

ALTAR CALL:

BIBLE CURES FOR DISCOURAGEMENT By William John Dobben

SCRIPTURE LESSON: 1 Kings 19:1-

18. LEADER'S THOUGHTS: Of all the weapons that Satan uses in our spiritual warfare, the favorite is discouragement. The ebb tide of despondency presents a trying battle. Yesterday the evangelist whose preaching caused a nation to repent was today a lonely man under a juniper tree praying for death—this was Elijah. Everyone of us has shared the experience of gloom and the cloud of despondency; however, in Elijah's victory we can find a formula for our own lives.

FIRST SPEAKER: Refreshmen'.

Physical suffering or weakness can be a cause of despondency, but the man with a filled stomach has at least one thing about which to be optimistic. God recognizes our physical needs as well as our spiritual needs; and here, as a first cure, God provided for the physical well-being of the prophet. Remember that the person who is discouraged will find physical refreshment to be of great aid.

SECOND SPEAKER: Enlightenment. Elijah, like so many people of all ages, had come to look upon God as a big God of big things. Even today we face the danger of forgetting that He is the God of little things as well. When progress is slow or success seems slow in coming, we find our-selves beset by discouragement. God understands, however, and once Elijah had seen the display of God's power in the wind—the earthquake and the fire—he finds God's nature of love in a "still small voice." When we recognize that "all things work together for good" and that God rules the ripple as much as the wave, we have found a strong spiritual weapon. have found a strong spiritual weapon against discouragement.

THIRD SPEAKER: Occupation. "Something to do" is one of the greatest barriers against discouragement. God knew that there could be no encouragement outside of the knowledge of service, for to be needed is to be loved, and to be needed there must be a work to do. So it is here, for God tells Elijah of three important tasks: anointing Hazael for the

throne of Syria, anointing Jehu for Israel's throne, and the calling and training of his own successor. This is God's plan for today, too. Remember, when you become discouraged, don't look for a corner in which to sulkbrighten the corner where you are!

FOURTH SPEAKER: Encouragement.

It is only after physical needs have been met, spiritual thinking has been corrected, and a person has been given a purpose for life that he can be really encouraged. There is a simple explanation for this. A person cannot see things as they are until he has opened his eyes, focused his attention, and has become interested in the subject. Then, and only then, will he find the beauty in the rose or the spider in his web. With God it was first things first. After other conditions were corrected, Elijah could be encouraged by the news of the thousands who were still standing with God and His proph-

This is the secret of God's message to the discouraged—care for physical needs, catch a vision of God, find His will, and see things as they really are. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," Philippians

ANNIVERSARY GREETINGS

(Continued from page 16)

that The LIGHTED PATHWAY has made to not only the young people of the Church of God, but the young people throughout Christendom for the past twenty-five years, my mind is drawn to a little story I once read entitled "Sharing the Light." The streets in the east end of the city of Glasgow, Scotland, were so narrow, and the houses were so high, that little direct sunshine ever reached the houses on one side. An individual passed by one day and noticed a ragged, barefooted boy endeavoring, with a small piece of mirror, to catch the rays of the sun and direct them to a certain spot on one of the houses. Interested in the efforts of the lad, he asked, "What are you trying to do, laddie?" The lad replied, "Do you see yon window up there? Well, my wee brother had an accident two years ago, and is always lying on his back in yon room, and it is on the wrong side to catch the sunshine, so I always try to catch the light in this wee glass and shine it into his room." Likewise, the LIGHTED PATHWAY has, through its pages, reflected the rays of the Son of righteousness into the hearts of its many thousands of readers. A better motto for the LIGHTED PATHWAY could not have been chosen than "Thy Word Is a Lamp Unto My Feet and a Light Unto My Path."

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE STAFF OF THE LIGHTED PATHWAY



ON THIS, THE TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY!—for I feel that no periodical could better fulfil its title than does this one.

H. L. CHESSER General Secretary Treasurer

FOR TWENTY-FIVE years this magazine has been true to its name The LIGHTED PATHWAY. From every walk of life, readers have been blessed by its pages that have come from the pen of consecrated writers.

Consolation and comfort, guidance and direction, vision and stamina, courage and determination flow from The LIGHTED PATHWAY as it finds its way into churches, homes, offices, factories, and other countries around the globe. Though especially designed to be a companion to the youth, the adult is captivated by its warmth of spirit and instruction.

Like many periodicals, it has gone through it hectic days when certain ones had written "Ichabod" over its door and consigned it to the grave of defeat. The faith and courage of Mrs. Alda B. Harrison held on to God and the people for the little magazine until it grew in strength, size, and reputation. Today it is welcomed and sought for; it is beautiful in appearance, congenial in spirit, good in reputation, efficient in carrying out its commission—"Lighting the Pathway."

OBSTACLES IN PRAYER

(Continued from page 9) humility and a spirit of "In honor prefering one another." No other spirit can succeed, for that is the spirit of Christ.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

(Continued from page 21) in April, 1953, he received the appointment to be the state youth director. God has greatly blessed his work in

this capacity.

He says of the youth of the Church of God, "The youth are being recognized more each day in various positions of the church, and it is my prediction that as time goes on, and should the Lord tarry, the youth will continue to take on new responsibilities in order to reach lost souls.'

POLITICS IS HIS PARISH

(Continued from page 13)

vember, at the age of 32 he was elected to the highest office in his state.

AT EVERY POINT in his career—through high school and college, through his FBI work, his military service, his private and public legal activities—Frank Clement has consistently raised the banner of crusading Christianity. From pulpits, before clubs, in mass meetings, and at conventions and banquets, he has never wavered in asserting his profound religious convictions and in proclaiming that God must be the guide in every walk of life and every form of human endeavor

During a Billy Graham campaign, Governor Clement was so uncompromisingly a witness for Christ that it became rumored that at the expiration of his term he would take up a new career as an evangelist. This, however, the governor humbly denied. "If I ever leave politics for the ministry, it will be only when I have received a definite call. Right now I feel that the governorship is the particular place to which the Lord has called me. Christians are needed in public office more than ever before."

Since first taking office, Governor Clement has unswervingly supported every law-enforcement measure which has been taken against corruption, inefficiency, illegal gambling and liquor sales. Yet despite the enormous demands of his office he has consistently spent at least 25 Sundays a year serving as a Methodist lay preacher.

Fighting crime and political corruption has neither embittered nor hardened Governor Clement. A tall, broadshouldered young man, he still has an infectious boyish grin and a cheerful manner which inspire all who meet him. He is an optimist with a cool head—a man who simply believes that good is more real than evil because it is more enduring.

"There is no need for sin in either public or private life," he has preached repeatedly. "No one really gains by it. Misery and failure are always the end. An optimist? Of course I am—what with the joy and peace of the Christian faith to be had for the taking. If our lives are attuned to God, we rise above every failure, every disappointment, every temptation."

Here, too, is a humble man. Characteristic was his visit to the state penitentiary just prior to taking office. The incident was reported in the prison

newspaper, published by the inmates. "After being shown through the institution by Warden Swafford, the governor-elect amazed the inmates by eating on the 'main line' in the mess hall. Mr. Clement is not the type who has his picture taken with a heapedup tray of specially prepared food, and then, after the photographers have finished, pushes the tray aside. The governor-elect accepted the same cabbage, beans and cornbread that were issued to the prisoners, and he modestly sat in an inconspicuous corner while eating. He also spent several hours talking with inmates in all parts of the prison. In the memory of the oldest inmate, this was the first time that a high-ranking official, in making a 'visit' to the prison, hadn't been whisked in the front gate, down the midway and out the rear gate all in a matter of a few minutes."

In the clement creed, religion, like charity, begins at home. Center of the governor's home life is the family altar. Bible readings, prayer, grace at mealtimes and bedtime intercessions are all part of an unfailing ritual. Both the governor and Mrs. Clement are profoundly devout, and their three sons—Robert, ten, Frank Jr., four, and James, one—are being reared in an atmosphere of fervent Christian dedication.

In practically every public address he makes, Governor Clement unequivocally acknowledges man's dependence on God. In a recent speech at the Kiwanis International Convention, he declared, "There are those who ask why a governor wants to talk about God. My response is that if I could find an answer to the problems of the world in politics, if I could find an economic system that alone would assure us freedom and peace, I would confine myself to those fields. But I cannot. The first and foremost need of the world is religion—a renewal of our faith in God."

The honors which Frank Clement has won as a Christian public servant have been well summed up by the Dickson County Herald. On the basis of opinions of neighbors who have known Clement as a boy and as a man, The Herald recommended him to the voters by stating: "Out of the knowledge of this long and intimate experience, we tell the world that Frank Clement is not only a leader of outstanding ability, grace and intelligence, not only a gentleman of a high sense of integrity, but also a Chris-

tian who is humble before his Got and fellow man, and one whom power will not corrupt. Be it in private life or politics, he has but one standard of conduct—a standard which dictates honesty, decency and morality."

The seeds of Grandfather Clement's protestation in Bible Class years ago have at last brought forth a notable victory for Christian action—and there is little doubt but that it will continue to bear even greater harvest in the future.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

(Continued from page 20)

things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith," Hebrews 11:7. Noah's building the ark when the people were against it showed that he had great faith in God. Noah recognized evil when he saw it and realized that it would be followed by chastisement. When God warned Noah of "things not seen as yet." he believed in God. Noah's whole conduct in his heart and his life was controlled for a hundred years by "things not seen" by him. Noah served God with reverence and with fear; his fear caused him to be obedient. He learned as God taught him. Noah was obedient in that he built the ark to the exact measurements that God gave him. This was truly a trying time, since the people criticized him, but he continued on as God taught

Noah was, indeed, a preacher of righteousness. His attitude was that of a reformer. Gladly Noah would have saved the people, if they would have listened to him. He was not only a preacher by words, but also by deeds. His work on the ark for such a long length of time was a constant reminder to the people of the calamity that was to come. The people would not listen to his warnings. We can truthfully say that Noah would not have been saved himself—even though he had preached to the people-if he had not done what God wanted him to do. God wanted him to prepare the ark, get his family into the ark, and then God closed the door. After the flood, Noah's first action was to build an altar and worship God. Here he was worshiping God for saving his life, and also was setting a good example for his family to follow. Noah wanted his family to be true worshipers of God.



RAY HUGHES, General Youth Director

GUILTY?

N THE COURTS of the United States of America, a man is innocent until he is proved guilty. I have a question to ask you, and ou can give your own verdict, guilty or not. Are you one who starts projects and never finishes them? Don't anwer yet. Remember, Jesus said, "I nave finished the work which thou gavest me to do," John 17:4b. Have you finished your Vacation Bible School? Your answer is possibly, "Yes, we had two glorious weeks with the children of our church and community, and that project is completed." But wonder, is the task really finished? Two weeks of religious teaching, training, and supervised recreation for children is grand, but when the school to be done. Something must be done to conserve the results of this effort. Some of those who were converted came from non-Christian homes, and their environment is not conducive to spirituality; therefore, they need encouragement.

Visit in these homes, and invite these unsaved parents along with their children to Sunday School and church. Personal interest in children pays great dividends. Visitation is not altogether the pastor's responsibility, but he should supervise it and see that it is not neglected. Sunday School workers and Vacation Bible School teachers and workers can do a very effective work here. Especially should the Sunday School teacher of his age group call in the home. Scholars from the class of his age group should be instructed to extend a special invitation.

Set aside a special Sunday, about a month after Vacation Bible School, and label it as V.B.S. Rally Sunday to keep up associations.

Send special invitations to these individuals to attend the annual Sunday School picnic or class gatherings.

Now you can answer my question. Are you one who starts projects and never finishes them?

Let us finish the projects we begin, and follow up our work, lest the precious fruit be lost because nothing has been done to preserve it.

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN SUNDAY SCHOOL Average Weekly Attendance for Month of May

is over, the most important task is yet

	GROUP	AA	
North Carolina			20.678
Tennessee			18,433
Georgia			17,611
South Carolina			15.878
North Alabama			10,618
	GROUP	Α	
West Virginia	0.2000		10.990
Kentucky			7,550
Kentucky Virginia			7.219
			5,286
Mississippi			4,265
Wilder Ppr	GROUP		,
California			4.855
Michigan			4 165
South Alabama			4.104
Illinois			3,571
Pennsylvania			2.782
	GROUP		
Arkansas			2,553
Maryland			2,521
Missouri			2,488
Oklahoma			2,021
Indiana			1,982
	GROUP	D	
Arizona			1,229
Kansas			714
Ixansas	GROUP		
777 - 3-1			769
Washington			630
New Mexico			405
Delaware North Dakota			405
			456
Montana			
	GROUP		010
New York			218
Idaho			181
Nebraska	3-1-		141
District of Colu			109
	GROUP	G	
Central Canada			79
Wyoming			62

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN YOUNG PEOPLE'S ENDEAVOR

Average Weekly Attendance for Month of May GROUP AA

	ancor	2244	
North Carolina			12,554
Georgia			11.871
Tennessee			11 498
North Alabama			6.549
			0,0 10
	GROUP		
West Virginia			7.038
Kentucky			5.715
Virginia			4.252
Mississippi			3 680
Mississippi			3 620
Texas			0,020
	GROUP	В	175
Caiifornia			3.452
Pennsylvania			2.341
Illinois			2 549
South Alabama			1 040
South Alabama			1.026
Michigan			- 1,520
	GROUP	C	
Missouri			1.778
MISSOUII			1 767
Arkansas Oklahoma			1 363
Okianoma			1 2/10
Indiana			1 1 27
Maryland			1,131
	GROUP	D	
Arizona			521
Kansas			100
	GROUP	E	
New Mexico			411
Washington			
Montana			249
South Dakota			196
North Dakota			104
			134
	GROUP	F	
New York			141
District of Colum	n hio		92
Idaho	IIOIa		67
			62
Nebraska			02
	GROUP	G	
Central Canada			49
Wyoming			19

TEN STATES REPORTING THE MOST HOME DEPARTMENTS

West Virginia	54
South Carolina	46
Tennessee	30
Michigan	24
Pennsylvania	
Virginia	21
Georgia	18
North Carolina	15
Texas	13
Missouri	10

NATION'S BIG TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL Average Weekly Attendance for May

Tremont Ave., (G'ville) South Carolina	862
Kannapolis, North Carolina	624
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	519
Detroit, Michigan	498
Alabama City, Alabama	482
North Cieveland, Tennessee	
Pulaski, Virginia	442
S. Gastonia, North Carolina	434
Anderson, South Carolina	
Lenoir, North Carolina	

NATION'S BIG TEN IN Y. P. E. Average Weekly Attendance for May

-	
South Gastonia, North Carolina	422
Columbus, 29th St., Georgia	
Whitwell, Tennessee	
Orphanage at Sevierville, Tennessee	
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	
Lake Dale, North Carolina	
Daisy, Tennessee	
Glasgow, Kentucky	
Alabama City, Alabama	
Dallas, North Carolina	226

NATION'S TEN LARGEST HOME DEPARTMENTS

Pike Avenue, Birmingham, Alabama	2,255
East Nashville, Tennessee	1,552
W. Asheville, North Carolina	1,140
Krafton, Alabama	987
Lumberton, North Carolina	801
Calhoun Georgia	703
Valdese, North Carolina	576
Prichard, Alabama	575
Fresno Temple, California	500
Wahpeton, North Dakota	420

	ASSEMBLY
SAVED2,344	72,646
SANCTIFIED1,188	34,404
FILLED WITH HOLY GHOST .911	26,671
ADDED TO CHURCH718	3 23,009

SINCE

NUMBER OF NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS ORGANIZED SINCE ASSEMBLY

332

NUMBER OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S ENDEAVORS ORGANIZED SINCE ASSEMBLY 269

NUMBER OF BRANCH SUNDAY SCHOOLS ORGANIZED THIS YEAR 116

Churches, Y.P.E.'s, S. S. Classes



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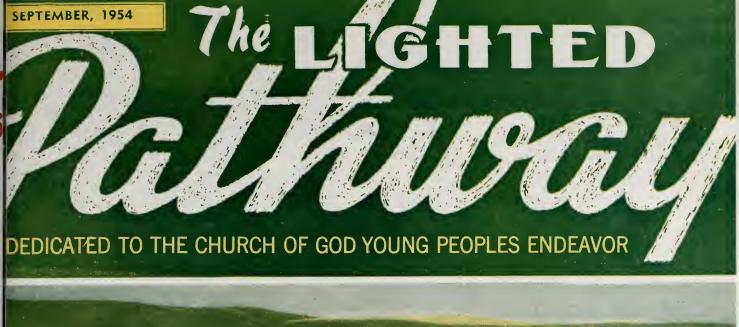


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Light in the Darkness

By. WIRT BLAINE

HE VILLAGE of M......... was two miles away from the nearest large town. Joe was the village newsboy, and each evening he traveled on foot the two miles for his pack of papers. This was fun during the summer months, but when winter's short days came, it often grew dark before Joe reached the village to deliver his papers.

Part of his journey led through a long, deep, lonely valley. There were many trees on each side of the highway. There was one particular place where darkness came early and seemed more intense than anywhere else along the road. Joe always dreaded that spot. To his boyish mind, all sorts of evils lurked there.

One evening when the clouds hung low and snow seemed imminent, that stretch of road seemed more formidable than ever. Joe almost faltered as he approached. He wished he were home, but to reach home he had to pass through the valley. Gingerly, but as bravely as possible, he moved forward over the frozen ground.

And then, just when his heart was thumping and his step lagging from fear, he saw a speck of yellow light far ahead. It seemed to be coming nearer. Then it would stop, then move forward again. Although he didn't know just what it meant, it seemed like a friendly thing in that gathering blackness.

Then, as he drew nearer the light, he heard a familiar shout: "Joe! Oh, Joe, is that you?" It was his father's voice! With glad, quick steps, Joe ran forward into the darkest part of the valley. He was unafraid, now, father was just ahead.

Telling the story years later, Joe said: "I shall never forget that experience. When I met father, he took my load of papers and carried them for me. Together we delivered them to the various homes in the village. He had lifted my burden, and his lantern lighted my pathway. Years later, when I came to understand more about the teachings of the Lord Jesus, I thought often of that experience. The example of my earthly father's love pointed clearly to the Heavenly Father's greater love. For He, too, meets us in the darkest places, lifts our burden, helps us carry through our job. I can still see that welcome light in the darkness of that long-ago night."

The LIGHTED The LIGHTED DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

CHARLES W. CONN
Editar-in-Chief
Church of God Publications

The I supliable

LEWIS J. WILLIS

Editor
The LIGHTED PATHWAY

ALDA B. HARRISON
Editar Emeritus
The LIGHTED PATHWAY

Vol. 25

SEPTEMBER, 1954

No.

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"Thy Word is a Light Unto My Path"

Notional Youth Board

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Decisions for the Juture

ECISIONS HAVE TO DO with the future. They are important because they determine the course of action and, therefore, the course of history. The course of history is as individuals, are today what we have been becoming but we have been becoming that our decisions designated. It is so with life.

The trend of history is often bent by momentous decions. Martin Luther placed his life upon a decision and shered in the Reformation. The fathers of our country rote their names upon a Declaration of Independence and thereby wrote the dignity of freedom for us Amerius. Abraham Lincoln dared to make a decision which athed a young nation in tears and blood but purchased to emancipation of the negro.

These are days when decisions of world-wide signifince are being made. Our immediate history, and possity that of a hundred years hence, rests upon the resolutions which will come out of the present world conferces. With the ideologies of Democracy and Communism impletely incompatible but existing in one world, and ith each possessing the weapons of annihilation, we hudder with apprehension. Will their decisions provide oliteration for mankind, or can they discover some plan finutual accommodation?

The Church of God is to a place where crucial decisions ust be made. Our actions during the next few years ay well determine our history for the next few generaons. We have progressed in our development as a deomination until the world is now aware of us. More vital our problem, however, is the fact that we have become ware of ourselves. There is a surge of power which arills us and makes us suddenly feel alive and potent. ur problem now is to make those decisions which will onserve and guide that power into the proper channels. What are the decisions we should make as a Church? suppose a survey among our folk would provide a seres of interesting answers to this question. While I do not eel this is the time nor place where decisions which govrn the general policies of the Church should be discussed, do feel we can profitably think on at least two decisions re can make as individual members. Whatever its memers are, the Church is.

John Foster said, "It is a poor and disgraceful thing not o be able to reply, with some degree of certainty, to the imple questions, 'What will you be? What will you do?'" n my opinion, the decisions which are most important o the Church of God today deal with what we as members will be and what we shall do. Those are the vital lecisions which face you and me.

OUR FIRST DECISION, then, has to do with inward quality—what we shall be. Truly great people grow that way from the inside out rather than from the outside in. Likewise, do the small people acquire their distinguishing impediments. If there is a depth of soul and character, there is an inviolable quality of life and deed. Basic, therefore, to all worthy deeds is an inward strength.

Our Father does not ask us to assume some arduous duty or abide by some difficult creed, but rather bids us understand our position and possess our inheritance as His children. God has intended great things for His own. He bids them to forsake the wilderness of oppressiveness and to soar in the limitlessness of His provisions. He is the reality which makes real men and women out of ordinary people. In Him is an inner freedom and peace not found elsewhere.

If your life has grown drab and uninteresting, you will not likely inspire your neighbor. If your life lacks spiritual glow and eternal significance, you will probably not bestow resurrection properties upon the deadened souls about you. If your mind is secular, your affections earthly, and your loyalty divided, you have been smitten from within. Hence, unless you possess the inward quality which gives largeness of soul, you can never assist others, but with it you can do mighty works.

Our second decision has to do with the outward quality—what we shall do. The requirement here is complex. It calls for the utmost in self and service, for spiritual acts are more difficult than the purely physical ones. It is easier to give than to live; easier to kneel than to pray; easier to unite with the church than follow Christ the Lord; easier to profess than to possess. Our problem is to make the lives of our members exhibit the ideals for which the church stands.

Christ came to give life. He was the Life and Light of men. He brought eternity into time and filled it with a quality which men could not adequately describe, but they could earnestly depict. By bringing the power of God's grace into a world of hardness, hate, and hurt, He changed it. He evidenced the possibility of changing badness into goodness through divine power. The secret, therefore, to doing is to allow that which is within to find its fulfillment in service.

The early Christians were an excellent example of this idea. They were able to declare in the face of poverty, persecution, and paganism that they were "the sons of God," and assumed they were "more than conquerors." The pulse beat of a new power dominated them. They had no money, no prestige, and no special culture, but they did have what the world needed and wanted—the secret to right and victorious living. Thus, they preached a positive gospel. They were undaunted; they were alive; a note of expectancy was in their prayers, and the fire of compassion was in their hearts.

They set in motion a society of faithful souls of which you are a part. You belong to that venerable company which "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens," Hebrews 1:33, 34.

(Continued on page 26)

OROTHY AIKENS walked quickly down the tree-shaded sidewalk as though with hurried walking she could leave this strange, restless feeling behind.

But it persisted, a small gnawing doubt; Dorothy frowned and clutched her violin case tighter beneath her

"It's almost as though I'm resisting the will of God," she whispered quiet-ly to herself. When at last admitting the thing that had troubled her all night, she felt a vague relief. "But why?" she asked herself. "I

can't see anything wrong in working for something I've always wanted. I can't see anything wrong, but I feel

it!"

For a brief instant, Dorothy stood on the street corner struggling with the two strong forces within her-to go or to turn back? Which would give her peace and happiness?

There was a sure, sweet confidence deep within her that God could help her through prayer. Somehow, almost deliberately, she closed her mind to

the prayer.

Suddenly, the long gray bus came into sight up the block. Nervously, Dorothy thrust her problem into the back of her mind. She had to buy her tight with the back of her mind. She had little time. She ticket yet; she had little time. She might miss the bus.

Dorothy hurried across the street and into the corner drugstore that also served as bus depot in her small

home town.

"Round trip to Capital City," Dorothy breathlessly told the clerk. Then a few minutes later she walked up the narrow aisle of the bus to an empty seat. She put her purse and music case beside her on the seat and held the violin carefully on her lap. Then, purposely, she looked out the small window to occupy her mind with other things.

It wasn't until the bus had left town and was picking up speed along the country road that Dorothy even tried to relax. Nervous muscle refused and

again Dorothy wondered at herself.
"Why am I making such a big issue
out of it?" she puzzled. "I've always planned for a musical career, and this may be my chance. It might be the first big step to fulfilling my dream. Why do I feel this uncertainty? this strangeness? It's almost like some big childhood wish that becomes small and of little consequence as you grow

Her violin had always been so real and important. It meant a plan for her life, which had its beginning the first time her father placed a violin in her small childish hands. That plan had been so real and deep, from the first terrible squeak she'd managed with the bow, right up to the time when she gave her heart to Christ.

Thinking about that, Dorothy folded her hands on top of her violin and smiled. Thinking about that wonderful night she let Jesus come into her heart, always brought a good warm feeling to her.

It was as though she were living all over again the glorious experience of throwing away the old and taking in

the new. There weren't words in her vocabulary big enough to reveal the true meaning. Nevertheless, she'd tried to reveal it to everyone about her by the change it brought in her life. All this rich goodness had come to her because she'd happened into the little revival tent in the park one night. Happened in? Dorothy smiled. That,

too, was God's work.
With an effort, Dorothy went back
to her problem. Looking at it from all angles, she couldn't see how her music would interfere with being a Christian, unless—. She'd had father inquire about it, and there appeared to

be some question as to all the details.

As far as she could determine, the radio station was selecting new memDorothy felt a little twinge of conscience. She should be home he ing him—helping him with the 1 hymn he was writing, and that would play. Her father had finis the music, except for a few plathat needed smoothing. Together t were having trouble with the wo for the chorus. They had worked le hard hours on it but with the di culties and aching heads there was important feeling of doing someth worth-while that was good and re

Then she'd seen the notice in paper concerning the Community chestra; nothing seemed to matter ! practicing and studying for it. No ing at all seemed to matter until t strange doubtful feeling came to h



"Then, as she sounded the violin strings, she felt a great compelling need in her heart

bers for a Community Orchestra for some radio work, but mostly for goodwill concerts to promote the station. There was the possibility the Orchestra would be available for dances, but Dorothy, with her love of music, ignored that.

"Mr. Irving, the famous violinist, is directing," she thought. "And it's open

Dorothy got a little quick, nervous feeling in the pit of her stomach at the thought of the tryouts, but it left ther abruptly. She knew music—knew it and loved it as her father had taught it to her. Her father had given up his music for a home and family and teaching music in a small town. Now, here was her chance to fulfill a dream once held by her father.

Still, her father hadn't seemed so enthusiastic over it. He was busy working on the special church services for this week end.

He worked hard, teaching music at school. When it was music for the church, he put all his energy into it.

As the bus approached Capital Cit the feeling grew. No amount of corcentration on her music could force away. When she left the bus at th depot and began walking to the audi torium, her hands were hot and damı

It was almost dark when Doroth walked back to the bus depot. Leanin back in the seat, she closed her eye to rest a throbbing head. It wasn until the bus reached Bellview, an she was walking home that a little rush of excitement seized her.

Through the window she saw he mother and father waiting up for her Father bent over the big desk, mothe mending, both probably anxious because of the late hour.

They looked up as she came in, and Dorothy knew when they smiled tha they saw she had glad news.

"There were a lot of violins," Dorothy said, "So tryouts lasted late. I played these, Father," she said, laying saveral sheets of music on his desk. "I several sheets of music on his desk. " made the runs perfectly. Mr. Irving

The Cry of the Violin

"She made tears on the violin—the hard crying of despair in the lost man, the harshness f darkness ..."

y Va Donna Hughes Leaf

Illustrated by CHLOE STEWART

emed pleased. He asked me and seval others to come back tomorrow for imination tryouts."

Dorothy saw her father's smile fade nd with a quick feeling of apprehenon she glanced at her mother.

"Tomorrow," her father repeated. Her father said only the one word and Dorothy realized, with a sudden apory feeling in her stomach, that here wasn't any need for more exlanation.

The special services at the church ould start tomorrow night. If she ere this late getting home from the youts—. Dorothy knew what it youts—. Dorothy knew what it leant to her father. It had meant the ame to her only a few days before. It leant playing her father's hymn. wen that was not just notes or pride f accomplishment, for within the ymn was a message that they had orked and prayed over.

There was the love and companionhip shared working together. There as something else, too, something eep within her like a faint call that eeded an answer.

But there was her violin music and

er dream.
"I know what this means to you, otty," her father said gently. "Maye no one knows how much as I do. out it's something you must decide with His help, not with mine or your

nother's."

Something in her father's voice nade Dorothy look up, and she knew hat he was remembering a time when e had a decision to make. Dorothy new her father had never regretted is choice.

"Dad is right, dear," Mother said. Dorothy saw the smile they shared hen, and something released inside

Upstairs in her room a little later, t seemed as though she'd never left his morning. The worries, doubts, and truggles were still there-stronger han before. But now at last Dorothy

new what it was.
"I'm resisting the will of God," Dor-othy told herself. "There's something want and something God wants, and t isn't the same." She closed her eyes

and felt the torment.

Give up a chance to fulfill a dream? Must I? How can I not do what God wants? But what does He want me to

lo? How can I know? There was a fullness within her waiting for relief. She knew that only through prayer would she find peace. Thus far she'd closed her mind to it,

maybe because she knew the answer

and had known it all along.

The hardness and the importance of the decision came to her at last;

as she knelt, the tears came.
"I love Thee, my Lord," she prayed. "My life which was so empty and useless is now full and rich since I've accepted Thee. I feel your grace and love, Lord, even now when I'm so mixed up and afraid and miserable."

"It is so good, knowing I can come to Thee for the help I need. I feel as though I'm resisting Thy will, dear Lord. There is something inside of me that I don't understand. Lord, I want to do with my life as Thou will have me to do. Just show me the way, Lord. It's hard to know Thy will, but I will know through feeling what is right and what is wrong. Heavenly Father, help me to know Thy will and to be happy in it. My life is yours, Lord. In Jesus' name, Amen."

With tears giving an outward peace and the prayer a deep inward peace, Dorothy went to bed, calm and trust-

She woke early the next morning and lay quietly a minute, letting herself relax. The feeling that she was doing right, had made the only choice, filled her. Also, with it was an emptiness as though it wasn't quite com-

whispered as she got out of bed.
Even as she submitted to God's will

ber father with the church and helped her father with the church services, there seemed to be a lack within her. She worked all morning, finishing the music to her father's

hymn.
"This hymn is almost like a testimony, Dad," she said as she practiced. Yet, somehow she couldn't quite get the feeling she wanted in the music. She couldn't get the message, the warmth, and the beauty through the notes.

EARLY that evening Dorothy went to church with her parents. As they walked down to a front pew, Dorothy offered a silent prayer. Her father led the choir, and then

some of his younger pupils sang and played several well-known hymns before the main speaker began the ser-

Dorothy's attention was caught and held by the earnest, pleading voice. Her heart was overjoyed by the promises of his message.

The speaker's voice lowered to a whisper as he finished with a ques-

tion. "Are you living completely inside the circle of God's love? Or are you on the outside?"

Then it was time for her number, and Dorothy suddenly felt something stir within her. It was a new thought that the sermon gave her; a kind of fear for the people in the world, and some here, right in this church now, who were outside God's circle of love.

Dorothy nodded to her father seated at the piano. Then as she sounded the violin strings, she felt a great compelling need in her heart—something

that ached to be let free.

She lifted the bow. The blended notes of the piano and violin filled the church, and peace came to Dorothy. The hymn was a testimony; she felt it, and now she could tell it—through music.

Holding the violin down, she sang the chorus. The words were amateurish, her voice an untrained soprano, but the message came through with feeling that knew and proclaimed the true meaning.

Jesus has come to live in my heart, He has changed the old to new.

Darkness is gone, there is only His

Light,

Bright and steady and true.

Yet, she couldn't tell it all for words haven't been made. Music comes from the heart and from God, and Dorothy played from her heart. She made tears on the violin—the hard crying of despair in the lost man, the harshness of darkness, trouble, and fear. She ended that passage with one hard, dry sob on the violin and went on to the fight between the old and new, the struggle, the resistance the stating struggle, the resistance, the testing, and the power of prayer. Then there were the tears of love and knowledge and peace, tears of the new, tears of joy and gladness and faith, tears that God knew were unspoken words of love. She ended softly with the hushed sound of falling water.

Dorothy's eyes were wet as she followed her father back to the pew. Something had happened to her up there. She'd played almost without knowing, as though God had used her for a message. Then Dorothy realized the preacher was talking. He'd so blended his voice into the echo of her music, that she was hardly aware of

That number was to have closed the services tonight," he was saying, "but while it was being (Continued on page 26)

ADIES AND GENTLEMEN, these are precarious and perilous times we are facing in the United States and in the world. I don't suppose there has ever been a time like this when there is so much emotion, so much revolution, so much unrest, and we hear so many threats of war and of actual war. There never has been a time before in the history of the world when the responsibility of leadership in the interest of having peace in the world has been upon the shoulders of the people of the United States as it is today. We know if there is a spiritual influence today, it will be largely the leadership and the influence of the people of the United States.

I serve on the Armed Services Committee in the United States Senate. While I have no particularly special information, I think it is common knowledge to all that there are instrumentalities of destruction in our hands, as well as in the hands of the atheistic Communists, which are capable of almost wiping out civilization. We simply must find some better way of living other than living in fear of war every year, fighting a war every twenty-five years, or having our young people grow up and go into life thinking about when they are going to have to go to war. Civilization simply could not stand the kind of war that we would have if, God forbid, we should ever have a third world war.

I think it is very important that we Christian people of the United States take a little stock of the things that we might be able to do in order to try to be an influence in the world that will give us a chance at living in peace. I think it is very necessary that we be militarily strong. As long as the security of the United States is in danger, it is necessary that we have armaments. But, friends, if there is going to be peace in the world, our leadership is going to have to be more than just a leadership of arms and of military strength. It is necessary and imperative that we furnish a spiritual, an economic, and an educational leadership. I think it is imperative that we show the people in the neutral nations of the world, where they are in hunger and want and disease, that while Communism may offer them a crust of bread, we offer in addition to bread, an opportunity for liberty, for freedom to worship their God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and for a better chance for their own children.

In order to attract people to our side in this conquest, and to set the kind of example that democracy and Christianity can lead toward peace, I think it is very necessary that we make our own democracy work, that we get back to some fundamental beliefs in this nation, and that we realize that maybe a vial of penicillin in the hands of a doctor treating a sick

child can do more for the cause of peace than a battalion of tanks.

I THINK IT IS also necessary that we Americans make the best of our own country, that we think things through, that we do not indulge in prejudices and emotions, and that we try to treat everybody fairly, as we would have them to treat us. Also, I think that if we are going to be successful in our great mission, it is necessary that we have a clean, as well as a strong, United States of America. It is necessary that we have our very best people interested in government, in law enforcement, and in the affairs of church.

Many of you may remember that about three or four years ago we read a lot in the newspapers about the influence—the bad, terrible influence—of a great many racketeers and gangsters throughout the United States. From the demand of many good, religious people, I filed a resolution in the United States Senate to have a Senate committee to investigate organized crime in interstate commerce. Five of us on this committee held our hearings on a nonpartisan basis without trying to punish anyone or protect anyone—just as fairly as we were able to do so.

What we found was even worse than any of us imagined. We found that in the United States there were gangs of racketeers, operating on an organized basis throughout the Nation, syndicated, and standing together, who were taking billions of dollars from the American people in gambling, narcotics, white slavery, larceny, murder, and every other kind of crime. With this tremendous amount of money, they were getting into all kinds of legitimate businesses, all the way from big transportation companies on down to little flower shops and drug stores. We found that the racketeers getting in always used the same unfair, oppressive methods in business that they did in their gangster life.

did in their gangster life.

Even worse than that, we found that they were worming their way like termites into the Government at all levels and eating up the heart of democracy. We know that we can lose our democracy by decay, indifference, and corruption within. We know that nations which were as great in their time as we are in our time have passed into insignificance because of disbelief in God, because of corruption, and because of indifference to their responsibilities as citizens. We know that Rome suffered a like fate many centuries ago, that the once strong France is weak today because of corruption and indifference within. We don't want that to happen to the United States of America.

Therefore, our effort was to hold up to the spotlight of public opinion these racketeers and gangsters who are such cancerous influences upon our life in this great free country. I think that we did some good, because we have better law enforcement; we have more

respect for government; we have bet ter people who are taking part. Man state laws and many Federal law have been passed, and most importan of all are the spiritual values cre ated in our political and govern mental life and the participation b our people during the last few years A racketeer never has a chance wher good people participate.

Show me a city where there ar slums, where the churches are no painted and not supported, where the schools are not what they should be where the streets are not well kept and where peope don't vote, and ther I'll show you a city where the racket eers are usually in charge of the government. But, friends, show me place where the people go to church and take part in religious life, where they are interested in their schools where they have parent-teacher associations, where people participate in the government and go out to the ballot place to vote on election day, and there I'll show you a place where a racketeer or a gangster doesn't have a chance. That's the thing that we want, and we must have if we are going to succeed during these trying days all over the United States o America.

We asked, particularly in secret session, many of these racketeers and gangsters, "How is it that you, an intelligent man who could have made such a great contribution to the welfare of your community, turned our

Crime and Chaos vs.

Christendom and Charity

A stirring address to all America— By HONORABLE ESTES KEFAUVER,

Senior U. S. Senator from Tennessee

o lead a life of crime? How did you appen to be a racketeer instead of a orth-while citizen?" The answers hat we got were very revealing, and hey are something for all of us to renember always. After all, these men vere not born to be bad; they didn't ome into life as such. They became riminals because of something that appened, some influence in their ves, or some lack of good influence. 'he answers we got from all of them ere along these ranges: "Well, Mr. enator, I was the product of a broken ome. Nobody seemed to care for me our home. There wasn't any reliious life there. I went out and oamed the streets and go in with he bad boys, and one thing led to anther." Or, "Mr. Senator, I didn't atend church, or if I did go, nobody ook much interest in me, and I didn't and onething there in which the ind anything there in which to be nterested." Or, "If I could just have ad a little church life and a little piritual influence, it might have tidd me over some of these rough times, nd I might have been a good man nstead of a bad man." Or, "Mr. Senaor, I didn't have an opportunity of oing to school or getting an education. I had to work in the meat marets to help support my people when was seven years old, so I just took lot of short cuts in trying to get head:" Or, "Mr. Senator, I was broten in body; as a kid, I was sick and iseased, and my physical difficulties ed me into one thing or another;



Senator Estes Kefauver

such as, narcotics or something else. That is the reason I am a criminal today."

LADIES and gentlemen, most of these persons have led lives of crime so long that there isn't very much that can be done for them, but I think we can rouse ourselves, we can be interested, we can make a contribution in seeing that the young people of today, the children of today, have a better opportunity of avoiding the pitfalls and difficulties that befell many of these unfortunate indi-viduals of whom I have been telling

In the home and church, in the schools, and in our relationship with our children, we can see that they have the opportunity of growing to manhood or womanhood without the influences that caused so many of these unfortunate individuals to be criminals.

You know, one of the very distressing things in our Nation today is that there has been a steady rise of juvenile delinquency among our teen-age children. In 1952 there were 255,000 young people who came into conflict with the police. In 1953 this number arose to 325,000. Mr. J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI said that unless we did something to stop his increase in juvenile delinguency, the future of our venile delinquency, the future of our Nation would be threatened.

Therefore, I joined in sponsoring a resolution in the United States Senate, which is correlated to or a part of our Senate Crime Investigating Committee, to investigate and to look into the problems and the reasons for juvenile delinquency in this nation. We have been having hearings in many places, and we have really just gotten started, but already we can see the picture pretty well. Our purpose is not to try to hand down any decree from above, because delinquency is a local prob-lem, a problem of parents, of the churches, of the schools, and of the communities. I felt that if our senate committee could at least find what the situation is, we could back up those persons who are trying to do something about it, encourage more recreational facilities, and let parents and grown-ups know that a big part of the blame is upon them.

If we could be a great clearing center and information center for our Nation, we could do a lot of good work, and this we have been trying to do. We have found that the reason for the increase in juvenile delinquency today-narcotics, all kinds of crimeis, in the first place, that home life has not been what it should be in many places. We have found, also, that young people who have become interested in matters in church and religion, and where they read the Bireligion, and where they read the Bible and have family worship don't become juvenile delinquents from that environment. We have found, also, that the influence in the school is very important. We have found that many children have to live in slums and that we ought to do something about his condition, too, because it breeds juvenile delinquency. We have found that many boys and girls in large cities do not have recreational opportunities. Only the chance of breathing some good, fresh air will help a great many of them.

I KNOW that Americans want to do the right thing about this, and I am glad that all over the Nation today there is more interest being shown and more work being done all the way through in the church, home, and school in an ef-fort to give our children a better chance so that they will not be subject to influences that will lead them to delinquency. We can all play our part. It is a local problem; working together locally, state-wide, and Federal-wise, we can attack this problem and keep America the great, clean na-tion that she must be, with increased opportunities, and a chance for a better life for our young people.

Ladies and gentlemen, fundamentally there isn't anything wrong with this great country of ours. Those who say we are running out the little end of the horn, if given a chance of going from one side of this nation to the other and seeing the average Ameri-can citizen worshipping his God, working hard trying to give his family better opportunities, trying to have his home and give to his children a better chance, would know that is the heart and that is the meaning of America.

There are many things, however, for us to do, and if we are going to succeed in this great effort in which we are engaged, not only must we have a sound country here, but also we must be an influence all over the world for good and right. Today every bill that we pass in Congress, everybill that we pass in Congress, everything that we do in the legislature at Nashville, everything we say, almost everything we think, has repercussions all around this world. This is our time in the sun. This is our opportunity for a great spiritual Americanto show the way and to lead ca—to show the way and to lead. There is none other to lead but us.

I know that the difficulties are great; I know that the times are per-ilous, but spiritual, God-fearing people rise to their greatest heights during times of difficulty, so let it be with the United States of America.

SOME little time back I had the privilege of reading a book about the founding of the Plymouth colony. The Pilgrims left England and went to Holland before starting on their voyage. While they were there, many of them became frightened; they thought that the difficulties were too great, that the wilderness would surely cause them to be lost, and that they might not be able to get across the ocean. They called upon old Governor Bradford to see what he had to say about it, and in a very fine speech, which I wish I could repeat verbatim, he said, "If we will have faith, if we will work at our job with intelligent courage, if we will just remember that

(Continued on page 26)



"But noble souls, through dust and heat, Rise from disaster and defeat The stronger."

HESE WORDS OF Longfellow are graphically fulfilled in the life of Dorothy Dix, who was said to be the most loved woman in the world.

Although some scoffed at the advice this "mother confessor" gave throughout her lifetime, an understanding of her popularity and demand lets us know today how much her estimated 60,000,000 readers trusted her sage counsel for more than half a century.

of her popularity and demand lets us know today how much her estimated 60,000,000 readers trusted her sage counsel for more than half a century.

Elizabeth Meriwether (the real name of Dorothy Dix) was born in Montgomery County, Tennessee, in 1861, to a family of good reputation of average financial status. In her early years, Elizabeth showed an adventurous spirit, was fond of children, and possessed unbounding energy.

The Meriwethers were pious parents who did not neglect the religious training of their children. Many of their teachings were to be revealed in the columns of their daughter in later years. Her father, when leaving home to fight in the Civil War, wrote his daughter, "If you should be deprived of your natural guardian and protector by the untimely hand of death . . . remember, my dear little one, that it is your poor father's last word to you to honor, love, and obey your mother in all things. 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth that thy days may be long in the land.' Remember that 'tis better to give to the unworthy than to withhold your aid from objects of true charity." Of her mother's teachings, she remarked herself, "She taught me to speak the truth, fear God, and never whine." The Meriwethers were Baptists, and it was a custom of Elizabeth's throughout her lifetime to dress up on Sunday and attend church.

The early education of Elizabeth was administered by an old gentleman, who was a distant relative of the family. Living in the home of the Meriwethers, he early noticed Elizabeth's eager interest in everything about her. At the age of eleven, she knew Shakespeare and could repeat passages from Scott. Graduating from the Female Academy of Clarksville at the age of sixteen, she amazed her teachers by the scope of her knowledge, even though it was disorganized. Here in school her compositions revealed unusual talent for such a young student. Classmates began looking to her to prepare their compositions. This became such a habit that the teacher noticed a great similarity in many

From Tragedy to Triumph

The unforgettable biography of the inimit able Dorothy Dix of whom Meigs D. Fros said, "She trusted life, plunged into it, swam and came out on the beach of Treasure Islana soaked in salty wisdom."

By MARGIE M. MIXON

Elizabeth attended one other school for six months. Hollins Institute in Botetourt Springs, Virginia. These school days were quite unhappy ones for the young lad who, as a country girl, felt out of place among her so phisticated Virginia classmates. Her unfashionable frock were quite a contrast to the stylish clothing commonly worn on the campus. Many years later, when speaking of this period of her life, she told a young lady, "I had an early dent in my ego."

Nevertheless school life here brought some happiness to Elizabeth. Competing in the annual composition contest she astonished many classmates and teachers when should receive the award on her essay entitled "Night Brings Out the Stars." Her school days ended after one term a Hollins. She felt later that her education was "rather sparse... one of those omelette souffle things, principally flubdub. It had a taste of everything, but, oh, such a little of it!"

AT THE AGE of twenty-one, Elizabeth married George Gilmer, her second cousin, who came to their home for a visit. This match was promoted largely by her stepmother, a sister to George. Years later she told some of her close friends: "The marriage was not my idea. I don't suppose I ever felt toward him as they thought I did, or should have felt . . . Still, it was the way my stepmother wanted it."

Shortly after the marriage, Elizabeth realized the unpleasant situation she faced—her husband was a man of emotional unbalance. Unstable and restless, he could stick

emotional unbalance. Unstable and restless, he could stick to one job but a few months. He felt that the world was against him, that his wife was against him, and he would even disappear for a short period of time.

For eleven years the Gilmers shifted from one town to another often lacking enough money even for property.

For eleven years the Gilmers shifted from one town to another, often lacking enough money even for proper food. Elizabeth sold a few stories to various newspapers during this period to supplement their meager earnings. Finally the limit came for Elizabeth. Facing a nervous breakdown, she was compelled to return home at the age of thirty-two. Her troubles with George, a mentally disturbed husband, proved more than she could take.

The Meriwether family took Elizabeth to the Mississippi Gulf Coast at Bay St. Louis, for the change of scene the doctor advised. In order for her to regain her health and equilibrium, a complete change was necessary. At Bay St. Louis, the father carefully watched his daughter and played an important part in the struggle she underwent. Living next door to the Meriwethers was a newspaperwoman from New Orleans, Mrs. Eliza Jane Poitevent Nicholson, poet and owner of the *Picayune*. Mrs. Nicholson's boys first became friends with Elizabeth and grew

When leaving to fight in the Civil War, Dorothy ix's father wrote her, "If you should be deprived your natural guardian and protector by the unmely hand of death... remember, my dear little ie, that it is your poor father's last word to you honor, love, and obey your mother in all things. The emember thy Creator in the days of thy youth at thy days may be long in the land.' Remember at 'tis better to give to the unworthy than to withold your aid from the objects of true charity."

Illustrated by CHLOE STEWART

and of her. Next, she and Mrs. Nicholson became friends and found that they had a great deal in common. Mrs. cholson took a special interest in Elizabeth; through he of their conversations they decided that Elizabeth as to write a story. Mrs. Nicholson was delighted when he read this story, and immediately purchased it for the cayune. Elizabeth was encouraged to write others. This roved to be the turning point in Elizabeth's health. Beeping busy on these stories helped her to forget her oubles, and her health gradually improved. Later in life he advised a nephew, "The only panacea for grief is to seep so busy that you have no time to think of your sorw, and to work so hard you sleep at night through sheer chaustion. I know, for I traveled the dark road for thirfive years, and I should have gone crazy if I'd had me enough to do it."

REALIZING THAT she needed a job, Elizath applied for work at the *Picayune*, and was hired in 96. Her first assignment was to hunt births and deaths r the vital statistics column at six dollars a week.

Major Nathaniel Burbank, Managing Editor of the cayune, quickly realized Elizabeth's potentialities for ewspaper work; he kept a close eye on the training she ceived. She later remarked of him, "He brought me up hand." Elizabeth worked hard even at night studying trious newspapers, and writing short stories and poems. Not many months had elapsed before Elizabeth was lid to start thinking about a Sunday column of her own. Ald Major Burbank, "We'll call this feature Sunday Saltessing mixed of oil of kindness, the vinegar of satire, he salt of wit, and a dash of the paprika of doing hings." For this column, Elizabeth chose the pen name ordid

In considering the contents of her column, Dorothy ix remarked, "It dawned on me that everything in the orld had been written about women, for women, except the truth! Women had been celebrated as angels, pitied as martyrs, advised to be human doormats. I knew women new they weren't angels, were tired of being martyrs and cormats, were fed up to their back teeth on fulsome attery, and were weary of suffering and being strong! I started writing the truth about the relations of men and women as I saw it. And readers liked it!"

This column proved to be a great success. People read and liked it. Letters began to arrive, not just to praise er column, but to ask advice on various matters.

Thus began the great work of Dorothy Dix. Other paers began to run her columns. In 1900, the *New York ournal* asked to use some of her articles on its editorial ages, and several months later she received a telegram com the same paper requesting that she come to New ork to work on their paper. She declined the offer, but

accepted it some few months later. Before going to New York, she began her widely acclaimed work of covering some of the biggest murder cases throughout the United States.

Soon her columns were syndicated, and appeared in more than 200 newspapers. At the height of her career, her salary was beyond \$1,200 a week, the largest of any syndicate contributor at that time. Hers was the oldest syndicated newspaper feature. Papers carried her articles in Canada, England, Australia, New Zealand, Germany, Newfoundland, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, Mexico, and other Latin American countries.

NO DOUBT, the religious tendency of Dorothy Dix's advice accounts a great deal for its reception. Ministers used her thoughts as bases for sermons, and one minister devoted five successive pulpit talks to her discussions. A professor of mental therapy at Johns Hopkins urged patients tortured by doubts and fears to read Dorothy Dix. The Medical Women's National Association made her an honorary member in recognition of the valuable service she rendered.

Her remarks were simply written for the average person. When critics were prone to label her advice as old stuff, she pointed out that many of her remarks came from a book of old stuff, the Bible. One of her male correspondents once wrote about a particular matter he could not forgive his wife of, even though he was as guilty as she. Miss Dix quoted the Bible in her reply to him: "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone. You have the words of the Great Teacher to direct you. If she forgave you, why shouldn't you forgive her? Her offense against you is no worse than yours against her."

"So far as material things go, most of us are keen enough about seeing that we get our money's worth," she wrote. "When it comes to spiritual values, however, we lose all sense of proportion. We become spendthrifts, who throw our priceless treasures away, and we literally sell our birthrights for a mess of pottage." This introduction was used to blast drinking, wild parties, family quarrels, extravagance, and shiftlessness.

AFTER DOROTHY REGAINED her health her husband came to New Orleans to live. Throughout her life, she did all within her power to make him happy. His moods improved at times, only to sink to the depths again. He proved to be a difficult individual all his life. To those who urged her to get a divorce, she said, "I never once thought of getting a divorce. By that time I had gotten into the full swing of my work, and I felt that I would not be fit to give advice to others unless I could live that advice myself. I could not say to others: "Be strong!' if I did not myself have the strength to endure. If I turned my back on a hard job, it would ruin any influence for good my work might ever have—and I took my work pretty seriously. I felt that there were people who depended on me. Not on me personally, for they did not know who I was, but on the something I represented to them. To do that, I had to give them honest talk, something that came from my heart and my soul. I had to be strong that I might help others to be strong."

Meigs O. Frost, a newspaper worker who knew Dorothy Dix, said of her, "If you've got to put her into a sentence, it's this: She trusted life, plunged into it, swam, and came out on the beach of Treasure Island, soaked in salty wisdom. But how she had to swim!"

How did Dorothy Dix feel about the troubles she had met in her lifetime? She wrote near the end of her life, "I have had what people call a hard life. I have been through the depths of poverty and sickness. I have known want and struggle and anxiety and despair. I have always had to work beyond the limit of my strength. As I look back upon my life, I see it as a battlefield strewn with the wrecks of dead dreams and broken hopes and shattered illusions—a battle in which I always fought with the odds tremendously against me, and which has left me scarred and bruised and maimed and old before my time. Yet I have no pity for myself; no tears to shed over the past and gone sorrows; no envy for the women who have been spared all that I have gone through. For (Continued on page 26)



ANIEL! Wake up!" Twice his mother had to call before Daniel sleepily answered.

Sniffing the smell of baking cakes, he turned his face to the wall. When Ruth, his sister, came in, she cried impatiently, "Don't be so lazy this morning! Instead of sleeping you should be at the road side selling cakes."

Daniel grumbled: "I'm not going today! I get tired selling cakes every day instead of playing like other boys."

"I guess I don't get tired baking cakes, burning my fingers, and taking care of the baby," Ruth whispered back.

She heard her mother calling them for breakfast, and she whispered, "We ought to be ashamed to complain! Mother never does, and it is hard for her."

"We're coming," called Daniel. As soon as he ate bread and drank a cup of goat's milk, he took the tray and a basket of cakes, which mother and Ruth baked. He waved gaily to his father and mother and went out whistling.

As HE TURNED into the village square and started for the shade of the tree where he sat all day selling cakes, three boys called, "Daniel! Play tag with us!"

"Sorry," answered Daniel. "I got to sell cakes."

"Come on, put the cakes in the shade and play a few games," they coaxed.

"All right," Daniel put down the basket and tray. Then he remembered his mother saying, "Daniel, I depend on you." Quickly he picked up the tray, shaking his head.

The morning hours dragged on. The basket was empty and Daniel had

Daniel Meets Chris

After meeting the Lord, Daniel's first question to his sist Ruth was, "What can we do for Jesus?"

By ESTHER MILLER PAYLER

just a tray of cakes left. He watched children carrying water from the well, and running about laughing and splashing water. "Why do I have to sit here all the time and sell? My legs hurt!" He thought, "Why doesn't Ruth come with more cakes and my lunch?"

Then Daniel forgot his grumbling, for he saw a Man walking along the road. Twelve bearded men were with Him and were asking questions. Daniel could only look at the Man whose face was so sad and so kind. A light burned in His eyes as He looked at Daniel and smiled.

Someone whispered, "It's Jesus."

Jesus sat under the tree, and the

LOAVES AND FISHES

Athie Sale Davis

He anly had a simple lunch, Barely enaugh for ane, And kept it clasely all that day To eat at set of sun.

But when the Master needed it
His simple little lunch,
He gladly gave all that he had
Althaugh it wasn't much.

Then in the Master's hands it grew And multiplied until There was enough for everyane And each ane at his fill!

He anly had a simple lunch
But willingly gave all.
Will we share our abundance
When hungry nations call?

men sat down, too. "Who is greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" asked one of them.

Jesus said to Daniel, "Come here, child." His voice was sweet music. With gentle hands he stood Daniel in the midst of the men. "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven," said Jesus. Daniel looked around shyly at the men.

As Daniel stood there, he saw Ruth with a basket of cakes and his lunch. Her eyes were big with surprise. Jesus motioned her to Him. He stroked her hair and blessed her.

People all over the village started to

bring sick people to be healed a children to be blessed. "Let's go hor and get father," said Daniel.

"He is so crippled that by the til we get him here, Jesus will be goncried Ruth.

Daniel called, "Jesus, wait for r father." He did not know if Jes heard him, but He smiled at him.

Daniel and Ruth ran home. "Cor with us, Father. We'll help you! Jes is in the village square!"

Daniel and ruth are their father were puffing and out breath when they finally got to the square. Jesus and His disciples we still there, and many people we crowded around. Daniel and Ruth a most gave up, it was so hard to gethrough the crowd to Jesus. When they did get through, Jesus smiled a them and laid His hands on their father.

"You look like you used to, Fathe straight and tall," exclaimed Danie "Thank you, Jesus!" he cried.

"Jesus, thank you, thank you!" crie Ruth.

The father kissed the hem of Jesus' white robe. "Thank you, Master he said.

"What can we do for Jesus?" aske Daniel.

"Maybe He and His disciples an hungry, could we not give them or lunch and the cakes?"

As they brought their gifts, Jest smiled and blessed them. As the children walked home with their father Daniel said, "If I had played tag an not worked, I would have missed Jesus."

"If I'd kept grumbling and cryin over my burned fingers, and not com with the lunch and cakes, I'd hav missed Him too; then we wouldn' have had a present for Him."

"The cakes and lunch seemed so lit tle for what He did for us," said Dan

"You can love Him," said the fa ther. "That is what He wants most o all—for us to love and obey Him."

"We will do that always," sang Daniel and Ruth.



Peacekeepers

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," Proverbs 16:32.

By CHESTER SHULER

(All rights reserved)

TTAKES TWO to start a fight."
This is a very old saying. Unfortunately, it is also a truth. Ind it is possible—just barely possible!—that we may have been guilty, t some time or other, of being half f the guilty starters! If so, we recall hat the results were not too pleasant. Doubtlessly, we wished fervently that we hadn't helped start the fracas.

While this old saying is all too true, t is likewise a fact that it takes only ne, as a rule, to keep a fight or quarel from getting under way. Just one one person—brave enough to refuse to strike back, or talk back unkindly, or slam a door, or otherwise fail to practice the Golden Rule (Luke 6:31) at the proper moment. (Now, what sort of logic is that? you ask. Who ever heard of a person who refuses to fight or take his part when attacked, being called "brave"?)

It is not often that he is spoken of as brave. But he is brave, nevertheless. He has real courage, the kind that helps one stand firm when he is alone, do the right when the wrong is so much easier or more popular. It is that sort of courage which is needed

to be a peacekeeper.

"Peacekeepers" are brothers to those "peacemakers" about whom Jesus spoke in His Sermon on the Mount (Matthew 5:9), who shall be called "the children of God." And after all, if the old adage "A stitch in time saves nine" be true—and it is—why isn't a "peacekeeper" even more valuable and great in this sorry world than a "peacemaker"? If we keep the peace in the first place, no one will need "make" it later. Of course, the world in general will not learn this for a while yet, but individuals should and can learn it now.

A PEACEKEEPER isn't often called brave, and he is seldom popular, for if the other fellow likes to quarrel and fight, he isn't pleased when the one he picks on outgenerals him by controlling his spirit and spoiling the fight. The average personwho considers it quite all right and very manly to "stand up for his rights," to "take his own part," and to "police the world," etc., considers it rank cowardice to control the spirit and use the "soft answer" (Proverbs 15:1) method to prevent conflict. But a peacekeeper is really great. According to God's Word, he is greater than the mighty—kings, rulers, dictators, captains of industry, intellectuals, and the like. He can do that which is more difficult, more important, more praiseworthy: he can rule his spirit (Proverbs 16:32). And we need not add that to rule one's spirit-to stop the tongue before it can say that ugly word, check the arm before it can strike the blow, prevent writing the letter we are so eager to write—is a hard thing to do.

More fights and quarrels, even wars, are started by the tongue than by the fist, but unkind thoughts usually start the ugly words going. And back of those thoughts is the heart's desire. (Proverbs 23:7). Back of the heart's desires we find—Satan or Christ?

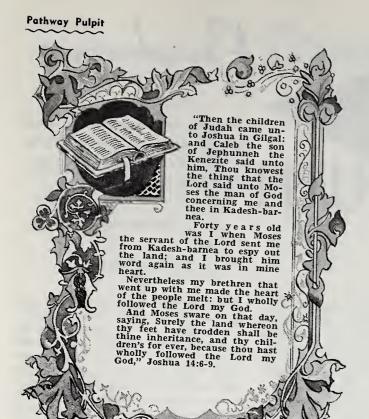
Satan, our enemy, loves to have us think all the while about ourselves. This makes "self" grow and get strong. After a time, everything that is said or done to us touches this ugly "self" and makes it squirm. It feels hot, and uncomfortable, then angry—and presto, we say the ugly word, strike the blow, do the deed that sets off a quarrel, a fight, a whole chain

of evil results! This "self" isn't the same as "selfishness." Some very generous persons are full of self. It is an ugly, evil, cruel, crushing, smothering something which can make life extremely miserable for us and everyone who has to be around us. The tendency to resent an unkind word or deed directed toward us is a sign that self is alive and active. It should be a warning which we heed with alarm.

BUT PERHAPS the good feeling, the feeling of satisfaction and strengthening of spirit which comes with a victory as a peacekeeper is the thing about which we should think now. It is a more positive incentive to try harder to be a peacekeeper, and in the being a peacemaker, also a child of God. No defeat is more deadening to the spirit of man than to know we have spoken or acted unkindly. We may not realize this, always, but it is so true. The one who wins by force is always defeated-in spirit. Going the "second mile," turning the other cheek, giving the cloke to the fellow who didn't return one's coat (Matthew 6:38-42) may be difficult, painful, inconvenient, misunderstood, but these things were commanded by the Lord Jesus. His friends, said He, are those who obey His commandments (John 15:14). His friends are the happy folks.

Being a peacekeeper is difficult, but worth-while. Its reward will come, mostly, in the future, but it also brings present joy, strength, power, an inner satisfaction which the world cannot take away nor understand. And the Lord Jesus, who advocated peacefulness, is eager to help those who are brave enough to strive in this direc-

tion.



Caleb_

The Successful

"If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise coun sellor, caution your elder brother, and hope you guardian genius."—Addison.

By F. L. BRADDOCK

HEN I HEAR of anyone's making a success it always awakens my attention and quickens my interest. Many stories have been told about political, medical, business, and religious successes. I believe the greatest success in life is when a person makes a success of living for God. Such a character is found in our text.

While teaching a class of young people in Sunday School once, I was asked the question, "Is there anyone in the Bible, besides Christ, who doesn't have a mark against his life?" I told them that there were a few. Of course, I didn't name David, Samson, Moses, Abraham, or Peter. I told them there was no mark against Joseph, Joshua, Caleb, or John.

My friend, we can have a pure religion in our day and keep ourselves unspotted from the world. Thank God for the precious blood of Christ that will remove the spots if we do get them on us. Pure religion, however, keeps us unspotted from the world. Notice with me the reasons for and the reward of Caleb's success. Caleb did not accidentally stumble upon the success he attained or have the victory without struggles.

THE FIRST REASON he made a success was because he was an honest man. People may have made success in other vocations without being honest, but if you are going to follow God you must be honest. God will not let you succeed any other way. Forty-five years prior to this time, Joshua and Caleb had been sent out to spy out the land of Canaan along with ten other men. The other ten brought back an evil report, but Joshua and Caleb brought back a good report. Caleb said in verse seven, "I brought word again as it was in mine heart." This man suffered for the truth. He said that they were able to possess the land. The ten made the heart of the people melt. They wept all night in the tents and wanted to get them another leader and return to Egypt. Phil. 1:29, "For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake." This was the experience of Caleb.

Another trait in his character was his *gratitude*. In verse ten he said, "God hath kept me alive these forty and five years." Caleb had seen every other man above the age of twenty years, save Joshua and Moses, die in

the wilderness. He remembered the plagues that God had sent upon those who murmured and complained. He was thankful that God had spared his life so many times. Some people feed like life has dealt to them a very hard blow. Others feel that God has been especially good to them. I feel that God has singled me out from the rest of mankind and bestowed special blessings upon me. Bless His Name!

A major factor in succeeding for God is to be an optimist. That is what Caleb was. He believed they could take the land in spite of the giants. He talked encouragingly to the people. What does your talk do for the cause of Christ? What does your talk do for the new convert? Does it encourage or discourage them? Some preachers spend a great deal of their time trying to fix up something that some older person of a congregation has said to hurt someone who is new in the way.

Isn't it strange how we act towards our new Christians sometimes? When they are sinners coming to our church we are so nice to them—trying to win them to Christ and the Church. Then, after we get them, if they make one little mistake we are ready to frown on them and talk to them harshly. It



astor, Church of God, High Point, N. C.

eminds me of a boy courting his girlriend; they are walking along and he stumbles and nearly falls. He rabs her by the arm and says, "Look out, dear, you nearly fell." They get harried and are walking along; she tumbles and he says, "You clumsy hing, you had better watch where you re going," and he just walks on. Get he point?

What does your talk do to backliders? Does it make them want to ome back to the church, or does it rive them farther away? What does our talk do for Lee College? for the dission program? What does it do for eople in reference to our General officials? If every tongue were sancified, the devil would have to go begging for something to do.

GOD SAID in Num. 14:24, he reason Caleb succeeded was that he was a man of another spirit. That is, he had a spirit different from the majority of the spies. The church today needs men who have a spirit different from the majority. Go through the Bible, and you will always find that God's men have a different spirit from others—they have been men of another spirit.

Abel was a man of another spirit when he offered *life* back to God, and God accepted it. Enoch was a man of another spirit when he walked with God for three hundred years and God took him, for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased

God. Notice, it was before his translation, not after, that he had the testimony. Noah was a man of another spirit when he believed God and built an ark to the saving of his house, while the rest of the world perished. Abraham was a man of another spirit when he told his kindred good-by and went out, not knowing whither he went. Isaac was of another spirit when he refused to fight his enemies over the wells he dug. He moved on and dug some more. Jacob was a man of another spirit after he had his all night wrestling match with the Divine Being and his name was changed to Israel. Elijah was a man of another spirit when he prayed fire out of heaven and fetched water from a sky that hadn't even had a cloud in it for three and a half years.

David was of another spirit when he and Abishai stood over sleeping Saul. Abishai wanted to kill the king so that David could become king. Anyway, thought Abishai, he is trying to kill you; now you kill him. The Lord has delivered him into your hands. David said that he would not stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed. If God wants you in office, he can get you there without your having to kill the one in office either by sword or tongue.

Daniel was a man of another spirit when he refused the king's meat in faraway Babylon; also when he continued to pray three times a day. He was put in the den of lions, but they couldn't eat him. The most of him was grit and the rest backbone.

The three Hebrew children displayed another spirit by refusing to bow to the image of Nebuchadnezzar. They gave the boys another chance and felt sure when they got the music going they would get in the swing of worship and fall down, but they didn't. Those boys wouldn't "bend, budge, nor burn." After the boys had been in the fire awhile, the king looked in and said, "Did we not put three in the furnace? Now I see four in there." When they came out there were only three. The fourth one stayed in there to walk with me when I go through the fiery trials. Hallelujah!

Stephen was a man of another spirit when he stood before the council, and his face shone like an angel's. Some preachers are always contending the reason they can't preach any better is because they have some unbelievers in their congregation. They say they have a kick-back while they preach. If everyone believed like they

did, they could preach good. I don't guess there was anyone who liked Stephen's sermon, but they knew he had the anointing. He manifested a good spirit when he was dying. He prayed that the Lord would not lay this sin to their charge.

Peter certainly had another spirit about him than most men have on the eve of their execution. He was sleeping so soundly that the angel had to smite him to wake him up. Paul was such a man of another spirit that they once put him on a boat as a prisoner; he wound up as captain, giving orders. He told them to eat and that all of them must stay with the boat. His orders were carried out. I could say more of Joseph, Elisha, Solomon, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Hezekiah, Ruth, Rahab, John the Baptist, and a host of others who were of another spirit.

CALEB WAS also unself-ish. He said in verse twelve, "Give me this mountain." This mountain was the headquarters of the giants. Caleb could have said, "Let some of these younger fellows have this hard place, and let me have an easy place." After all, he was one of the charter members of that group. He asked for a hard place. What kind of a place do you request? Preacher, all the easy places are already taken. Somebody else has them. Be willing to take a difficult job and do your best, and you will always come out on top.

When Caleb was eighty-five years old, he said he was ready for war, both offensive and defensive. Some people in this day want to retire at forty. I hear many tell what they used to do for God and the church. We have too many "used to be, ought to be, going to be" members in our churches today. What we need are some men like Caleb and some women like Miriam.

When Miriam was ninety-three years old, she still had the victory. They had just crossed the Red Sea. Mind you, she hadn't crossed the Red Sea in an airliner or in a dynaflow Buick or on a cushioned seat. She had walked all night to get to that spot where she was. She had enough victory to shout all over the place. Praise the Lord. Some people will hardly walk five blocks to get to church. They wonder why God doesn't open up some of their Red Seas of difficulties. They would not be there to go across if God did.

Three times in the lesson text we (Continued on page 23)

NATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL WEEK

T IS ALTOGETHER FITTING that a nation so blessed of God through the Sunday School should set aside a week each year to look back and to think

again of the purpose of the Sunday School.

An institution as old as the Sunday School is always in danger of being taken for granted. For this reason the National Sunday School Association sponsors annually NATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL WEEK between the last Sunday of September and the first Sunday of October. This year NATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL WEEK is September 26-October 3. The first Sunday is designated as National Sunday School Day.

Sunday Schools and churches and even Sunday School Associations will cooperate to make the community and the nation conscious of the Sunday School. The following articles, supplied by the National Sunday School Associ-

ation, give emphasis to that purpose.

The theme "Train Today" is beautifully illustrated on the posters and church bulletin covers. The posters are free, the bulletin covers, \$1.25 per hundred. Order from the National Sunday School Association, 542 South Dearborn Street, Chicago 5, Illinois.

SPIRITUAL VALUES

By John Edgar Hoover, Director Federal Bureau of Investigation, United States Dept. of Justice

F WHAT VALUE is the Sunday School? Who has planted a garden without coming to know that he cannot harvest a fair yield except as

the earth is nourished and cultivated and the sun shines and the rains fall?

If it is not to be dwarfed and stunted, the spiritual side of the human seedling needs care and cultivation and nourishment during the green years quite as much as the physical side requires food and sleep and exercise.

In his letter to the Philippians, the apostle Paul says, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." The Sunday School is a place in which such things may be thought upon, absorbed, and fused into one's being. Its teachings are a major means by which the spiritual life of the child may be nurtured, developed, and brought to full growth.

It is impossible to evaluate fully the effect of the lessons which are taught in the Sunday School. But who, looking at his own past, will attempt to minimize the impression made on his developing personality by exposure to the great truths of the Bible at an age when everything is new and never-to-be-forgotten? Who can fail to remember the picture cards with the Bible verses and the simple stories plainly told and colorfully illustrated? What child has failed to learn something of the majestic law set forth in the Ten Commandments or the challenge in the Sermon on the Mount? What child has not experienced the peace of the twenty-third Psalm and the glory of praise in the Lord's Prayer?

There is no yardstick for assessing the elements which go into making the individual conscience. The things of the Spirit do not lend themselves to easy measurement. But no one should underestimate the role of the Sunday School in developing the spiritual values which make good citizens and which are so vitally essential to the preservation of a free civilization.



Illustrated by CHLOE STEWAR

SUNDAY SCHOOL—HOME BASE FOR MISSIONS

By Harold E. Garner, Christian Education Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

SIDE FROM THE FACT that the Sunday School is the church's greatest medium of teaching the Word, "which is able to make" pupils "wise until salvation," I believe it is the church's greatest means o providing opportunity for Christians to obey Christ's command, "Go ye . . . teach . . . beginning at Jerusalem."

God is calling for missionaries to go across the stree as well as across the sea. The Sunday School provides the local setup for obeying this missionary challenge which is as much for the development of workmen as for the

development of the work.

People have an innate desire to serve. Many times the church does not capitalize on this desire, and as a result its members become discontented with an organization that asks only for their attendance and gifts. "Use me or lose me" is a motto that ought to be hung around the neck of every new convert until the church does something about this challenge. The Sunday School, in its home base as well as in its branch works, is in a strategic | position to offer the best means possible for putting people to work, thus providing a means of stability and growth for those who serve as well as winning others to Christ.

THE ROLE OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

By Frank Carlson, United States Senate (Kansas)

WISH THAT SOMEHOW or other through the National Sunday School Association I might reach the teachers, especially of the boys and girls. My own experience in public life, first in Kansas and now in our Nation, leads me to rate the work of the Sunday School teacher as one of the half dozen greatest assets to our beloved country.

Here in the Sunday School, as in the Christian home, our children and youth find the inspired leadership that



develops and matures their Christian faith. Here our churches find the seed corn of their membership of tomorrow. Of course, the Sunday School can never take and should never take the place of a home where Christ dwells; but it can supplement such a home by systematic Bible study, by training in simple worship, by discussion and exploration of the meaning of Christianity in everyday life. Over and above this, it can and does reach out and attract hundreds of thousands of boys and girls and young people from the other kind of home, where parents are indifferent to religion or derelict in their duty.

Our nation sorely needs citizens and public servants of integrity, whose "yea" is "yea" and "nay" is "nay." It needs citizens who accept responsibility; who assume they have an obligation to serve. These qualities are the full-

flowering of a Christian faith.

Over and beyond this, the world today is in the throes of a gigantic conflict for men's loyalties. We, of the free world know how near even some of our own people are at times to surrendering their birthright of freedom through fear or for the promise of security. At the heart of freedom, its greatest and strongest foundation, is the belief, which many of us learned first in Sunday School, that you and I and each and every human being that ever lived may become a child of the living God—too sacred to be coerced, exploited, terrorized. On this rock we build our country, and we would build the kingdom of God among free men everywhere. To this end, our Sunday Schools are dedicated. To this end, may their teachers ever labor. God give them His power!

I BELIEVE IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL!

By Dr. Lee Roberson, Highland Park Baptist Church, Chattanooga, Tennessee

BELIEVE IN THE work of the Sunday School. Throughout my ministry of over twenty-five years, I have sought to be "a Sunday School pastor." In all of this time, I have not only taken a personal, direct interest in the Sunday School, but I have taught a Sunday School class each Sunday through the years.

I believe in the Sunday School that does three things: First, I believe in the Sunday School that teaches the Word of God. The Sunday School is the teaching hour—not the worship hour, not the training hour. The Word of God should be taught by competent, trained, consecrated teachers. The Sunday School is worthless if the Bible is not the textbook.

Second, I believe in the Sunday School that reaches out to all classes of people. Clannishness has no part in a real Sunday School. The rich, the poor, the high, the low should be sought to come to hear the Word of God. Every Sunday morning the Highland Park Baptist Church, of which I am pastor, sends out eleven buses throughout our city to bring in people who might otherwise never be reached. We sponsor thirty-five chapels and missions in and around the city for the reaching of additional hundreds who reside in places unreached by a Bible church and a Bible-teaching Sunday School.

Third, I believe in the Sunday School that wins souls to Christ. I am unalterably opposed to the Sunday School that teaches the Word Sunday after Sunday but never attempts to bring people to Christ. It is sadly true that in some Sunday Schools a person can attend ten or fifteen years without ever having anyone to witness to him about his soul. The Sunday School fails that does not endeavor to win the lost.

In this time of crisis and uncertainty, we need to enlarge our Sunday Schools, to reach out into the farthest corners to bring all we can into our Sunday Schools now in operation, and establish new schools in the thousands of places where they are needed. I believe in the work of the Sunday School!

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—INDISPENSABLE By RAY H. HUGHES, General Sunday School Director of the Church of God

HE SUNDAY SCHOOL HAS now come to be regarded by many as the most indispensable institution in America. Thirty-two million people in the United States testify to this by enrollment in the same. It is not an accessory agent but a vital part of the American way of life.

It is the one agency of our time that provides Bible teaching on all age levels simultaneously. Trained Christian teachers who have studied the mental, physical, and spiritual traits of various age groups seek to present the Word of God to their hearers in an understandable manner.

There was a time when the Bible was the textbook of our public schools, and for 150 years the New England Primer, of which the Bible comprised eighty-seven per cent, was used in our schools. Today there is little, if anything, of a religious nature found in the curriculum of our public schools.

This fact makes the Sunday School an absolute necessity to provide Bible study for and to cast its character building influences upon American homes. The Sunday School has been rightfully called "America's Institution

for Bible Study."

It was upon the Bible that our republic was founded. Even President Grant stated, "Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor of our liberty. To the influence of this Book we are indebted for all progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future." With little or no regard for the Bible in many (Continued on page 26)

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HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

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Conducted by Alda B. Harrison

Note: Several years ago, when I was editor of The LIGHTED PATHWAY, I carried a series of messages on the subject of home training, and advocated that our mothers organize Home Circles in each church where it was possible. I am reprinting this message to refresh your minds on this subject. This is a needy field.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE MEMBERS:

HIS MONTH I want to talk with you personally. I hope all the young people will listen in, for I am going to give you a little message that I want them to hear, and I want them to remember it down through the years after they have established homes of their own. Some things I have used successfully in the rearing of my own children were impressions that God gave me in my youth before I had a home.

Young people are going to school and training along other lines, but little is being done to train them for the greatest calling in life, that of parenthood.

It is said that the home is the first and greatest institution in the world. The Church is next. We have great theological schools to train our men and women to supervise the work of the Church and that is fine, but how much greater would be the success of the Church if we would give some time in training our young fathers and mothers to conduct the home rightly. This war has opened our eyes to this need. Millions of our boys have been called into the service of our country, and parents are crying all over the world, "Pray for my boy, he is unsaved." If something is not done for our homes now, a few years later it will be alarming at the condition of the world. This is why we are advocating Mothers' Study Circles. Somebody must help to give them an insight into the responsibility that rests upon them.

Our young people are marrying so young. They do not give themselves time to train for life. Soon the honeymoon is over; they settle down to the responsibility of a home, and the little ones begin to arrive. Some make it through all right, but the majority make a complete failure unless someone helps them. We pray that this message may cause you young parents to realize the wonderful possibilities of making your home "The Home Beautiful."

It is possible for you to send those little darlings of yours out into this world equipped for the service of the Master, and no other service is worthwhile in this life nor beneficial in the next. You hold the destiny in your hands. God has a plan for every life, and it is up to you whether or not you help them find the plan God has laid out for them. Don't put the blame on someone else if they go wrong, for God says, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it," Prov. 22:6. If we believe God's Word then this has to be true. I have always said if one of my children is lost, I will say according to God's words, there was something wrong with his training somewhere. But I hear you say, "Oh, I can't believe that. There are Mr. and Mrs. Jones. I have never seen two better Christians in my life, and they have a son in the penitentiary." Well, perhaps their mistake was not a mistake of the heart, but likely it was through ignorance. That is why our young parents need to study child training-so that they may understand ways and means of overcoming these defects in their own homes that they have seen in others.

LET US DRAW a few imaginary pictures of homes. Our first home is presided over by parents who are unsaved. They love their children and would make any sacrifice to give them the best of everything this world holds, but they do not love nor serve God, so they know nothing about God. They have not been taught to pray. The children grow up in the home to enjoy the pleasures of the world. One day the parents see the need of seek-

ing God. They do so, and their lives become shining lights for Christ and the Church. But Johnny and Mary are already caught in the web of the world, and father and mother find it is not easy now to get them free from its entanglements. The training did not begin in time.

Another picture is of a beautiful young girl who is a devoted Christian and marries a young man who is unsaved. She tries to keep up her church attendance and duties and is successful for awhile, until the little ones begin to come along. Burdens get heavy and with no cooperation she gives up and little Bobbie walks in daddy's footsteps. Mother is sad and brokenhearted; confusion takes the place of peace in the home.

ANOTHER beautiful picture is a picture of home. The parents are both Christians. Christ has first place in their lives and in the home. They love each other and walk hand in hand down life's pathway. When the little ones come along, there is cooperation in child training. They talk things over and agree on what shall be done. They are sympathetic, each realizing the other has burdens and needs encouragement. A few years after marriage, two little ones toddle at their feet, prattling in their own way. From the very first, the family altar has been established and now the little ones must be made to love the hour of prayer and devotion. They are taught to say short Bible verses and to lead in prayer in their own little way. Father and Mother teach them how to ask God for the things they need, and they are gently tucked into bed with a goodnight kiss and a "God bless you." The family altar should be made attractive to children by giving them a part in it.

Do you not believe that children reared in a home like the last one will go out to bless the world? Which home is your home like? Young men and women, which home do you want your home to be like? "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

If your home is not a Christian home, you can make it so and start all over again. It is not too late. Jesus stands knocking at your door, begging entrance. Will you let Him in?

When home is ruled according to God's word, angels might be asked to stay with us, and they would not find themselves out of their element.—Spurgeon.

... Helps for the Tempted and Tried ...

Conducted by Aldo B. Horrison

FRIENDLINESS

Scripture, Romons 12

N OUR SCRIPTURE lesson there are many beautiful thoughts Paul has brought out concerning the life of the one who has presented his body a living sacrifice, but there are two verses we desire to use to bring out the teaching our topic suggests.

Verse 10 reads, "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another."

Verse 13 reads, "Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality."

I believe these two verses suggest friendliness, and, to my opinion, there is nothing needed more in the average church than this one thing. Some of our churches are more like refrigerators than anything I can think of.

Not only should we be friendly with our own little group of people, but we should especially show kindness and hospitality toward the strangers within our gates. "I was a stranger and ye took me in," Matt. 25:35. The stranger may be an unsaved man or woman, but our touch of friendliness, a kind word, and a pleasant smile, may bring to pass the fulfillment of Eph. 2:12, 13. Paul says in Heb. 13:1-3, "Let brotherly love continue. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body." That is, let us have that sympathetic, friendly, personal touch that will encourage hearts and make people feel that it's worth-while to come into our midst.

The ministers may say something to encourage the heartbroken, the discouraged, the tempted, and those who are tired and weary of the struggles of life. It is to be hoped that he will, but to the average person a handshake, a pleasant smile, and a "God bless you, come again," will do more to help that discouraged brother or sister to take a new hold on God and life than even

a sermon will do. A good sermon with all the preacher can put into it will lose its effect if the church is cold and indifferent.

I remember one church I went into one time that has made a great impression on me. Before we had been seated three minutes a half dozen people had been to us to welcome us. Of course, we felt very much at home and felt like going back again. This is a good way to spend the few moments before each service, in shaking hands and welcoming those around you.

John B. Gough, who was once a seemingly hopeless drunkard, on being addressed by a Christian woman as Mr. Gough, made this remark, "If that Christian woman can stoop to call me Mr. Gough, I want to be worthy of that respect." That, together with the friendly touch of a young man and an invitation to sign the pledge, was the beginning of a wonderful life of service to the world.

A young girl who was cross and spoiled in the home, with an ungovernable temper, was changed completely by this remark, "That girl has the sweetest face I ever saw." The girl immediately realized that the life behind that face did not correspond with the face, and said, "If I carry a face around like that, I want to be like

THE TEACHER'S PRAYER

By Jessie G. Redpath

"I shall not poss again this way."
Lard, teach me to be kind today;
The law mork raised a little higher
May help the dull mind to ospire.

The unkind word that is not soid Moy leave same glary on my head, And judgments altered, or suppressed Like tempered steel will be the best.

"I shall not poss ogoin this way."
Gad give me wisdom day by doy
To conquer faults that make me sod;
Lord help me to be goad, ond glod.

"I shall not pass again this way."
And heaven is where the children play;
Teach me to hald them in my heart
That I may enter where Thau art.

"I sholl not pass again this way."
Fother of all monkind I proy
For mare obundont love—O make
All teachers kind, for Jesus' sake.

that face." That was the turning point in her life. She is now an untiring laborer in the Master's vineyard. The individual who spoke those words has long ago gone on to glory, never knowing the results of these few words of encouragement. Perhaps the effect of the words of the woman to Mr. Gough was never known to her, but such things are on record and some day she will know.

Young man, young woman, middle aged or old, you may not be able to do great things for God, I mean things that the world calls great, but who could do a greater deed than these two individuals who changed lives by the friendly, encouraging touch.

Let me say if you are filled with the Spirit of Christ, you'll just have to love people until you'll be friendly without trying.

"If you want friends, show yourself friendly" is an old saying. So if we want to make friends for our church, this same rule holds good.

THE MINISTRY OF DEEDS

IT SHALL BE MY purpose to live to render service. Life is hard. I will try to watch for a chance to give a lift to those about me. Deeds of mercy I will do.

In my daily vocation I will seek to do what I am called upon to do so that it shall be saturated with the spirit of spontaneous kindness and illuminated with gladness. I shall try to "brighten the corner where I am."

Cheery greetings with a smile and a bit of banter is the spice of life I would throw in as I go down my way.

It shall be my high resolve to be where great things are being undertaken, and I shall try to do my part. Great deeds as well as kind ones shall be a part of my life. Action shall be my purpose. I shall spurn indifference. I shall seek to back up my word with deeds.

It shall be my high purpose to fill the niche in life intended for me and to do all in my power to be a help to all who are about me.—Heart Throbs of Truth.



ABRAHAM

By MARY D. PLATT

ND TERAH TOOK ABRAM his son, and Lot the son of Haran his son's son, and Sarai his daughter in law, his son Abram's wife; and they went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan; and they came unto Haran, and dwelt there," Genesis 11:31.

Terah was a descendant of Shem, one of Noah's sons. His family had been living in Ur of Chaldees which was in the southern part of Babylonia. Terah had three sons
—Abram, Nahor, and Haran. After the death of Haran, Terah decided to move northward, and he dwelt in the city of Haran until his death.

The Babylonians had many gods and goddesses. They worshiped the fire, the sun, the moon, the stars, and the various forces of nature. The chief of the Babylonian diety was Marduk. Abram's countrymen were idolaters. There are legends of Abram being persecuted because he would not worship the idols. Abram set out in search of a land where he could build a nation that would not have idolatry.

God told Abram to leave the land of his kindred and go to a land that He would show him. God promised to make Abram a great nation, to bless him, and to make his name great. Abram built altars at Shechem and at Bethel in order to worship God while journeying toward

the Promised Land.

A famine caused Abram and Lot to go into Egypt where Abram told the people that Sarai was his sister instead of his wife. Sarai was taken into Pharaoh's house. God plagued Pharaoh and his house because of her. Then

Pharaoh found out that Sarai was Abram's wife; he sent Abram and Sarai away with all of their possessions.

Abram and Lot returned to a former encampment between Bethel and Ai. The herdsmen of Abram and Lot began to quarrel over the limited pasturage. Abram told Lot to take his choice of the land. Lot chose the plain of Jordan which was well watered; Abram pitched his tents among the oak groves of Mamre near Hebron. Then God all the land that he could see, and would give Abram all the land that he could see, and would also make Abram's seed as the dust of the earth.

The Babylonian king, along with his Syrian and other allies, made war on the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah, and Lot was taken prisoner. Abram took a band of tribesmen and chased the enemies almost to Damascus. Abram not only rescued Lot, but also restored the other kings on

their thrones and refused to take any reward.

ABRAM AND SARAI HAD no children; therefore, his property was to go to his trusted servant Eliezer. Sarai suggested that Hagar give birth to a child for Abram. Ishmael was born to Abram and Hagar when Abram was eighty-six years old. A few years later God revealed to Abram that Sarai would bear him a son. Sarai's name was changed to Sarah, meaning princess, and Abram's name was changed to Abraham, meaning father of people.

God's promise to Abraham was confirmed later by the Lord and two angels which visited Abraham's tent in human form. The angels went on to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah for their wickedness and the Lord stayed behind to inform Abraham of it. Abraham asked for the cities to be saved because of the righteous people in them, but ten righteous people could not be found. Lot and his daughters were the only people saved. Abraham then (Continued on page 26)



God's Call – My Answer

By VIRGIL O'NEIL McCULLOUGH

T WAS NEW YEAR'S night in 1942. The Jasper, Florida, Church of God was crowded. Many persons were giving their testimonies of what they believed to have been the most important incidents in their lives during the past year. I had never admitted my calling from God nor had I made a public confession as I did that night. Even against my will, I related how I had been in private prayer some months before, and after repeating the words of Christ "Say not ye there are yet four months and then cometh harvest . . . Pray ye therefore that the Lord of harvest that he would send forth laborers into the harvest," a voice came to me, saying not audibly but definitely, "Neil, how can you truly pray that prayer unless you, yourself, are willing to go?"

I was awe-stricken. I did not want to be a minister or a missionary. I wanted to be a good church member, help the Lord's work with my finances, and work otherwise in His service, but certainly I did not want to be stigmatized "preacher." However, as I listened, I heard again the still, small voice saying the same words to me. In my own mind I feared that I was being swept along by some strange force or power, and I did not want to be deceived. I said, "Lord, if this is from Thee, speak to me again."

Then for the third time, I heard the same words as before. Then and there I determined to do God's will regardless of how different was my own choice. I put out a fleece before the Lord, and He confirmed His visitation so definitely that at last I resigned as manager of Eagle Clothing Company in Madison, Florida. I enrolled in Bible Training School and College in Sevierville, Tennessee. There I remained for three and one-half years.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to state the benefits I received while in the school. The example set by the different presidents went far toward my development. Some of their ser-

mons and chapel talks will never be forgotten. The godly character of teachers; such as, Miss Ruby Thompson, Sister Avis Swiger, and others, left an indelible impression upon me. I entered the school a very timid, blushing boy; and felt deeply the sting of an inferiority complex, probably developed during my high school years. As I was the only Pentecostal boy in a big junior-senior high school, I knew what loneliness and heartsickness were. I knew the pangs of being chided for my faith in God. I felt the stinging criticism and mockery of my teachers and classmates when I explained that I could not participate in many of the functions of the class; such as, dancing, swimming, parties, movies, etc. I knew what it was to be tempted by groups of boys who wanted me to associate with them in their habits of evil and vice. As a result of these things and the ever persistent fact of poverty in the home, I withdrew into a sort of shell. Bible Training School rescued me. There I gained confidence in myself and in others. I was placed in positions of responsibility which I endeavored to carry out to the fullest extent, and I terminated my last year as president of the largest senior class in the history of the school.

On August 29, 1947, under the big tent at the beautiful Georgia State Campground, I was married to Miss Ineze Chambers, of Columbus, Georgia. After nine months as youth director at Hemphill Avenue Church of God in Atlanta and during which time I also attended Columbia Seminary in Decatur, we were asked by the Missions Board to go to Utila Island, Honduras, Central America, and establish a Christian day school. We did not hesitate long, and on July 8, 1948, we arrived at our post where we were to labor for the next three years. A few weeks later we were entertained by most of the island's population in celebration of our first wedding anniversary and our welcome to the island.

During our stay on the island, we

were greatly helped by the Lord to erect and direct a seven-grade elementary school. With the help of the Ladies' Willing Workers' Band of the church and by various money-raising methods, we raised and spent more than \$4,000.

When our three-year term came to a close we looked back with satisfaction. In place of the little frame building we found when we arrived there, we saw a splendid two-story structure, sixty-five feet long which housed the school and the church, and both were equipped with practically every necessity.

As we sailed away on the small mail boat that morning, and saw the people along the beach waving their goodbyes, it was a sight that we shall never forget. Many were on our porch from four o'clock in the morning and many more gathered to accompany us down the one main street of the island. Thus it was that another era ended for us as we embarked upon our return voyage to the good old U.S.A. and home.

OUR FURLOUGH WAS to have been six months, but was extended to permit me to continue my studies in Bob Jones University in Greenville, South Carolina. After one year and a half in the university, during which time I pastored a church at Duncan, South Carolina, the Missions Board appointed us to come to El Salvador, Central America. Here we are to direct a Bible school to train native workers for our work in Central America, which is a "land of darkness," but truly a "land of promise."

A new chapter in my life has begun. I look forward to many useful years for the Master here. It is my earnest hope and desire that many young Christians will fully dedicate themselves to a teaching ministry and go forth into the harvest field where they will be able to train the multitude of workers who are needed to reap the "great harvest" before it is ultimately too late.



The spotlight honors this month go to Nelda Deverne King. Nelda was born in Benndale, Mississippi, September 19, 1932. She was saved at an early age of ten and became a member of the Church of God. She graduated from Agricola High School in 1950, and entered Clark's Business School, Jackson, Mississippi, that fall. In March, 1951, she began working in the Auditing Department of Armour and Company in Jackson. The following year she visited Lee College on her vacation. When she returned home she had decided to enroll as a student at Lee. She entered the Junior College Department in June, 1952, graduating in May, 1954. While attending Lee she was active in the various activities of the school, and in her Senior year was chosen in Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities. She also served as secretary to Rev. R. L. Platt, Dean of the Junior College Division.

Division.

Nelda is active in her local church, having served as church pianist, Sunday School teacher, and Y.P.E. president. She is employed in the Bookkeeping Department of the First National Bank, Jackson, Mis-

Bookkeeping Department of the First National Bank, Jackson, Mississippi.

We believe that the exceptional intellect, pleasant personality and deep religious convictions which have characterized Nelda heretofore, will assure her of a successful future. The initiative she has shown previously will surely cause her to be very active in the work of Christ and His Church.

This month's youth spotlight focuses on B. Paul Jones, who was born in Barbourville, Kentucky on August 4, 1929. Following his graduation from Barbourville High School in 1947, he moved to Detroit, Michigan. It was while there that he was converted in the Church of God, Also while there he met Lois Milligan, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. W. Carl Milligan, whom he married on October 28, 1950. He attended the second semester of Lee Junior College in 1950, and then returned to Detroit where he served as Sunday School Secretary of the Church of God Tabernacle. During this time he received the baptism with the Holy Ghost.

Paul had felt the call to the ministry since being converted, and shortly after his marriage he began preaching. His first pastorate was at Carey, Ohio. His next pastorate was at Mogadore, Ohio, and while serving there a son, Ronnie, was born on November 23, 1951. Brother Jones is now pastoring the Church of God in Ashland, Ohio, where he is enjoying a very successful ministry, and is continuing his education at Ashland College.

This young man is also doing a commendable work as the Ashland District Sunday School and Youth Director and is rendering valuable service in serving as a member of the Ohio State Sunday School and Youth Board. For such a consecrated, conscientious, and energetic young minister, the future is exceedingly promising.

GOD THE BREAKER

Grace Cash

They planted trees, a line-Stalwart, strong-And when the winds came, Howling long, The tender plants knew warmth And care. For protection the breakers Brought to bear.

So men should plant their trust In God, the Breaker strong, And when life's storms rage, Fierce and long, The soul will know such warmth And care. From the Breaker Planted there.

ROYAL COMPANY

Louise Moss Montgomery

Since God has seen His Son die, Why should I complain Because the sky is overcast, Because a dream is vain?

I know He does not love me less Because He sends me pain, For Christ Himself hung on the cross, And God wept tears of rain!

MEDITATIONS

FUTILITY LeRoy C. Brown

A skeptic's voice—a feeble sound Against the living God; Soon skeptic's feet will sink beneath The hollow earth they trod.

For skeptics come and skeptics go, But God's Word still lives on To teach and guide a million fold When the skeptic's dust is gone.

SEEDS OF SUSPICION Athie Sale Davis

She did not say the ugly word, Only her shrug the thought inferred, But the absent one did not have a chance

Against innuendo and circumstance!

Weeds of suspicion grew rank and tall From the seed that careless shrug let fall.

Though the thing inferred was really untrue

Those gossip seeds took deep root and grew!

THE SMILE WORTH-WHILE Chester Shuler

It's easy to smile When you know all the while That the one whom you smile to Will smile back at you; But the smile worth-while Is the smile that you smile When you really don't care to But do.

LORD, LET ME SEE! Rhoda Howell

Lord, open my eyes so that I may see The wondrous truths in store for me-

The truths that lead from the path of sin,

So the gates of heaven I may enter

Then lead me, Lord, the way Christ went,

So that all my life may be well spent In service true, for Christ the Lord, Whose loving smile is my reward.

Send me in love to the lost ones dear, So that every soul may Thy gospel hear.

save those souls-my urgent And plea-

For an everlasting life in Thee.



My Faith Looks Up To Thee

"The last verse was written through blinding tears."

By KATHERINE BEVIS

VERY REAL HYMN has its story, if only we could discover that story. The very fact that great symns have been wrought out of actual human experience gives to them the great power which they undoubtedly exert upon the hearts of men.

Many of our best Christian hymns were penned by young people. A great old hymn, now more than a century old, "MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE," was written by a young man only twenty-two years of age.

Even though New York City in 1830 was not an appalling metropolis, it was large enough to give a young man just out of college, reasons for feeling lonely and discouraged.

Ray Palmer was born in 1808 into the home of Judge Thomas Palmer of Rhode Island. This family, residing in Little Compton, was well-known in New England history. Many of us did not know, as we read and "lived" in the romantic story of John and Priscilla Alden, that this young composer was one of their descendants through their daughter, Elizabeth.

FROM A VERY YOUNG child, Ray had expressed the feelings of his heart in verse. When at the age of twenty-two he wrote this hymn that has been spoken of as "by far the most precious contribution that American genius has yet made to the hymnody of the Christian Church, these were the words he used to express the reason for this composition, "No outer circumstances occasioned the inspiration for these words, for they were born of my own soul."

Young Palmer, after three years of preparation at Phillips Academy, Andover, entered Yale College, from which he graduated in 1830.

He immediately went to New York City to teach, and it was during his first year in the "great city," that he wrote this hymn that has made him best known to posterity.

With no thought of composing a hymn, he had been translating two verses from a German poem. They told of a suppliant at the cross. The words of the poem stayed in his mind, and as he sat that evening in the quiet of his room—feeling the deep conscious need of his own soul—he transferred to paper that vision of faith that was filling his own heart.

As he wrote the words down on a loose sheet of paper, he had no thought of anyone else reading them—the words being written only for the satisfaction of his own hungry soul. Later, since they had become such a part of him, he copied them into a

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

Ray Palmer

My foith looks up to thee, Thou Lomb of Calvary, Saviour divine; Now heor me while I proy, Toke all my sins owoy, Oh let me from this doy Be wholly thine.

Moy thy rich grace import
Strength to my fointing heort,
My zeol inspire;
As thou host died for me,
Oh moy my love to thee,
Pure, worm and changeless be
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I treod, And griefs oround me spreod Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to doy Wipe sorrow's tears awoy Nor let me ever stroy From thee oside. small morocco-covered notebook which he carried with him at all times.

He told a friend later that all the words were written with very tender emotion, and the last stanza through blinding tears.

For two years, this pocket notebook was a source of blessing to the life of Ray Palmer, and might have remained "a hidden blessing in a notebook" had it not been for a chance meeting with a friend on a Boston Street one day in 1832.

LOWELL MASON happened to meet Dr. Palmer on the street this day and, remembering his poetic gifts, asked him if he would be so kind as to furnish some hymnpoems that he and Thomas Hastings needed for the "HYMN AND TUNE BOOK" they were making an effort to publish.

Right there on the street, Palmer took out his notebook and made a copy of "MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE" and handed it to Dr. Mason. Thanking him, Mason put the slip of paper in his pocket, apparently without much thought.

The next day, in his home, Mason read the poem over. He was so impressed with the ardent beauty of the words, that he quickly contacted Palmer, and not waiting even for the usual greeting between friends, exclaimed, "Mr. Palmer, you may live many years to do many noble, good things, but I am sure that you shall be best known to posterity because of your being the author of "MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE."

All over the entire world today, this hymn is sung to the air of one of Mason's loveliest melodies, OLIVET, for it is widely included in hymnbooks of all faiths and is translated into many foreign languages.

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FASCINATING

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THE STATE OF THE S

CALEB—THE SUCCESSFUL (Continued from page 13)

ind these words He wholly followed he Lord. That is a major reason he ucceeded. He was not one of these off and on" Christians, serving the ord when everything was convenient, hen forsaking Him when the going ets rough. Caleb was there on the b for God 365 days in the year. If ou are ever going to amount to anyhing for God, make up your mind to o through with Him regardless of the ost. He who does not do well at all imes, under all conditions, no mater what the circumstances, does not lo well at all. Be determined to folow God, not by spurts and jumps, out with an experience that will be teady and dependable and will alvays find you at your post of duty.

This man had patience. He waited orty-five years to get the promise hat was his. Many would enter this Christian race if they could make it o heaven in one day. We need paience after that we have done the vill of God that we may receive the promise (Heb. 10:36). He exercised aith. He believed that he could have hat mountain that God had promised o him through Moses. He did not beieve he could do the job by himself. He said, "If the Lord be with me I shall be able to drive them out." Yes, f God be with us, what good will it to the whole world to be against us?

Now for the rewards. His first reward was the blessing of Joshua, (Verse 13). Joshua is a type of Christ. The true Joshua (Christ) will also bless all those who succeed n following God. Caleb was given his lesire. He wanted this place, and it was given to him. Psa. 84:11, "The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." God is light and protection to His people—a sun for dark days and a shield for battle days. He will give grace for this life, and glory for the one to come—all that we can stand in either world. No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. This is practical righteousness-to walk uprightly. Caleb did this, and God gave him his desire.

Caleb was also given Hebron. This stands for God's BEST. I used to have the impression if I lived for God. I would only have my bare necessities supplied in this life. I found out I could have a bit more. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not WANT," Psa.



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23:1. Psa. 34:10, "The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

Caleb's inheritance was given to his children after him. The best way for you to help your loved ones is to WHOLLY FOLLOW GOD. I have two boys. If Jesus tarries, some of these days their daddy will be dead. Being a preacher, I do not expect to be able to leave them a million dollars each, but I want to leave to their memory a man that wholly followed the Lord his God. May they be able to remember the man they called daddy as one who loved God with all his heart, soul, mind, and strength; one who worshiped God with every ounce of devotion that he had; one who led them to faith in Christ.

You may feel like you have made a miserable failure in living for God. Friend, I want to hold out some hope to you. The past pages of your life may be all marked and scratched up, but there is not a mark on the pages



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WHICH WAY OUT?

By H. L. Smith

LEADER:

In our land today, there are many ways of life. The young person can secure a job in practically any field he chooses—in factories, offices, stores, and many other places too numerous to name.

Yes! this is supposed to be a won-derful world in which we live, offering everyone his desires—a chance to get ahead in life, a chance for travel, adventure, and good times. This is the way the people of the world would like to visualize it, but according to Matt. 7:13-14, there are only two ways of life.

Which will you take?

FIRST SPEAKER:
"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat," Mat-thew 7:13.

This gate is wide; it tempts men, women, boys, and girls. It is very enticing to everyone. All you have to do is go with the crowd. All the lust, pride, and passions travel this road because it is smooth, wide, and seem-

ingly, no troubles are found there.
You may walk in the way of your heart and the sight of your eyes. You will have a lot of company for "many there be which go in thereat." Read

Prov. 14:12.

It is natural for us to want to go downstream and do as most people do, but it is too great a price to be condemned with others and be lost with them because they refuse to go with us to heaven.

Will you take this way out? SECOND SPEAKER:

"Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it, Matthew 7:14.

What makes this gate so unpopular to most people? Christ tells us that through this gate walk grace and

truth.

Regeneration is the gate by which we enter into a life of faith and godliness. From sin into grace we must pass through the new birth, John 3:3-5. There must be a new heart and spirit, old things passed away making everything new.

We must break our old habits and start swimming upstream instead of floating down. We must deny our-selves, put off the old man and raise up the new-walk straight, talk straight, and live straight.

This gate leads to life, to present comfort in the presence of God. It is straight, and the way is narrow and uphill, but when we see Jesus, it will be worth it all. Read John 14:6.

So take this way and LIVE.

WHICH WAY OUT?

Author Unknown

Philosophy says, "Think your way out"; Repeal says, "Drink your way out"; The New Deal says, "Spend your way out";

Politics says, out"; "Legislate your way

Science says, "Invent your way out"; Industry says, "Work your way out"; Communism says, "Strike your way out"

Townsendism says, "Pension your way out";

Fascism says, "Bluff your way out"; Militarism says, "Fight your way out"; The Bible says, "Pray your way out"; for

Jesus says, "I am the Way out." -Selected.

Y.P.E. ON THE AIR By Alene Moore

Materials Needed: Have two cards made of poster board with the word "On the Air" and "Off the Air" neatly printed in dark letters. A mike should be fixed at the speaker's stand and one by the piano. If a tape recorder is obtainable, it would be good to record the entire program.

PROGRAM DIRECTOR: Tonight we are to have a mock radio program for our service, but before we come "On the Air" please stand and let us be-gin our regular service with congregational prayer led by Mr. Praver:

(Offering may be taken at this time or immediately after the "Off the air" card is displayed.)

General Guide Script

Station LOVE

Show card "On the Air." Theme: "Y.P.E. Song" (Theme be-

comes softer as announcer speaks).
ANNOUNCER: This is Station LOVE presenting from the main auditorium of the Church of God on ight worship service of the youth of the church. You are invited to join them each and every Friday evening at this time as they endeavor to bring to you the glorious gospel. (Theme becomes louder as announcer finishes.)
MASTER OF CEREMONIES: (as

theme dies away) Yes, we are glad to be able to greet you once again with our program "....." and our program " to proclaim the glorious gospel message of Jesus Christ. The young people sing a hymn of testimony, "Love Lift-ed Me," led by Mr. (Have someone show the card to the audi-

ence with the page number on it, page 265 in Church Hymnal.)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: Contin uing their spirited praise to God, the young people will sing "I Want to Love Him More" (Page 342). Why don't you hum or sing along with us? I'm sure you will remember this much-loved

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: It is trio (quartet or duet) time and as sings "I'c Rather Have Jesus," let us worship God with all of our heart.

ANNOUNCER: "Spot Plug." The Church of God young people are happy to invite you to their regular Y.P.E services on Friday night at 7:30 p.m. not only to Y.P.E. but to Sunday School Sunday morning at 9:45. (Put any special announcements in at this time.)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends, John 15:13. Join in the song as they sing "The Love of God." (Golden Notes, page 96.)

ANNOUNCER: Scripture reading-"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish. but have everlasting life," John 3:16.

Solo: "The Love of God." (Page 220) in Church Hymnal.)

SPEAKER: "God is love," 1 John 4:8b. God's love is the greatest of all love. It far surpasses even the love of a mother. Did not God give his only begotten Son for our redemption? But why? Because it is God in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himselfseeking and saving the lost and dying souls of this downtrodden world. God loves you and me with a love that no man is able to grasp in his small finite mind. "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us . . . full of grace and truth," John 1:14. This was God's way of saying to all mankind that He loves us, but how great is our love for God?

Often the story has been told of a little girl who was blind. She was the proud owner of a small, ragged teddy bear which she kept with her all of the time, even when she went to bed. She loved her little bear very much. One day her mother took her to an eye specialist who examined the little girl's eyes. He thought maybe an op-eration would be successful, and he performed it even though her parents did not have the money to pay him. The small girl kept her small bear beside her during her stay at the hospital, as it was a few days before the bandages could come off her eyes. Finally the day arrived, and she had prayed earnestly that God would make her see. As the doctor finally took the bandages off, she looked into her mother's eyes; she was so happy because she could see. She turned to the doctor and, with tears in her eyes, took the little bear and handed it to him. "Here's all I have on earth," she said, "but I want you to have it." She had given all she had to thank him.

In 1 John 4:16-19 we read, "And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as he is, so are we in this world. There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made erfect in love. We love him, because he first loved us.

We must love God wholeheartedly. Truly, His love for us is fathomless. Even after seeing His own dear Son rejected and nailed to the cross, He still loves us and never forsakes us. We stand empty handed before God, unable to repay Him. He gave His all for us, so let us yield our all to Him—which is our life.

May we say with Paul, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; vet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me," Galatians 2:20.

THEME: ANNOUNCER: (as theme is played softly) We certainly have enjoyed singing and praising God in song and in reading of the Word from the main _ Church of auditorium of the God. This has been a program presented by the young people of the church; we wish to invite you to join us every Friday night at 7:30.

(Theme finishes.)
"Off the Air" sign displayed. Service closed with prayer.

"JOSEPH REFUSES!" By Earl T. Golden

LEADER:

Scripture Text: Genesis 39:8-9, "But he refused, and said unto his master's wife, Behold, my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and he hath committeth all that he hath to my hand; there is none greater in this house than I; neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, because thou art his wife: how then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"

At the time of this lesson Joseph was less than thirty years of age. Already his life had been filled with many bitter experiences. He had been sold by his brothers into the hands of foreigners. Now he faces the possibility of being put into prison because of the lies of a wicked woman. Joseph's adversities had strengthened him both morally and spiritually. We, too, should make our adversities steppingstones to success. FIRST SPEAKER: What Joseph Re-

fused. A. He Refused the Evil Advances of

a Wicked Woman.

Today, young people are facing a world that has greatly cheapened its moral standards. In fact, the very moral fiber of our nation is rottening and weakening away. Too many of youth's standards are being set by the divorcees of Hollywood and misleading reports such as the Kinsey reports.

Young people, the devil would like to make you think that in order to be popular you must take part in the cheap and sensual social life. Do not let the devil deceive you. When you sacrifice your purity for popularity, you will always be the loser. SECOND SPEAKER: Why Joseph Refused.

A. He Respected His Influence With Others.

Joseph's master, Potiphar, had placed much confidence in him; Potiphar had placed him in authority over all his house. Joseph could not afford to betray this confidence. Remember young people, when you do wrong someone is watching you, and you will injure and perhaps kill your influence with them. For the sake of others, you cannot afford to do wrong.

B. He Respected His Own Conscience.

Joseph knew he would always have to live with himself. He had always lived a life so that he would not have to be ashamed to stand before God or man. Remember young people, when you do wrong it will haunt you through life. Many things will come before you to remind you of your sin. For your own conscience's sake, you cannot afford to do wrong.

C. He Respected God.

As we study the life of Joseph, we find a stirring statement made about him each time he falls into adversity. It consists of four words—"God was with him." He wanted to keep God with him, and he was determined to do so. THIRD SPEAKER: What Joseph Received.

A. He Received Position.

From the prison he was promoted to a position second only to the king. He became the Prime Minister of Egypt. Going to prison under false accusation seems a long and hard way to get to the position of Prime Minister. However, the Bible tells us that he was put in prison, "but the Lord was with Joseph." It has been said, "God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform."

B. He Received Power.

"Only in the throne will I be greater than thou." These are the words of Pharaoh as he appoints Joseph ruler over all the land of Egypt.

C. He Received Preservation.

God revealed to Joseph the dream of Pharaoh, thus making it possible for Egypt to prepare against the day of famine. Joseph thereby becomes not only the preserver of his own family, but the preserver of all the known world of his time.

LEADER:

There are three things that are very significant in the life of Joseph. Each one starts with the letter "P." Pit, Prison, and Power. These are the steps that God chose to lead a young man who was not afraid to say "no" to the rulership of the greatest nation of his day.

God's Hedges

JONATHAN WEST

DADDY," confided the small son, "I can always run to Grandpa's house more quickly in win-ter time than in spring time."

"And why is that so, sonny?" asked

the father.

"'Cause in winter there are only bare bushes and trees along the path, but in spring there are such pretty flowers and birds everywhere, and I have to run off the path and look at them. It's hard, Daddy, to keep running along the path when things are so pretty alongside."

Christians, like the boy, have the same difficulty at times. It is so easy to leave the heavenly pathway to pick the flowers of worldly pleasure. Perhaps this explains why certain hin-drances and afflictions are permitted at times to come upon our lives and hedge us in. Hedges, as a rule, are thorny and seem unkind to those who would pass through them, yet they can have useful functions.

In the book of Job, we read about a complaint which Satan registered with "You have placed a hedge about the devil charged, "and about all God. that he owns. Take it away, and I will afflict Job so that he will curse You."

Possibly Job didn't know about the protective hedge at that time. There isn't much doubt that Job failed to appreciate the afflictions which came upon him, but later, when his eyes had been opened, he understood. It is that way with us. Afflictions are grievous and unwelcome. Sometimes they almost cause us, in weak and unthinking moments, to blame God for allowing us to suffer so greatly. That is just what Satan wants us to do! We cannot love sometimes the same time. one and accuse him at the same time. If we accept affliction as a hedge, however, it will help.

The evil one cannot penetrate God's protective hedges. Oh, that we were better able to recognize such hedges, and be grateful for them! Too often, though, they appear as hindrances between us and the things we so greatly desire. We fail to thank God for His "stops" as well as for His "starts" in

The winter of adversity, poverty, trouble, or sorrow may seem long, drear, and impossible to traverse, but it may also serve to keep our feet from wandering from the heavenly pathway which leads to eternal life. (Matthew 7:14) (Matthew 7:14)

If so, we can thank God for our hedges. Let us stop to examine our afflictions and hindrances now. They may not all come from God's hedging process, but some of them probably do. We need to ask Him to keep us hedged about at all times against the marauding attacks of the enemy.

THE CRY OF THE VIOLIN

(Continued from page 5)

played, I knew that I couldn't end the meeting tonight without an invitation to the unsaved. It was music for the soul. Praise God. Your life can be like the music, living completely in God's love. If your life is trouble, despair, and darkness now, it can be joy and peace and light with the Light of love, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. He is Light. He is our Sun. Just open your heart. Let the Light shine in! Let your tears of despair turn into tears of joy!"

Then quietly, he gave an invitation. There was a moment of quietness in the church. A man stumbled forward, then a woman and a young boy.

tnen a woman and a young boy.

Dorothy folded her hands, a prayer of thanks and praise on her lips, warmth and joy in her heart.

This was the complete answer to her prayer. Her music had made a spell over the church—a feeling of God—

and people responded.

What do I care for empty, worldly tunes, she thought, when I can help win souls for Christ with my music through God. Her love and talent for music was given a new meaning, a new work for the Lord. Then there was a prayer on her lips.

"Thank you, Lord, for Thy greatness and Thy love. Thou hast given me my life work because I followed Thy will. Thou hast given me deeper faith in prayer. Thou hast given me—"

Her whisper ended in a sob. Her heart was too full for words, and she knew God knew what she could not

say.

Her heart was at peace now, her struggle done. She had been lost and saved. She'd resisted, fought, and given in. Now her reward—delight in the will of God.

ESTES KEFAUVER ADDRESS

(Continued from page 7)

we are seeking political and religious freedom and that there is a divine hand that will guide us, if we will but trust Him and do our best, our mission in the new land will be successful."

That is what all of us Americans need today. We need faith; we need to trust; and we need to have intelligent courage. I know that you good people here tonight in this wonderful camp meeting will take the messages you have heard and let them be a guide as to the kind of influence you will be in your community, and be more determined than ever, when you go back, to carry on and to put into practice the things you have learned and to which you have dedicated yourselves here.

THE LAMPLIGHTER

(Continued from page 3)

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith," Hebrews 12:1, 2a.

FROM TRAGEDY TO TRIUMPH

(Continued from page 9)

I have lived. They have only existed. I have drunk the cup of life down to the very dregs. They have only sipped at the bubbles on the top of it. This of itself is a compensation for many sorrows, but I have more. I have proved myself to myself. I know that I have the strength to endure and the courage to carry on, and that I will not be craven enough to run up the white flag, no matter what other difficulties I may be called upon to meet."

The great American counsellor quietly passed away December 16, 1951, at the age of 90 in New Orleans, the city she loved. Newspapers in most nations carried full stories of her life—a life that knew grief, but knew how to overcome it.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

(Continued from page 18)

went to Gerar in southern Palestine. Again he said that Sarah was his sister. Abimelech, the king, reproved Abraham when he found out that Sarah was Abraham's wife.

When Sarah was ninety years old, she gave birth to Isaac. Ishmael, Hagar's son, made fun of Isaac, and Sarah had Abraham to send Hagar and Ishmael away. Abraham did not approve of this because God had promised to bless Ishmael and Isaac. God told Abraham to do as Sarah asked him to do, and he sent Hagar and Ishmael away.

Sometime in Isaac's boyhood, God commanded Abraham to make a burnt offering of Isaac. Abraham, his servants, and Isaac went to the land of Moriah to offer sacrifice unto God. Abraham left the servants behind; he and Isaac went to offer the sacrifice. He bound Isaac and laid him upon the altar. Then an angel told Abraham to spare Isaac. A ram was caught by his horns in the bushes. Abraham offered it as a sacrifice unto God.

Sarah died in Hebron and was buried in the cave of Machpelah. After Sarah's death, Abraham married Keturah, and they had six sons. At the age of one hundred and seventy-five, Abraham died and was buried beside

Sarah.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL— INDISPENSABLE

(Continued from page 15)

American homes and little Bible teaching in our schools, the Sunday School seeks to give the Word of God its due prominence.

Captain Duncan Matthewson of San Francisco Police Department says, "If we hold our adolescents in Sunday School, we will empty our courts and fill our churches."

A sure foundation for the social fabric of our nation and the greatest bulwark against juvenile delinquency and threatening Communism is the Sunday School.

What would our country be without a Sunday School?



University of the second of th



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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL IN ACTION \$3.00

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RAY H. HUGHES

ROUNDUP TIME

I TAKE THIS opportuniy to express my sincere appreciation or your cooperation in the Sunday chool and Youth program of the Nalonal office for the past two years.

However, a new church year began he last week of August, and we canot afford to rest on the laurels of he past. It should be our desire to nlarge our borders, lengthen our ords, and strengthen our stakes. Oh! hat God would make keen our vision o meet the need of these times, for where there is no vision the people perish."

To start the new church year off ight, we have labeled September as loundup Month, or the month in which to retrieve those who were lost o our Sunday School and Y.P.E. during the summer months. People have returned from vacation, school has begun, and life has again settled down

to normal. Therefore, those who might have become irregular in attendance or stopped altogether during the summer months, must be made aware of the need for regular Bible study and worship which the church affords. They must also realize that someone cares and someone is willing to expend effort to return them to the Sunday School and church services.

With most ranchers, fall is naturally roundup time. The purpose of their roundup is to establish count, determine losses, re-establish identification, and to safeguard the health of their cattle.

Droughts, dry weather, and insufficient water during the hot summer months, often bring losses in a herd. The summer months not only take their toll in cattle, but also in human beings to the extent that many are lost from the church.

An all-out program of contact and visitation of absentees is imperative at this time of the year to stabilize the Sunday School. Visitation has been called "The Forgotten Secret" of building a Sunday School.

October is extension month, but before one can extend the borders of the church he must first restore the absentees and delinquents. This program will help you prepare for the gigantic church-wide Sunday School contest which begins October 10, and continues through November 15, 1954.

This year could bring the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Let us, therefore, labor with this in view.—Ray H. Hughes.

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN SUNDAY SCHOOL Average Weekly Attendance for June GROUP AA

Vorth Carolina Fennessee South Carolina Georgia Torida			17,447 14,642 14,223
West Virginia Virginia	GROUP		10,391 6,569
Kentucky Ohio Texas			6,546
South Alabama	GROUP		_ 3,643
Illinois			_ 3,170 _ 3,130
California Pennsylvania			3,038
	GROUP	С	0.600
Arkansas Missouri			_ 2,615
Oklahoma Louisiana			_ 2,297
Arizona	GROUP	D	_ 1,082
Kansas			723
Maine Washington New Mexico Western Canada			730 684
North Dakota			

GROUP F	178
New Jersey	
Idaho	162
New York	154
Nebraska	119
GROUP G	
Central Canada	. 83
Wyoming	. 33
Massachusetts	. 15
Connecticut	. 7

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN Y.P.E. Average Weekly Attendance for June

Tennessee 9,403 North Carolina 8,647 Georgia 7,670 South Carolina 5,753 North Alabama 4,804 West Virginia 6,990 Kentucky 4,305 Virginia 3,911 Ohio 3,609 Mississippi 3,371 California 2,656
North Carolina 8,647 Georgia 7,670 South Carolina 5,753 North Alabama 4,804 West Virginia 6,990 Kentucky 4,305 Virginia 3,911 Ohio 3,609 Mississispipi 3,371 GROUP B 3,609
Georgia 7,670
South Carolina 5,753 North Alabama 4,804 GROUP A West Virginia 6,990 Kentucky 4,305 Virginia 3,619 Ohio 3,609 Mississispipi 3,371 GROUP B 3,609
North Alabama
GROUP A 6,990
West Virginia 6,990 Kentucky 4,305 Virginia 3,911 Ohio 3,609 Mississisppi 3,371 GROUP B 3,609
Kentucky 4,305 Virginia 3,911 Ohio 3,609 Mississippi 3,371 GROUP B
Virginia 3,911 Ohio 3,609 Mississippi 3,371 GROUP B
Ohio 3,609 Mississippi 3,371 GROUP B
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Mississippi 3,371 GROUP B
0.050
0.050
Illinois 2,225 Pennsylvania 1,840
- Carabo Ja Fulland
South Alabama
MICHIBAII
GROUP C
Arkansas 1,763
Missouri 1,691

Louisiana			1.078
Oklahoma			1,550
	GROUP	D	
Antaono			626
Arizona			020
	GROUP	E	
Washington			404
New Mexico			
North Dakota			
			237
Montana			220
	GROUP	TG1	
			00
Idaho			88
Nebraska			63
New York			61
New Jersey			
	GROUP	G	
Central Canada			43
Massachusetts			
Wyoming			
Connecticut			6
002221000110110			

NATION'S TOP TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL Average Weekly Attendance for June

Tremont Avenue, Greenville, S. C. Kannapolis, North Carolina Anderson, South Carolina Alabama City, Alabama N. Chattanoga, Tennessee	538 476 442 434
S. Gastonia, North Carolina	411
Pulaski, Virginia	398
Middletown, Clayton, Ohio	
Wilmington, North Carolina	363
Lenoir, North Carolina	362

NATION'S TOP TEN IN Y.P.E.

Average Weekly Attendance for June

Orphanage at Sevierville, Tennessee	273
Daisy, Tennessee	268
Whitwell, Tennessee	268
S. Gastonia, North Carolina	263
Naugatuck, West Virginia	238
Alabama City, Alabama	236
Pulaski, Virginia	221
Lake Dale, North Carolina	208
Lake City, South Carolina	202
Lumberton, North Carolina	194

NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

Average Weekly Attendance for June

Louisville, Faith Temple, Kentucky	892
Akron, E. Market St., Ohio	812
Pike Avenue, Birmingham, Alabama	698
Hamilton, 7th St., Ohio	604
Fresno Temple, California	481
Uhrichville, Ohio	400
Krafton, South Alabama	247
Lumberton, North Carolina	188
Dayton, E. 4th, Ohio	180
Canton, Ohio	162

TEN HIGHEST STATES IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

West Virginia	48
OIIIO	43
	40
Florida	30
Tennessee	24
Pennsylvania	22
Virginia	21
Michigan	16
North Carolina	16
Georgia	.14

NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS ORGANIZED SINCE ASSEMBLY 344

NEW Y.P.E.'s ORGANIZED SINCE ASSEMBLY

BRANCH SUNDAY SCHOOLS ORGANIZED

120

Saved	2,263	76,395
Sanctified	1,121	36,236
Added to the Church		24,630
Filled With Holy Ghost	856	28,063

Attend Lee College . . .



"God's School for God's Business"

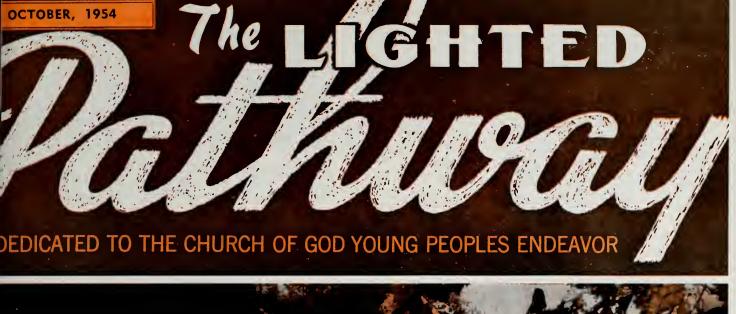
FALL SEMESTER BEGINS

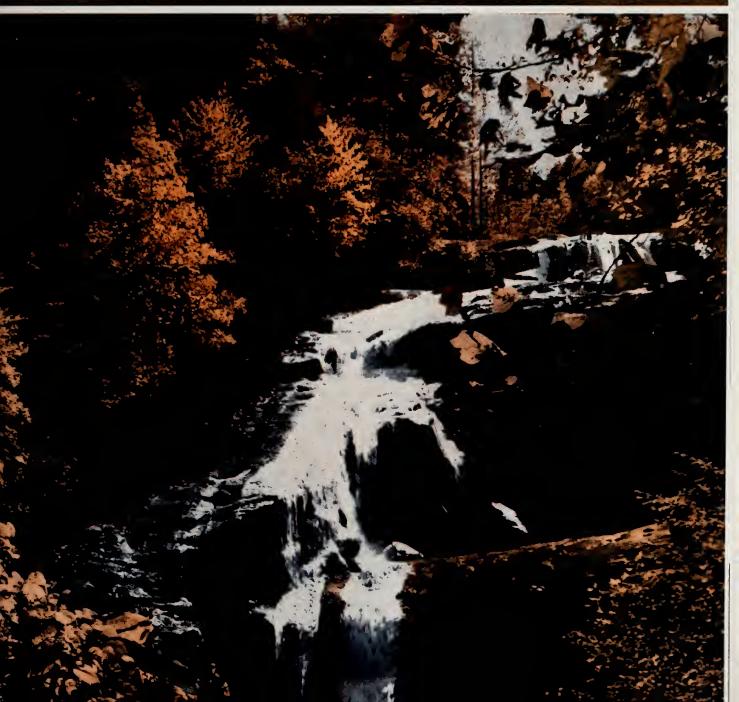
SEPTEMBER 6, 1954

FUNDAMENTAL IN BELIEF
PENTECOSTAL IN EMPHASIS
WORLD-WIDE IN PERSPECTIVE

YOU MAY ENROLL IN
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HIGH SCHOOL
JUNIOR COLLEGE
BIBLE COLLEGE

FOR CATALOG AND APPLICATION BLANKS WRITE—PRESIDENT, LEE COLLEGE, CLEVELAND, TENN.







PFNA YOUTH SEMINAR

Annually, the youth leaders of the constituent organizations of the Pentecostal Fellowship of North America meet to discuss various phases of their youth programs.

This year the Seminar will convene at Springfield, Missouri, October 25-26. The first session will be conducted in the Bethany Room of the Central Bible Institute. The following day the sessions will convene at the Central Assembly of God climaxing that night with a mass YOUTH RALLY at the Shrine Mosque, shown above.

The following subjects will be discussed during these sessions: "Christian Writing," "Training Youth Leadership," "Reaching Youth," "Poster Layout," "Objectives," "Correlation of Youth Activity," and "Principles of Planning."

Plan now to enjoy this gathering.

CONGRATULATIONS

Far twenty-ane years Reverend Marvin E. Parter has been a LIGHTED PATHWAY Gidean! He began this ministry an May 21, 1933, in Eldarado, Illinais, and has cantinued, without interruptian, since. Presently, Reverend Parter is the pastar of the Danville, Virginia, Church af Gad. We extend aur sincere appreciation and hearty congratulations to this LIGHTED PATHWAY Gidean who has proved himself a worthy example af all thase who share in the distribution of our youth magazine.



The LIGHTED CONTROL OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

CHARLES W. CONN

Editor-in-Chief
Church of God Publications

LEWIS J. WILLIS

Editor
The LIGHTED PATHWAY

ALDA B. HARRISON

Editor Emeritus

The LIGHTED PATHWAY

Vol. 25

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No. 10

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Cover Picture _____ Kepler

"Thy Word is a Light Unto My Path"

Ray H. Hughes, Chairman; Lewis J. Willis; Earl P. Paulk, Jr.; J. Newby Thampsan;
O. W. Palen

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Evaluating Our Values

HE ART OF UNBIASED evaluation is an attribute found all too infrequently these days. It is rather easy and perhaps natural for one to allow is relative responsibility to a project to influence his apraisal of it. For one to shut his eyes, however, to those natters which require attention is not only foolish but lso tragic. An adverse situation can be helped only when is acknowledged.

In his address to the General Assembly, the Reverend ieno C. Tharp, General Overseer, presented the status f affairs, in my opinion, fairly. There were many acomplishments which deserved commendation, and he roperly made it. Conversely, there were those matters which could not be honestly applauded, and he very traightforwardly presented the facts. By so doing, he rovided the Church with a sense of accomplishment for hose things which were well done and simultaneously hallenged the Church by designating those areas in which there was a lack.

Speaking of the growth of the Church, the General Diverseer said, "Some of us have watched the Church for nore than half a century. We have watched it grow from a small, tender plant to a mighty tree. While it was a small plant, many wondered if it would ever survive, but as the years passed, it became stronger, and the vinds that were apparently going to uproot it did not affect it as before. While the tree itself pushed skyward, he roots went deeper. We marvel when we think of how 3 od has led the Church for over half a century.

"It has stood all the bombardments of Satan and his nost for all of these years, and today the Church shines pigger, brighter, and stronger than ever. What does this nean? Does it mean that we are to get a feeling of security and are to sit down and become at ease in Zion? No, a thousand times no. It only shows that we are on God's side and that we should push forward with all of our might. We know without a doubt that we are going in the right direction. Knowing that the battle is not ours but the Lord's and that victory is ours in His name, then let us ask God for strength and go forward in faith."

TURNING TO THE spiritual factor of the Church, Brother Tharp said, "Although we are elated over the great progress that the Church has made along these various departmental lines, there are other matters in which we are lacking—the most important of which is spirituality in our churches and a burden for lost souls. If we are to survive, we must keep a Spirit-filled Church. Too many of our people are starving for spirituality.

They want life, activity, freedom of worship, and to witness the manifestation of the Holy Spirit in their midst. Also, they want their pastors to preach under the anointing of the Holy Spirit. If all of our services are filled with the Spirit of God, we have little to fear."

To emphasize his assertion, Brother Tharp gave the following statistics. "It is true that we have had an increase in membership, but it is also true that we have not had the increase that we should have had. Our records show that one-half of our states took in less members in 1954 than they did in 1953. We received 1,429 less members this year than we did last year. Here in the United States we had more than 93,000 people converted during the past twelve months, but we baptized only 11,394 and took a little more than 25,000 into the Church. This means that we are baptizing in water only about one out of every nine members who are saved and that we take into the Church only about one out of every four who get converted. No church can survive very long without taking in members. Therefore, if we survive, we must have additions to the Church."

IN SUGGESTING THE course we should follow these next two years, the General Overseer affirmed that revival is the only satisfying solution. He said, "I fear that we have become at ease in Zion and that we have let up in our prayer life. We have a routine or form that we go through. We visit some sick people, some hospitals, and since our tithes and offerings are holding up well, we seem to be fairly well satisfied. Yet, we are failing in the most important thing of all.

"We spend too much of our time talking about promotions, swapping churches, staying in the same bracket and looking out for our own personal interests that we have little time to think of lost souls in a starving church, much less starting a new one. We are pushing and prospering in practically every department of the Church except along the evangelistic lines. We spend hours in our council meetings discussing various problems of the Church, but little time do we take up in evangelism. We have an unending number of recommendations pertaining to administration and rules governing the Church, but we have none for evangelism. We ask for a time limit to be put on the officials, a new method of selecting state overseers-setting forth their qualifications, how old they should be and how long they can serve—but we have nothing for evangelism. We have recommendations to change the tithing system, to change our salaries, to change the selection of pastors and put a time limit on their ministry in any one church, but we do not have a thing for evangelism.

"While we are discussing the numerous recommendations that come in and are worrying over them for hours at the time, a number of our states are losing in churches and membership. Some of our states have lost hundreds of members this last year; some have had a decrease in membership for the last several years. Yet, we are not sponsoring an all-out evangelistic program. We have built new churches all over the country; we have built scores of Sunday School rooms and educational plants; we have organized our local churches and Sunday School work, but we have seriously neglected, in many places, the most important thing of all; that is, the salvation of our own Sunday School boys and girls, as well

(Continued on page 22)

OGER PAUSED, his cold fingers fumbling the knob of his own front door. Through the glass, the living room beckoned, beautiful and uncluttered. His easy chair was drawn close to the red embers glowing on the hearth. How comfortable and cozy it looked!

"But life is more than meat and the body is more than raiment!" Roger started at the poignancy of the words.

He shivered in the early dusk. "I don't want coziness and comfort at the price of peace in my sou'." A wry smile thinned his lips. "Here I stand shivering and saying I don't want warmth!" He twisted the knob and walked into the warmth, and to Elaine—Elaine who of late was silent and withdrawn. Though she strove valiantly to be gay, yet Roger's quick gaze

Roger thought. "After all, she hasn't said anything." His anxious eyes swept her face.

Elaine looked up from the stove. Her cheeks were pink from its warmth. Her welcoming smile filled him with joy. "Laine," he said eagerly, "tonight is Missionary Lambert's closing message. You're planning to go, aren't you?"

Elaine nodded, but her face twitched and the tight look settled like a mask over her pretty face. She dished up the food with deft movements; they are in a deep, thick silence.

ROGER, SLUMPED IN his chair while Elaine dressed for church, held the evening paper as a shield before his wandering thoughts. No, he hadn't imagined the shadow; it

Morson

"So they had gone downtown and come home to put up, on the most prominent well, the picture that reflected their quiet inner search for the Moster in their lives."

detected the somber shadows that lurked deep and hid the merriness of her lively brown eyes, and the burden of it settled itself upon him and would not be denied.

He threw his hat, the hall tree deftly catching it. "Hi!" he called. "Where are you?"

"Out here fixing hamburgers," Elaine's voice came from the kitchen. Her voice was warm and vibrant.

"Maybe I have been imagining things,"

was etched deeper than ever. A chill of panic gripped his heart like a sweep of desolate winter wind.

"Every evening we've been to meeting this week, or every time I've mentioned Lambert's name, she acts like she's going to cry. I know she's guessed my secret. She knows I want to be a missionary, and, bless her, she's too good a Christian girl to voice objections. Even though I haven't told her, she knows, and it's breaking her heart

"And Jesus answered and said Verily I say unto you, There is n man that hath left house, or breth ren, or sisters, or father, or mother or wife, or children, or lands, fo my sake, and the gospel's, but h shall receive an hundredfold now i this time, houses, and brethren, an sisters, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world t come eternal life," Mark 10:29-30.

Illustrated by CHLOE STEWAR

to think of leaving this."

His gaze swept the room that wa only a small part of their home—great, long room with a fireplace a one end, where glowing coals gleamed on polished brass andirons. Book climbed to the ceiling in mahogan bookshelves. The carpet was as clea as a spring lawn. The family heirloon egg-shell china revealed its lustre be neath the soft lights. Bright curtains plump pillows, cushiony chairs added their comforts. Their love for music glowed in the satiny shine of the piano heaped with music they shared

Every possession had been choser with loving care, he mused, so that their home might reveal the simplicity they both coveted. How well he remembered the sweet seriousness in Elaine's eyes when the house was furnished. "Something is missing Rog," she'd said; "this room doesn's show to whom we belong." So they had gone downtown and come home to put up, on the most prominent wall the picture that reflected their quiet inner search for the Master in their lives—the picture of the Good Shepherd lovingly tending His sheep.

"I can't blame her if she's sad," he thought, pain pushing up against his ribs. "It's what we both wanted—what I asked her to share with me. Our home—our loved ones—our friends—our church are all here. Elaine!" he groaned, "how can I ask you to give it up? How can I?" The thought was a stab in his heart. "Help me, Lord, for I cannot help myself!"

THE PAPER MUST be filled with news tonight!" Elaine shattered his mood from the doorway. She was still wearing the brittle-bright smile she'd worn all week.

Roger started, gave a hurried glance

)ouble)ílemma

Double Dílemma



"There was o stir ot Roger's side ond ... her soft, clear voice vowed, 'I, too, want ta dedicate my life ta the Lard's service.'"

by MARGARET N. FREEMAN

nis watch. "Oh, are you ready? It's n forty-five, so we must be on way."

s they rode through the darkness, er mused how close God seemed er the star-studded sky!

he light streamed out and cast a glow on the faces of the people ig into the church.

ambert sure packs them in, doesn't "observed Roger. "I suppose every is taken."

think he's wonderful!" Elaine hed vehemently. "Oh, it must be—" broke off suddenly.

Yes?" prompted Roger; "it must what? You've aroused my curiosity your wild outburst."

Don't tease, Roger," she evaded; 's go in."

ands on their hymnbook, alto and or blended in the poignant plea scue the Perishing." Roger was ing difficulty restraining his emois and making his tenor behave. was pained to see Elaine's eyes e filled with tears.

Tonight!" Roger gripped the arm the bench. "Tonight," he thought, nust make my decision. I cannot go this way any longer." He swallowed d. "Either I give myself full-time the Lord's service, or I serve Him ond-best and stay home and keep

ine happy!"

THE SERMON SWIRLED und him. Fragments of sentences, ay words penetrated the maze of troubled thoughts. He felt himself a dim chamber of vacillating contions wildly hammering inside his in. Finally the speaker shattered haze with a sentence that brought

Roger forward on the bench, his thoughts crystal clear, his eyes blinking in the bright light. Softly spoken but as clear and dramatic as an exclamation point came the question:

"Does someone here tonight want to dedicate his life full-time to the Lord?"

Suddenly the voices that had been tugging like pleading hands at Roger's sleeve subsided. He was pulled to his feet by a power mightier than his own. Even as he made his way forward, he thought with compassion of Elaine. "Much as I love her," he thought, "God comes first. Elaine, my dear, may you understand."

The missionary met him with outstretched hands and tear-filled eyes. Together they knelt in a prayer of consecration.

There was a stir at Roger's side and a soft hand slipped into his own. He squeezed it gently. Then she spoke. He felt his eyes widen and his mouth sag in astonishment. Her soft, clear voice vowed, "I, too, want to dedicate my life to the Lord's service."

"Dear Elaine," he thought gently, "a girl who would smother her own dreams to walk with him in the way he'd been called—a way of self-denial and sacrifice."

IT SEEMED TO ROGER that he shook hands for hours and hours. "Thank you" became an interminable murmur, but his peaceful heart was singing, "Oh, the joy of full surrender!" He looked at Elaine shaking hands. Her smile was radiant as a newly opened rose, and he heard her answering again and again, "We are in the Lord's hands." She looked so proud, so happy, and the shadow was gone!

At last, in the quiet of their living

room, he faced her alone. "Elaine, forgive me if I've hurt you in making this decision. I know how much it pains you to leave home and family. Maybe I've no right to ask it of you," Roger's words tumbled out.

"Just a minute, Roger! Of course, I love my home. Haven't we planned it lovingly and carefully together? And, yes, it is a painful prospect to think of leaving our dear ones, but, Rog, the Lord's will for us means more to me. What we have within is bigger and better than earthly possessions."

"I cou'dn't stand it any longer," moaned Roger. "God comes first in my life. Elaine, He must!" He looked wildly at her. "Hey! What were you saying?"

"I said—O Roger!" She sat down weakly. "How we've misunderstood each other! I felt God's call unmistakably in Robert Lambert's first meeting. How I wanted to yield to fultime service, but how could I when you didn't? Roger, it almost broke my heart to see you so visibly moved and unwilling to surrender. Meeting after meeting went on. I saw the Spirit move you and yet you didn't yield."

"Laine! And I thought you were miserable and afraid I would. Oh, what a dilemma!"

"It's a double delimma then," giggled Elaine. Then her voice swelled gravely in solemn dedication, "O Roger, I'm so glad we're both in the will of God!"

Roger stood there smiling at her as if he could never stop smiling. Something holy and enduring was in the air, and the room was filled with peace.



Reverend O. W. Polen
Assistant National Sunday School
and Youth Director

HARACTERISTIC of their stamina, the youth of the Church of God were determined not to let a heavy early evening rainstorm trim the attendance and enthusiasm of their Youth Night Program at the 45th General Assembly of the Church of God. Though a heavy rain fell a short while before the time for the march to begin, which resulted in a rather large number of inquiries as to whether or not the Youth March would be held, plans were carried out as scheduled, and at exactly 7:00 p.m., approximately 2,000 young people began their march from the north end of the spacious Ellis Auditorium in Memphis, Tennessee, to the platform and center section of the building.

Leading the march were flag bearers, David and Clark Culp, followed by the State Sunday School and Youth Directors, members of the State Sunday School and Youth Boards, District Sunday School and Youth Directors, and the youth of the Church of God between the ages of twelve and thirtyfive years. Though the youth march has been conducted at each General Assembly for the past several years, it never fails to thrill those participating in the march as well as those observing the march from the side sections of the auditorium and the balconies.

Youth Might at the

By O. W. POLEN

The young person participating in the march is thrilled to know he is one among hundreds of other young people who constitute the youth element of the Church of God. Although he may not know his marching partner personally, he knows his partner represents that which he represents—the youth of our Church who pledge themselves to the faithful carrying-on of the Church until Christ returns.

Those who observe the march from some observation point in the great auditorium are no less thrilled than those participating in the march. A sense of pride in the youth of our Church and a feeling of encouragement help the older persons in our Church to recognize fully that God's blessings are resting upon the youth and their efforts.

Under the American and Christian flags, the march proceeded as a brass ensemble, under the direction of Paul LaVerne Walker, played "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Standing on the platform to greet the young people were members of the National Sunday School and Youth Board-five men who, throughout the past two years, have given much time, thought, and prayer to the developing and carrying out of the National Sunday School and Youth Program. The members of this board are: Ray H. Hughes, Chairman; Lewis J. Willis, Earl P. Paulk, Jr., J. Newby Thompson, and O. W. Polen.

AFTER THE march ended, with the entire stage and center section of Ellis Auditorium filled with youth leaders and youth of the Church, and viewed by approximately 7,000 other persons attending this great youth night service, the entire

group joined in singing, "Onwa Christian Soldiers," directed by t Church of God Music Editor, Vep El

Salute to the American Flag v given by Paul Jones, of Ashla: Ohio; salute to the Christian Flag v given by William Holcombe, Sta Sunday School and Youth Director Kentucky, and the Bible salute v given by Homer J. Boatman, Sta Sunday School and Youth Director Florida.

Asking God's blessing upon t youth of our Church and upon t Youth Night Service, Lewis J. Will Editor of The LIGHTED PATHWA led the congregation in prayer.

Presented to the Youth Service co gregation to moderate the remaind of the program, the National Sund School and Youth Director of t Church of God, Ray H. Hughes, gree ed the great crowd of people, urgin them to submit to the Spirit of G and enjoy a great Youth Service Stressing the ever-present and "u gent" need for evangelism, the N tional Director had previously planne for small "urgent" tags to be worn I each person participating in tl Youth March. Under the capab! leadership of Brother Hughes, tl Sunday School and Youth depar ments of the Church of God have e: perienced outstanding growth.

A. T. Humphries, in his own inimiable style of song directing, led the huge audience in singing "I Low Him." After the congregation has ung this chorus several times, the suddenly came a trumpet echo from the lofty heights of the third balcom of Ellis Auditorium where three trumpeters were playing the same chorum delightful harmony. The singing

45th

General Assembly

d the music seemed heavenly, and en God Himself must have been eased as His Spirit seemed to desnd upon the vast audience. The essedness and thrill of this musical ndition cannot be expressed in ords.

BANNER-awarding time always an exciting and "long await-" part of the Youth Night Service. view of the outstanding accomishments made during the past two ars, each director could have justiably been awarded a banner for his ntribution to the growth expernced in these two departments of ir Church. Based on a point system, owever, the banners were fairly warded as follows:

SUNDAY SCHOOL WINNERS

South Carolina-James Shealy, Dir. Runner-up—North Carolina

ROUP A

West Virginia—Hollis Green, Dir. Runner-up-Ohio

ROUP B

Michigan—Lindsay Pratt, Dir. Runner-up-Pennsylvania

Maryland—Leon Ellis, Dir. Runner-up-Oklahoma

ROUP D

Arizona—Dean McAlister, Dir. Runner-up-New Mexico ROUP E

Washington-Raymond Harris, Dir. Runner-up-South Dakota ROUP F

Oregon-Raymond Harris, Dir. Runner-up—District of Columbia

ROUP G Central Canada—Garland Walker,

Dir. Runner-up—Connecticut

Note: The winner of the F group, Oregon, is now in the E group, but spent 16 months out of the 24 months n the F group.

Y.P.E. WINNERS

GROUP AA

South Carolina-James Shealy, Dir. Runner-up-North Carolina

West Virginia—Hollis Green, Dir. Runner-up-Ohio

GROUP B

California—Tom Rosson, Dir. Runner-up—Illinois

GROUP C

Louisiana—Wayne Taylor, Dir. Runners-up-Maryland; Oklahoma GROUP D

Arizona—Dean McAlister, Dir. Runner-up—Kansas

GROUP E

Washington—Raymond Harris, Dir. Runner-up-Delaware

GROUP F

District of Columbia—Leon Ellis, Dir. Runner-up—Oregon; Colorado

GROUP G

Central Canada—Garland Walker, Dir.

Runner-up-Connecticut

The winners were announced individually, and, holding their banners, they were lined up across the platform. These winning directors were happy directors, and rightly so! Their untiring efforts had been rewarded. They were happy, their State Overseers and state ministers were happy, and the people in their states were happy. Running very close in several cases were the runners-up, and these, too, deserve commendation. Bannerawarding time is a time of mixed feelings-happiness, disappointment, but always new determination. "I didn't win this time, but I will next," is the thought that comes to the mind of many of the losing directors.

LEE COLLEGE was well represented in the Youth Night Service with Roosevelt Miller, Lee College Music Director, leading a mixed chorus of students in singing "Heaven Bound." Singing contributes much toward the success of any service, and the singing of these students under the very capable directing of Roosevelt Miller in this Youth Night Service was no exception.

Vep Ellis contributed no small amount to the impressiveness of the Youth Night Service when he sang "Jesus Passed By," accompanied by the Lee College mixed chorus. Singing ability, sincerity, and the touch of



Reverend Ray H. Hughes National Youth and Sunday School Director

God on his life, endear Brother Vep to the hearts of those who listen to him sing.

Speaking in behalf of our National Sunday School and Youth Director, Brother Lewis J. Willis very properly and in his usual gracious manner, asked for a standing expression of appreciation to Brother Hughes for his faithful and outstanding work during the past two years.

Devotees" (Galatians "Branded 6:17) was the subject of the message given by Joseph L. Milligan, State Sunday School and Youth Director of Alabama, who was the selected speaker for the Youth Night Service.

Brother Milligan, in eloquent and dramatic terms, told of the great apostle Paul's suffering, and pointed out to the youth of the Church that, in the words of Paul himself, it was the love of God that constrained him.

Speaking in appreciation of the older ministers, Brother Milligan stated that the youth of today are indebted to those who have suffered in blazing the trail before them.

Emphasizing that youth should have "no other gods before them," Brother Milligan called attention to the necessity of laying aside worldliness. Realizing that the Church of God today is blessed with talented musicians and song writers and great preachers, the

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N AMERICAN GIRL can do anything if she tries hard enough!" Spoken in protest against the objections and warnings of fellow missionaries who declared it was impossible for an American girl to have an orphanage in Egypt, these words epitomize the character and work of Lillian Trasher, of Assiut, Egypt. Affectionately known as "Mama" to many thousands who have never seen her, she is in reality mother to more than 6,000 of Egypt's once homeless and helpless widows and orphans.

In his very interesting book "Lillian Trasher, Nile Mother," Lester Sumral quotes some of the outstanding persons whose remarks appear in the visitors' book of the Assiut Orphanage. Among them are the names of kings, governors, and statesmen, all of whom express delight and amazement at this "work of faith and labor of love," the greatest of its kind they have ever known. Lord MacLay, of Glasgow, Scotland—one of the most generous contributors to the work—wrote in the foreword of Mr. Sumral's biography:

"It has been said, 'with God there is no limit to a consecrated life,' and truly this applies to Miss Trasher . . . It was my privilege to visit the orphanage, and nothing could exceed my admiration of Lillian Trasher and her tremendous work."

Reader's Digest's traveling editor wrote: "The greatest wonder in Egypt."

Who's Who records: Lillian Trasher, born in Jacksonville, Florida, September 27, 1887; daughter of William Reed and Jane Hunt Trasher; student of God's Bible School, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio, 1905-6; began career working in Miss Mattie Perry's Ehanen Orphanage, Marion, North Carolina, 1908-10; Sole owner and founder of Assiut Orphanage, Egypt."

A MOTHER IN EGYPT

The thrilling biography of Lillian Trash a Pentecostal girl who has become one of 1 greatest contemporary missionaries.

By FLORENCE RUSSELL

Is that a Bible?" questioned the thandsome girl of 16 years as she picked up a Bible in friends's home; "I've heard of that Book." And later, want nothing else for my birthday but a Bible," she ther mother, and Roman Catholic though she was, M. Trasher was persuaded by her persistent daughter purchase one even before the birthday arrived. Lillicould not rest until she found the God of the Book as I own Saviour, and going out to a wooded spot she knunder the trees and committed her life wholly to Hi

From that moment the stream of her life began change its course. Pushing its way against obstacles, or insurmountable barriers, and through dark tunnels difficulties, it eventually reached the land of the gre river Nile, bringing fruitfulness "to all the land of Egyp like the great river itself.

Against her family's wishes and without their coope ation, Lillian left her lovely home to attend God's Bit School in Cincinnati, Ohio, to train for missionary wor Unaccustomed to doing any sort of housework, she four it very hard and humiliating to have to scrub floors, wash, to iron, and to cook, but in later years when how children were growing up, she was able to teach them how to care for the home and for the babies where in a continual stream to her door all through the forty years and more of her joyful service in Egypt.

After working in Miss Perry's Orphanage in Nort Carolina, Lillian prepared for her marriage to a your minister, but one night while listening to a missionar she heard God's voice calling her to Africa. The youn man felt no such leading, and the brokenhearted gifaced the greatest issue of her young life. The weddin day was but thirteen days away when she made he choice. While on her first and only furlough ten year afterwards, she laughingly referred to it. "I didn't laughten, but God always gives you one hundredfold mor than you give up for Him; now I have 110 children."

With only \$5 left from her trousseau expenditures Lillian started for New York City to take a ship fo Egypt. Stopping at places along the way, she was helped by friends to reach the Big City, but while stopping at a missionary home in New York, a test so severe that i General Negib, Prime Minister of Egypt, said of Miss Trasher, "Nothing has ever given me more pleasure than what I have seen today. It is as though I were dreaming of a paridise of humanity exactly as I have always imagined it to be, then having this dream come to realization. The care given to orphan bibies, children, and to disabled men and women is evident here with all the strength which the meaning of true humanity can convey.

"The founder of this institution, the great Lillian Thrasher, is a precious gift from God.

"I call upon those who are engaged in social reform and activities to visit this institution and learn from it what they should do if they really wish to achieve."

Illustrated by CHLOE STEWART

sent her to bed came her way. She had no money for her fare and her sister, older than she, was coming to accompany her to Egypt and to bring her back home. When a visitor in the home gave her \$60, her vivacity at once returned, and with another gift of \$50, she was able to buy her ticket and have a good sum left over. In her cabin, before the anchor of the S. S. Berlin was weighed, Lillian opened her Bible for a last comforting word from God. Her eyes fell on these words: Acts 7:34, "I have seen, I have seen the affliction of my people which is in Egypt, and I have heard their groanings, and am come down to deliver them. And now come, I will send thee into Egypt."

ALEXANDRIA, CAIRO, Assiut, the land of ancient wonders and mysteries! Surely the God who kept Israel and led them by His presence would be the same God to her. Three months after her arrival, she took a three-month-old baby, starved and neglected, from the dead mother and carried him to her room as her first charge. Finding it inconvenient to keep the crying, sickly child in the Missionary Home, she rented a small house, and furnishing it as best she could with her meager funds, she started her orphanage. "You can never succeed." said all her friends.

In the early days of the work, it seemed necessary to appeal to the Egyptians for help. Since, no doubt, they needed to be taught their responsibility for the poor of their own land, Lillian visited the merchants and well-off families and asked for money and help for her children. "They are your children," she reminded them. Coptic merchants often gave her \$100, and the British Government, seeing her good work, came to her aid. Even the Mohammedans acknowledged that only God could enable a woman to do such a work, and many became her friends. Riding about on her donkey, she went from place to place and from home to home of the well-to-do and solicited help. Later, God led her into a better way, and she was relieved when He showed her she was not to ask of anyone again but was to look to Him alone.

It was not unusual for her to hear a knock at the door early in the morning and to open it to a native holding out a half-starved infant to her. "Another one! Oh, dear, no! There are now three and four to a bed! I've no more room!"

"Oh, well," the man would reply, "It's only a baby; throw it on the dung heap where I found it."

"No, no, give it to me! It's a precious child. I'll find some corner for it."

Thus the Orphanage had to be enlarged again and again until there are now twelve major buildings. School rooms, dormitories, hospital, school for the blind girls learning to read Braille, stables for the cattle, and the beautiful Clark Memorial church, seating 1,000, all were started with only enough money to lay the foundation. Miss Trasher knew that as she built and laid the foundation in faith and prayer that the Lord would provide the funds. No debts were ever incurred.

During a troublous time when an Arab uprising against the British threatened to demolish her Home, Miss Trasher gathered all her family, 100 or more widows and orphans, and hid them in an old brick kiln and a dugout a mile or so from the place. The Lord protected her property. When all that of the British people in the city was looted or went up in smoke, she found her house intact. A Mohammedan farmer neighbor defied the marauders who surrounded it to touch a thing. "This lady does only good to us; she cares for our children. Shame on you!" The leader hung his head and replied, "You have melted my heart."

The British Government insisted that all foreign women leave the country. The big heart of "Mama" was broken; her tears flowed until their fountain was dry. Then she began to see that God had a purpose in sending her to America. She would go through the country telling of her work and would interest many who had never heard of her to pray and give. When the children heard the sad news, they began to wail: "O Mama, you will go back to America and get married and never come back to us." But "Mama" had other plans which dried her tears and sent her home on her only furlough.

THERE ARE FEW rules in the big home. "Mama" succeeds in keeping her 800 children as a family unit, governed by love and godly wisdom. The trained children teach the newcomers, and no child continues in his bad ways long after seeing how unpopular swearing, lying, and thieving are. The boys are taught trades; the studious ones are sent to college. The girls are trained for whatever life-work they may choose. Some of these grownups are in high and responsible positions—a joy to their "Mama's" heart. Not one girl has ever caused her to blush with shame because of misconduct. Most of her great family are saved, the married ones having established Christian homes throughout the land.

There have been times of testing when the bottom of the barrel was almost visible. Just in time some good Egyptian friend would come with rice, lentils, onions, or even half a beef. The most thrilling experience came during the war when it was so difficult to get money from America. The children's clothes were threadbare; the barrel was almost empty. The whole household was called to prayer. The little ones cried: "O dear heavenly Father, please send us beans and lentils and rice." When they fell asleep, the older ones carried them to bed. Others prayed through the night.

A morning letter summoned Miss Trasher to Cairo. The American Ambassador, her good friend, wished to see her. With a beaming face, he told her that a Red Cross ship with a cargo of goods for the refugees of Greece had been radioed to unload at Alexandria and to give the goods to charitable institutions in Egypt. Greece had

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JOSEPH

By MARY D. PLATT

JOSEPH WAS THE eleventh son of Jacob, whose name God had changed to Israel. Jacob had twelve sons, and he loved Joseph more than the others. Joseph and Benjamin, his youngest brother, were the sons of Rachel, Jacob's favorite wife. Jacob's older sons were very jealous of Joseph. Jacob's love for Joseph caused his ten older brothers to hate Joseph very much. They did not like it because their father had given him a coat of many colors. Some say that this coat signified that he was not to be a shepherd. It showed that he was intended for some better occupaton.

When Joseph was young, he had two dreams that caused his brothers' jealousy to be turned into hatred. Joseph dreamed that he and his brothers were in the field binding sheaves, and his sheaf arose and stood upright and his brothers' sheaves made obeisance to Joseph's sheaf. This dream made his brother's hate him more, and they asked, "Shalt thou reign over us?" Joseph also dreamed that the sun, the moon, and eleven stars made obeisance to him. This time his father rebuked him and asked, "Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?" These dreams caused his brothers to hate Joseph more than ever.

One day Jacob sent Joseph to the field to find out how his brothers and the flocks were getting along. They were to be near Shechem, but Joseph found them near Dothan. When they saw him coming, they decided that they would do away with him. When Reuben heard that they wanted to slay him, he asked them to cast him into the pit. Reuben intended to return Joseph to his father, but when

the Ishmaelites came along, his brothers sold Joseph to them for twenty pieces of silver. The brothers killed a kid of the goats and dipped Joseph's coat into it. They showed it to their father and told him that Joseph had been killed by some animal.

The Ishmaelites carried Joseph into Egypt and sold him to Potiphar, the captain of Pharaoh's guard. Joseph served him so faithfully that he made Joseph the overseer of his household. Joseph offended Potiphar's wife by not returning her love, and she accused him falsely and had him put into prison. In a short time Joseph won the favor of the jailer and was placed in charge of the prisoners. While he was in prison, the baker and the chief butler had dreams, and Joseph interpreted the dreams for them. The butler was taken out of prison and restored to his position. Two years after Joseph had interpreted the dream for the butler, Pharaoh had a dream which worried him very much. Then the butler remembered Joseph. Pharaoh sent for Joseph to come and interpret his dream. Since that Pharaoh's dream meant there would be a famine, Pharaoh put Joseph in charge of all Egypt to store grain. They stored grain for seven years, then there were seven years of famine. Twenty years before this time, Joseph had been sold as a slave and now he was a great man in Egypt. Some consider him as a prime minister of Egypt.

When the food was low in Canaan, Jacob sent his ten older sons to Egypt to buy grain. The brothers came before Joseph and bowed down to him. Joseph recognized his brothers, but they did not recognize him. Joseph pretended that they were spies. He asked them about their home, their father, and younger brother. Joseph kept Simeon and sent them home with the grain and told them to bring Benjamin back with them and this would prove to him that they were not spies. Jacob would

(Continued on page 23)

S HIS FATHER drove the battered old truck up the alley behind the fine homes, Jack andered how it would feel to live in e of those houses. He imagined it ould be like living in an imaginary orld. He wondered how it was that me boys and girls could live in elent homes while others lived in acks as he did.

Jack's father had worked on a rm for many years, and Jack had en born in the little cabin on the ace. He never had a bicycle and her things to play with. As soon as could toddle about, he had been lping his father in some way. Jack's ther was just a poor tenant farmer. Here had been three years of ought. The farm wouldn't produce by more crops, and there was nothing r his father to do but try somewhere se. So he had piled all of their few longings into the truck and, with ck's mother, had driven to the neart city.

Jack's father, however, could find no ork in the city as he had no trade, hd it was hard for an unskilled man find work. So he built a shack on the edge of the river where there ere a lot of others, and they moved. He drove his truck up and down the alleys, collecting scrap iron, papers, and rags which he sold for lough money to buy food.

The poor family didn't worry too uch, for they were real Christians. hey knew that God always saw them nd knew their needs, and they knew hat He would take care of them even they didn't have a nice place in hich to live, nice clothes, and lots f fine food to eat. Jack had started school; he was top in his lessons ecause he studied hard. He intended make something of himself later on. Ie had decided he would be an electronics engineer.

HIS FATHER SUDDENLY topped the truck when they came to great pile of metal things against he back fence of a big estate. They aw old washing machines, motors, roken tools, pipes, and so much scrap netal that it would fill the truck. Fack and his father were happy about

"O, Dad!" exclaimed Jack," Isn't hat wonderful? There's nearly a ton of it, I'd estimate."

"Yes, you're about right," said his father," And it will bring a nice price, for there's lots of copper and brass

JACK'S WEALTH

The heart-warming story of how Jack made the important discovery that true wealth is not measured in silver or gold.

By MONT HURST

in there. Let's get busy and start loading it."

They jumped down off the truck and started lifting the things into it. In a few minutes, a fine looking woman came out to the fence.

"I thought you would be around today, so I had our yardman put all that stuff there for you. It should sell for a nice sum of money," said the woman.

"Thank you!" said Jack's father.
"That was real nice of you. It takes a lot of scrap and things to keep going these days. If it wasn't for this truck, I don't know what I'd do."

"It's a good truck, from all appearances," said the woman. "Do you find it hard to get along?"

Jack's father told her of how they had to leave the farm and try to do something else to earn a living and get along.

"That's too bad," she said. "I have a boy about the age of yours. I'd like for them to meet."

"That would be fine!" said Jack's father. "Tell him to come on out here. Jack is my boy's name."

"Why, that's my boy's name, too!" said the woman. "But I'm sorry. He can't come out. He's in bed and will have to stay there a long time. His limbs never developed, and he has never walked. We are having him treated regularly and, with the Lord's help, we know that some day he will walk."

"I'd like to meet Jack," said Jack.

"Come into the house with me," said Jack's mother.

The two boys met. Jack found that the poor invalid boy was also interested in electronics; his room was full of radio sets and a lot of other electrical devices. Jack was thrilled. How he wished he had a room like that!

"You must be rich," he said as he started to leave.

tarted to leave. "Oh, no!" said Jack's mother. "We

are poor in many ways. Money doesn't make one rich. Other things that money can't buy are the real things most valuable. You are rich becauses you have good health and can walk. You will get along, too, for you are an intelligent boy. Best of all, I am glad to know that you and your father and mother are Christians. We are, too. That is the most important thing. You are rich as long as you know you are a real follower of Jesus!"

"Oh, I couldn't be anything else," said Jack.

"And I'm glad I'm a Christian, too," said the invalid Jack.

"Well, good-by, Jack," said Jack to the boy in the bed." I'll be back to visit with you every week. I think we can have a lot of fun and learn a lot of things with all of your equipment here."

"Oh, yes!" said the boy in the bed.
"That will be fine! Don't let me down.
I'll be looking for you!"

JACK'S MOTHER WENT out to the truck. She was happy. There was joy in her heart. At last she had found someone who would make her invalid son a good buddy. Jack soon came out to the truck.

"My name is Mrs. John Wilson," said Jack's mother." I am so glad I've met you and your son. My boy has found the pal he has wanted. I'll be glad to send for Jack and pay him to come and visit my boy."

"Oh, no!" said Jack. "I couldn't be paid for that! Why, it's going to be fun for both of us."

"No," said Jack's father. "My boy wouldn't take money for doing a kindly act and, at the same time, having a good time himself. He'll be mighty glad to visit your boy."

"I was thinking," said Jack's mother, "Knowing farm work, you surely must know a lot about trees and flow-

(Continued on page 25)

WHEN THE NEWSPAPER strike in New York stopped the giant presses from rolling off their Niagaras of new editions daily, America's first city suddenly felt itself all but paralyzed.

"No daily paper?" eight of every ten people asked each other in bewilderment. One of the greatest publications missed its issues for the first time in more than a century.

Inveterate readers who took their newspapers for granted as much as their coffee suddenly found themselves "lost." Radio-television newscasts and flashes and motion picture newsreels proved no substitute for the paper to be read and digested at will.

Whenever I enter a Christian home where no Christian publication is subscribed to and perused regularly and intelligently, I feel that here is a domicile which in one sense is "lost." It has deprived itself of the greatest continued news story of the times—the story of the Lord at work in His world in these desperate yet challenging days. The presses for that family have stopped.

But when I find a Christian publication alongside the Bible in a home of devout followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, I sense that here is a family that is alive to the world and its spiritual problems, and to the many ways modern disciples are militantly battling to meet them.

I regularly read eight or ten church weeklies or monthlies, and I find no literature of the day more informative or invigorating, none more helpful in understanding current complexities, or more revealing in the only way—Christ's way—to meet them. Newspapers and magazines are neither substitutes nor competitors of the religious press. Its service is unique, vast, incomparably important and influential in advancing the kingdom of God.

THERE IS NO organization in our land comparable to the Christian Church. We count more than 90,000,000 members on church rolls, but the number of Christian adherents, including the nominal, must range from 130,000,000 to 150,000,000. Atheism or agnosticism, at least the militant, blatant type, has almost disappeared from the scene. It is no longer the smart thing to deny God. It is true a vast paganism exists, but there is also a virile counterfaith, rooted in the fundamental doctrines of historic Christianity, which millions proclaim and live and for which multitudes would be willing to give their lives.

There's news there, Friend—the greatest, best, most exciting news of anywhere. And there's only one place you will find it chronicled faithfully, fully, accurately, and inspiringly—in your Christian publication.

The Bible itself sets the pattern for today's Christian publications. Webster's Dictionary defines the word "gospel" as "the good news concerning Christ, the kingdom of God, and salvation." What better statement could fly from the masthead of the Christian press in our land today?

Likewise in the Acts of the Apostles we find the meatiest story ever printed— the story of the founding of the Christian Church and its spread in a few decades over the known world. It's news without parallel in history.

Christian publications do a follow-up today of the "greatest story ever told." Let's look at the picture from different angles.

Secular news columns are rife with threats of war, killings, corruption, and violence. Possibly of the suicide of the human race hangs like a black shadow over reports

SUPPOSE

the

By WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

(Outstanding Christian Journalist; formerly with CHICAGO DAI NEWS)

from the capitals of many nations. Is there no counteracting influence?

I turn to my church paper I find there the story of Christian doctor in a primitive, hunger-ridden land, win his missionary hospital performed 3,000 cataract opeations in a year on the eyes of people going blind, an of an American group of church women furnishing his with 500 artificial eyes for those who have lost partialished. Think of the good will created thereby—the gowill which alone will bring peace.

Again, a story that mentions Halley's comet intrigume. What has that to do with religion? I discover that descendant of that famous astronomer condensed the Bible to one-third its size and committed all that condensation to memory. For years Henry H. Halley he "Bible memory revivals," at which his "sermons" consisted of Scripture quotations. He could recite Bible pasages for an hour a night for six weeks and never reperations.

You read of juvenile delinquency increasing, of doraddiction and vandalism, of jails packed with teen-ager of adolescents committing atrocious murders; but there another side to youth. In my church paper I find thaccount of 11,000 Christian workers traveling a tota of 6,000,000 miles to attend a great Sunday School conven



This family subscribes to Christ-centered publications especially slanted for vorious oges. As a result, even younger members are realizing their responsibility to God and older members are olive to the world and its spiritual problems.

Presses

STOPPED

on. I read of young people by the hundreds dedicating

nemselves to Christian service.

My church paper tells me of new churches being foundl, of Christian service in prisons and hospitals, of evanelical schools and colleges preparing men and women or missionary work, of progress being made in good ace relations, in relief of the poor and needy, of the afluence of Christ in all phases of life.

I read the story of revival the world over, of the Word

f God being preached in hundreds of languages, and f Bibles being printed in more than a thousand tongues. learn of thousands being converted in evangelistic camaigns here and in foreign lands. I find that God is orking in His world in amazing ways, making one realize nat "my word shall not return unto me void."

YOUR CHRISTIAN PUBLICATION not only nforms you, but it also broadens your vision. As you ead from week to week, or month to month, the kingom news of your own denomination and of others, your piritual view is not limited to your earthly horizon. You ee beyond your own neighborhood or city or nation. You realize that you have brothers whom you will never ee or know in the flesh, who are of different races nd cultures, whose food and manners are strange to



Na Christian hame shauld be without a Christ-centered publication which has material far the little falks. The Christian press produces many well-edited and colarfully illustrated papers, magazines, and backs especially far boys and girls.

yours-yet all are bound together with the indestructible ties of Christian love.

Parochialism is no mark of the true Christian. He becomes world-minded in the realization that Jesus Christ is the true Saviour of all men who seek Him, and that Saviourhood binds us to our unseen Christian friends with a closeness and understanding that no political ties can ever develop. Big-mindedness and big-heartedness go hand in hand, and your church paper is priceless in its efforts to enhance such nobility of soul.

You will find your church paper is an invaluable supplement to the sermon and an aid to worship. Nothing is so inspiring as a sermon preached under the guidance of the Holy Spirit—there must always be the faithful preaching of the Word of God-yet your memory is the only way you have, or usually use, in preserving for yourself the weekly pulpit message, and details tend to

fade away as time passes.

But your church paper can be read, digested, and kept for a permanent reference. You can peruse it as you wish, and it can serve as a memory refresher for years to come. You can clip it and use the material in it decades later. I have on file gems from church papers which I clipped half a century ago; they are as timely today as when printed. If I took Christian publications for no other reason than what I retain for future use, I should still be getting more than my money's worth.

I CONSIDER THE Christian press the strong right arm of the church. The denominations that have well-edited, vigorous publications are divisions of the Christian Church that are advancing all along the line. At no time in history have the masses of people been more zestful for knowledge, and at no time have they been more willing to follow the paths that reliable information outlines for them.

An ignorant people are a static people. Poverty of body goes very much with poverty of mind; and poverty of spirit goes with poverty of information about God, His will, and His church. Nothing can cripple a denomination more, except outright sin and worldliness, than to lack an avenue of communication. Haphazard distribution of literature will not do it. It is God's will that people should know and go forward. The efficient, attractive, and consecrated Christian publication not only informs its people, but it also inspires them with its dramatic presentation of the kingdom of Christ in action, with its varied special articles, quotable bits of exhortation, and its editorials commending loyal, unremitting, joyous service to the Master.

You not only get but also give when you are a loyal subscriber and intensive reader of your Christian publication. You give support, financial and moral, to the kingdom of God. You are serving God when you subscribe to the church paper as well as to the church treasury. No publication can exist without subscribers or readers, and the larger its clientele the better it can serve you. You inspire the editor and his staff to do their utmost to present vital Christian news, editorials, stories, articles, and features. Just as a minister is stirred to preach more eloquently by a large, responsive congregation, so the editor does his best when he has a large number of interested, appreciative readers. More so, when they write him.

I know many editors of Christian publications, and I (Continued on page 27)



OD WANTS HIS PEOPLE to be joyful. It is the normal way to be, for as someone has so well said, "God made the laughing muscles as well as the tear glands." God made the birds that sing. He made the flowers to turn their faces to the sun and bloom for our enjoyment. He provided beautiful scenery, pure air, and water, and gave His people means of making a living. He has seen to it that man has or can obtain in most instances, the things he needs for his comfort and happiness. Only man's sin has interfered with these God-given functions.

"Be of good cheer," said our Lord on several occasions. (Matthew 9:2; 14:27; John 16:33.) Paul echoed the Master's words, "I exhort you to be of good cheer," Acts 27:22. True followers of the Lord today demonstrate this good cheer in their daily lives as they witness before the world for Jesus who is their life.

Yes, God desires that we shall be happy. Young folks today believe in the doctrine of good cheer; at least, they believe in "having fun" and plenty of it. Well, there's nothing objectionable in having clean, wholesome fun and amusement. Very definitely, there is a place in the life of each for amusement of the proper kind, and for that type of recreation which really re-creates body, mind, and spirit.

Sin always mars beauty. Just as certainly as our loving, heavenly Father is anxious to provide beauty and joy for His people, Satan is as eager to provide a counterfeit amusement, a false tinsel, which so many mistake for real pleasure, a dangerous recreation which harms instead of helping the one who partakes of it. Satan is ever on the alert to induce young folks—especially Chris-

God Wants You Jo Be Happ

"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory God," 1 Corinthians 10:31

By CHESTER SHULER

(All rights reserved)

tians, if he can manage it—to mistake his false amus ments for the harmless and beneficial sort.

I'M SICK AND TIRED of hearing people ta against dancing, card-paying, the movies, the theatre, at things like that!" complains a youngster brought up a home where such things were not favored. "Other kingo, so why can't I?" This is a puzzling question to mo young people, and an ever-recurring one, too.

It is very true that many folks—professing Christian too—indulge in these forms of amusement and thir nothing of it. Yet there are good reasons today, just always, why a Christian young person, or one of ar age, should avoid these things if he would witne effectively for the Lord.

Some argue that dancing is not wrong because is mentioned in the Bible and is not specifically cor demned there. However, the Bible references do no refer to mixed dances such as we have today. Mirian sister of Moses, danced for joy and the women preser joined her with praises unto the Lord (Exodus 15:20 On one occasion David danced (alone) before the Lor when the ark of God was being brought back to Jerusa lem (2 Samuel 6:14). There are several recorded instance where in time of victory, dancing was used to express th joy of the victors. We note only two instances in Scripture however, where persons are said to have danced fo amusement or pastime—and in each case wickednes resulted or was involved. In Job 21:7-17 we find a picturof wickedness in which dancing is mentioned (verse 11) In Matthew 14:6-11, we find the record of a dance which resulted in the murder of John the Baptist.

In spite of modern tendencies to consider dancing quite harmless and socially correct, the Bible-taught Christian cannot overlook certain evil tendencies which it stil possesses. For many years, godly ministers and laymer have warned against the evils of dancing. Converted dancing-masters, teachers, and dancers themselves have been forceful in warning against dancing. Public dance halls are notorious for their degrading influence in any community. Many criminals have admitted that dancing had much to do with starting them downward to a life of crime. Police records are one of the best arguments against the dance; yet many who never commit crimes reap the spiritual evils of dancing just as well as those who do. As a waster of precious time, the dance stands

"We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with true greatness, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good."—George Eliot

condemned if for no other cause. Devotees quickly want to dance as often and as long as possible, losing sleep and rest, as well as reaping the other evils which habitual dancing brings.

CARD-PLAYING SOON becomes an allabsorbing passion. Begun in a home as "pastime," it quickly grows into a habit. There are, of course, many kinds of card games; we refer here to the euchre deck used by the gambler, be he professional or social. These cards are always associated with financial, moral, and everlasting ruin of many persons. They have an exceedingly black record. Satan uses this type of card game strenuously in his efforts to get well-meaning, respectable persons to play some form of game in their homes. This so-called innocent (?) amusement too often leads to indulgence in greater sin. Again, police records and court dockets show eloquently that many gamblers began their shady careers at the home card table. Christian young folks of today should seriously consider this problem. It is more serious now than ever before because of the prevalence of the "canasta" craze in our country. It is difficult, often unpopular, for one not to play cards, but for a Christian eager to keep in close communion with his Lord, it is an exceedingly dangerous practice to follow. The very popularity and widespread use of the euchre deck today shows how useful this form of evil is to the enemy of souls. The popular opinion that "there's no harm in" playing cards, especially in the home, is one of Satan's delusions, which should not deceive a Bibletaught Christian.

THE MOVING PICTURE is a marvelous invention. It can do much good in an educational way. The so-called "eye-gate" is usually better able to receive information than any other. The movie is so popular that even those who shun the card game and the dance are addicted to regular attendance. The use of religious movies in churches tends to give them a pseudo-religious cloak. Satan has seized the movie, too, because it is such a splendid vehicle for spreading his evil propaganda among the millions, particularly the young folks. Indecent conduct, drinking of intoxicants, lewdness, often presented and upheld by the movies, are well-known sources of sin and evil. Many criminals admit having gotten their ideas from movies. Young girls try to emulate the improper examples set by movie actresses whom they idolize. Drinking, smoking, card-playing, crimes involving gun-play and other forms of murder,



are common sights on the screen. No matter how lenient we may feel about attending movies, a Christian cannot well ignore these facts. He cannot argue that such things tend to elevate, edify, or better equip one for spiritual service for the Lord Jesus.

IT IS OFTEN ARGUED that merely condemning some form of evil is not sufficient, unless one can offer something superior to it. "What can young people do for amusement?" is the cry so often raised by our girls and boys when evils of these popular amusements are pointed out. "We must do something!"

It is pathetically true that in many places there is a great dearth of wholesome recreation even for those girls and boys who do not wish to indulge in evil forms and pastimes. It should be a much greater concern of parents than it seems to be that this dearth exists. We believe that the average young person, particularly those from Christian home influences, does not want to frequent sinful places. But because of the great urge to be popular, to be one of the gang, to belong, to avoid being thought "queer," it seems to be the only avenue of escape. Blessed is the young Christian whose local church furnishes some definite form of social as well as spiritual activity for as many girls and boys as possible.

A group of consecrated Christian young folks can have just as good and happy times in harmless, profitable ways as anyone. One good way to judge any form of amusement or pastime for its true value is this:

- (1) Does God's Word, the Bible, definitely and clearly condemn it—as, for example, "Thou shalt not kill" (Exodus 20:13)?
- (2) If I indulge in this amusement, what effect will it have upon me physically, mentally, and spiritually?

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HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON



PRAYERTIME

By Margaret Conn Rhoads

NE MOTHER TOLD me she encouraged her children to say prayers in the morning as well as prayers before bedtime. She felt they got a different meaning from a morning petition than they did from the evening prayers.

"They feel a real sense of being taken care of through the night when they have asked God to protect them and be with them," explained this mother. "They go off to sleep happily and with a sense of security. But we know children's memories dwell mostly on the thing at hand. They somehow believe when they are asleep and not active, that they need someone to watch over them. But I find some simple petition they wish to make in their morning prayer helps them associate God with an ever-present Being, one helpful at all times.

"When Bobby takes a moment to bow his head in the morning and asks God to help through his day and adds, 'Please help me to pay better attention,' no one laughs. That is just the intimate kind of a helper we want him to feel he has. When he feels he and God are both going to have a part in his schoolwork of the day, he is happy and feels more secure. Even when the child asks that he play better ball, we still do not object. We only tell him he must be ready to help God bring these things about.

"We feel that all things that we do should be done to the honor and glory of Him, and in this morning prayer we feel the children grasp a feeling of being walked with by some Presence that seems more real to them."

SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS

Author Unknown

O Mothers, so weary discouraged, Worn out with the cares of the day, You often grow cross and impatient, Complain of the noise and the play; For the day brings so many vexations, So many things go amiss;

But, Mothers, whatever may vex you, Send the children to bed with a kiss.

The dear little feet often wander Perhaps from the pathway of right, The dear little hands find new mischief

To try you from morning till night; But think of the desolate mothers Who'd give all the world for your bliss, And as thanks for your infinite bless-

Send the children to bed with a kiss.

For some day their noise will not vex you—

The silence will hurt you far more; You will long for their sweet childish voices,

For a sweet, childish face at the door.

And to press a child's face to your bosom,

You'd give all this world for just this; For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow.

Send the children to bed with a kiss.

A WHISPER TO MOTHERS By R. Hare

MPATIENCE IS ONE of the saddest realities of domestic life. It is evil, and only evil continually, but thrown into a child's life, it becomes one of the greatest of evils.

With young mothers especially, impatience is liable to degenerate into a passion that spreads a lasting injury over the life of both mother and child.

David declared that he would keep a muzzle for his mouth. There is more need for a muzzle than ever before. The world is living largely on its nerves, and it is fast becoming neurotic and unreliable. Like Jehu of old, it "driveth furiously," but on the way to ruin.

Fond Mothers, that impatient word, that hasty slap, that angry shake—you cannot measure the injury that

may have been done by any or all of these. The result may not be seen in an hour, but you are sowing seeds that must bring forth a harvest of disappointment and ruin.

Of course, you can master that little child and terrify his little spirit into obedience, or rather compliance with your will, but that is not all. That rash tongue-lashing, that sudden burst of temper, that hurried punishment may prove the beginning of a heart divorce between you and your child that may finally leave you as far apart as Israel's mountains of blessing and cursing.

Do not mistake—it is right to correct your child. It is absolutely necessary to do so, for "a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." No greater nuisance can come to social or church life than a child without control. But your methods of control must be such that they will appeal to the judgment of the child and dignify your own life in his estimation.

Young men and women study for years to pass certain tests in science and education, but the training of children—the most important of all factors is the parental curriculum—is left to the hasty tongue, the thoughtless hand, or the careless impulse. To be truly mastered, this science will have to be studied kneeling in the Gethsemane shade where the sod is wet with tears.

On the other hand, parents sometimes get the idea that indifference to the child's wrongdoing or waywardness is patience. No, no! That is both wrong and sinful. You cannot follow this plan without injury to your child and the world in which he lives.

Your mind is quick. Years, have taught you understanding, but the child is only waking to life. It is your part to help him to understand. It is your part, also, to put a difference between willful rebellion and lack of knowledge See that the little mind has a clear understanding of what you require before you punish for disobedience.

Charlie watched his mother give a hasty slap to a younger brother for some unintentional wrong that he had done. A moment of thoughtfulness followed, then he exclaimed, "Mamma, does God beat hard when we do little things that aren't nice? 'Cause, if He does, I wouldn't like to go to heaven!"

(Continued on page 25)

... Helps for the Tempted and Tried ...

FROSTS OF AFFLICTION by E. D. Hooey

Sometimes I enjoy reading an old autograph album which I had given to me when I was a child. A friend wrote a wish for me in this book. It was, "May your life, like the antumn leaf, grow more beautiful as it fades."

Those who are privileged to walk in the woods in the autmun days, know the exquisite coloring that the maple leaves take on as they are about to fade. Many a time I have gathered these leaves with their beautiful coloring of crimson, mingled with green and gold, and waxed them in order that I might keep them in all their beauty through the winter. They make a beautiful table decoration, placed around the edge of a white centerpiece; and with smaller leaves at each plate, no prettier decoration could be desired. If you wish to be very festive, you can hang branches of the maple on the picture frames and around the room, thus bringing the beauty of the woods into your home.

As we admire their gorgeous coloring which no artist can exactly copy, we may do well to pause and consider what gives to them the beautiful coloring which everyone admires. Those who ought to know tell us that it is the frost that gives to the leaves the marvelous coloring which charms the beholder. Probably if there were no frosts, the leaves could not take on their autumn beauty. This makes us think that the frosts of affliction and sorrow that come into our lives are designed in order to make them beautiful. If we fully realized this, it would keep us from murmuring when the frosts of affliction enter our life.

Somehow, suffering rightly borne always enriches mankind. A man of note was asked what he would like to have left out of his life if he had the chance to live it over again. After a moment spent in thought he replied, "I would not dare to omit any of the hard things, for without them I could not have attained to what I have."

WHEN I AM OLD Mrs. I. L. Hazzard

Lord, keep me sweet when I grow old And things in life seem hard to bear; When I am sad, and all alone, And people do not seem to care.

Oh, keep me sweet when time has caused

This body, which is now so strong, To droop beneath its load of years, And suffering and pain have come.

And keep me sweet when I have grown To weary so at din and noise; And help me smile the while I watch The noisy play of girls and boys.

Help me remember how that I When I was younger than today And full of life and health and joy, Would romp and shout in happy play.

Help me to train my heart each day That it will only sweetness hold; And as the days and years roll on, May I keep sweet as I grow old.

Oh, keep me sweet, and let me look Beyond the frets that life must hold To see the glad eternal joys; Yes, keep me sweet in growing old.

WHEN I AM OLD AND GRAY-HAIRED

By OLIVER G. WILSON, in Wesleyan Methodist POSTASY IN OLD AGE is fearful. He who climbs almost to the top of the ladder and then falls hath the greater fall. Old age is not a time of inland nooks and quiet shallows, for here, often, the most severe tempests strike, and here

The sin of youth is impulsive wickedness; the iniquity of old age is indifference and bitterness. Men grow indifferent to the tasks that formerly challenged them; and they grow bitter at the divine providences that rob them of possessions, position, and friends.

are some of the most dangerous rocks.

Though loved ones have been snatched from you by death, God ever liveth. Though your earthly supports are gone, you are an heir to an inheritance "incorruptible, undefiled, and one that fadeth not away."

Learn to live by faith in the wise and loving goodness of God. Let this be the anchor of your soul. Refuse to say, "I am useless; there is nothing for me to do." Were this true, God would take you home. There yet remains work for you to do.

Explore some new continents in prayer. No one has yet exhausted the privileges of prayer. It yet remains to be seen what the force of prayer may accomplish.

Pray for your children who are facing a lukewarm materialistic age.

Witness to the presence and power of God in your life. Tell your visitors of the times when bread and meat were supplied for your children through prayer. Talk to them of the time when God stood by on life's black Friday. Counsel youth on the dangers of wilfulness, and show the glories of living for God.

One of the greatest blessings that came to this writer was when, as a young pastor, he called on a saint of eighty some years of age. Speaking of the hardships of pioneer preachers, of whom her husband was one, the old saint replied, "There hath not failed one word of all of his good promises." The young pastor went from that home on that day blessed, for he had been listening to the counsel of one of God's ripened saints.

Live for others in self-forgetful deeds of kindness. Sew on some buttons for the busy mother of five children; darn some socks for that young man in college or who has just come to the city to live; show that young wife how to dress a chicken, make pie crust, and plan a meager budget so as to meet the necessities of life.

You are necessary! Your life is a rich benediction to some stumbling one. You dare not fail. Your prize is almost within your grasp. And should you fail, your soul will sink into perdition, dragging a multitude of others with you.

God will be your strength and inspiration; trust Him constantly. "In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth," Psalm 72:7.

THE SUNSET SIDE L.L.H.

I've reached the sunset side Of Life's steep hill, And oft sweet thoughts of Home My spirit fill—

That Home which sunset skies Seem but to veil, As joys that once were mine Grow dim and fail.

But, ah, the sunset side Is surely best! Behind—the long had climb! Soon-Home and Rest!

And faces dear I lost Long, long ago I soon shall find again; Ah, yes, I know!

But more than all, one Face I then shall see-That Face divine of Him Who died for me;

Of Him whose love has been My strength and stay; Whose hand hath guided me Through all the way.

Ah, yes, the sunset side Is surely best!
Behind—the long hard climb! Soon-Home and Rest!

Branded Devotees

"From henceforth let no man trouble me: for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus," Gal. 6:17.

By JOSEPH L. MILLIGAN

NOTE: This is the message delivered on youth night at the 45th General Assembly

CAREFUL PERUSAL of the context will immediately reveal that a tired and worn soldier was at bay. He had been backed in the corner, as it were, by his accusers who were coming against him from all quarters. The thing that made the situation more painful was the fact that the false accusations were coming from the "house of avowed friendship." If it had been outsiders arraigning the apostle or if it had been some messenger of Satan buffeting him, he would have borne it patiently, but these charges were originating in his dearly beloved church in Galatia.

This was not the first time the "old preacher" had been lied about. A similar thing had happened a year before in the church at Corinth. Some of the mistaken brethren had started a whispering campaign against their pastor and had endeavored to shake the confidence of the congregation in their spiritual leader. As is always true when members secretly discuss their pastor, the rumors reached the ears of Paul. His first reaction might have been to assert his pastoral authority by calling a conference and excluding the entire gossiping faction, but, perhaps after prayerful meditation, he decided to write them a letter, which has come to be called the book of Corinthians. In this epistle, the weary preacher admitted to the church that they were truthful in calling him a fool, but that there were extenuating circumstances and certain conditions. While studying this glorious letter,

While studying this glorious letter, I have tried to capture the feeling of the apostle's innermost being as he, with pen in hand, attempted to defend his foolish actions. It seems to me that he might have thought, "Now, why do those Corinthian brethren think me a fool? What have I done that could give them sufficient grounds for such distorted thinking?" And as he began to reminisce over his many journeys and his many pastorates, he possibly thought, "Yes, I suppose I have done many things that appear very foolish in the eyes of the world. For instance, that time I was on my way to conduct a revival campaign and I was traveling by boat,

when suddenly a storm blew up and we were shipwrecked. I remember swimming ashore, and when I crawled up on the beach, wet and shivering, I tried to gather kindling with which to build a fire. I remember distinctly that as I reached my hand into the brush to pick up the sticks, a viper fastened itself to my arm. Then I thought, 'Now, wait a moment! This should not happen to a preacher. If snakes are to afflict a human being, let him be some old drunken reprobate who is not engaged in the Lord's work. God would not let this befall His minister! Surely not!' But as soon as I was dry and warm and was recovered from the shock, what did I do? I could have 'cussed and quit'; I could have resigned my church and have returned to my tent-making. If God allows these things to happen to me, I AM A FOOL to go on in His employ."

Paul continued his retrospection, "I once was down in the little city of—let me think—oh, yes, it was Philippi. Silas was with me. We were dragged into the market place before the magistrates and were charged with 'exceedingly troubling the city.' They took our clothes off us, beat us mercilessly, and then threw us in prison—into the subterranean dungeon. Oh, but it was dark in there—so dark that I could not see my hand before my eyes. We could not lie down, for our feet were fastened in the stocks; there we were left to suffer.

I remember the death-damp, the terrible smell of prison mold, the startling sensation of rats running over our feet. I recall turning to Silas about the midnight hour and saying, 'Silas, are you asleep?' And he answered, 'No, Paul; I can't sleep in this position, and I cannot lie down.' I asked, 'How is your back; is it still bleeding?' Silas replied, 'I think it will soon be all right. The blood seems to be clotting.' Then I said, 'Silas, don't think me foolish, but I have a strange feeling. I know it sounds absurd and unreasonable at such an hour as this, with our being in this predicament, but somehow I feel like singing. To be honest about it, I've got a song left over! I just must sing—would you join me?'"

Those holiness preachers began to sing, and as their rough voices struggled up out of the darkness of that old dungeon and rolled toward the skies, their duet of praises struck the very heart of their God. About that time, the earth began to rock, the gates of the jail leaped from their hinges, the stocks and chains fell from the prisoners' legs, and the walls of the prison came crashing down. God had again delivered His children! "But then," thought Paul, "instead of doing the only sensible thing that any intelligent being would have done and instead of quitting such nonsensical practices, what did I do? I literally ran to preach the gospel again! Yes, I AM A FOOL!"

PAUL KNEW THAT to suffer privations, such as hunger, nakedness, weariness, perils of the deep, perils of robbers, perils of the wilderness, stonings, scourgings, along with the aggravating care of the churches that came upon him daily, and, yet, for him to dare to preach on seemed foolish to the eyes of Reason. But, he let out the secret of his strength and revealed the source of his inspiration when he said, "The love of Christ constraineth me!" In essence, he is saying, "I don't do these things because I necessarily want to do them. No, I am not trying to make for myself a reputation. The truth of the matter is that I just can't help myself. There is something within me that spurs me on; it is the burning, driving, impelling, compelling, constraining love of Christ."

within me that spurs me on; it is the burning, driving, impelling, compelling, compelling, constraining love of Christ."

Paul was charged again! The church at Galatia had questioned his authority as an apostle; thus the epistle to the Galatians is his eloquent reply. Oh, how his soul must have shuddered as he wrote! He had preached the "unsearchable riches" for over a quarter of a century, for it had been twenty-six years since he was thrown from his mount outside Damascus when a sudden flash of God's glory burst upon him. What a quarter of a century that had been! He had suffered privations unparalleled by any other preacher. Burrell states that he had been "swept about in the mountain torrents of Macedonia, tanned by the suns of the



Reverend Joseph L. Milligan State Sunday School and Youth Director of Alabama

Isian deserts, and had drifted, fororn and helpless, on the open seas. But now, a group of novices were harging him. As Paul thought of heir utter inexperience and of their inpardonable impudence, his eyes nust have flashed with the fire of have burned with righteous anger as, with trembling hand, he penned his eply.

After informing them of his call to he ministry and of how grace had ransformed his heart that, like all other unregenerate hearts, was reeking with putrefaction, he confessed that he had wasted the Church of God and had done many foolish things, but that for the past twenty-six years ne had been industriously engaged in the Lord's work and had scars coverthe Lord's work and had scars covering his worn-out body as irrefutable evidence. As he turned in thought about him, he saw their hands raised toward him, and from each hand, a finger of accusation pointed directly towards him; thus he cried, "From henceforth let no man trouble me: for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus!" In other words, "Get your hands off me; swallow your words of scorn; pull down your condemning fingers, for I am the Lord's demning fingers, for I am the Lord's and have full proof of my allegiance in ugly scars covering this old frame —scars obtained in the promulgation of this glorious gospel!"

IT APPEARS TO me that the same spirit, a feeling of righteous contempt, that singed Paul's heart must sting the heart of our old preachers today when charged, ridi-culed, or corrected by the younger preachers. My heart has bled for those old warriors as I have watched sheer novices jump up in council meetings and business sessions and call the old man's hand on some point of parlia-mentary inquiry. My blood has cur-dled as I have listened to young

mouths vomit forth a deluge of nasty phrases which would cause the old veteran's face to redden and his eyes to smart as he would sink slowly to his seat, vainly endeavoring to squat low enough to hide from the embar-rassing stare of the assemblage. If he didn't know his parliamentary pro-cedure, so what? What matters it, He knows his God! It is admitted that he might have broken a parliamentary law—, but you could check his life and you would find that he has been extremely careful not to break the Ten Commandments.

Rather than accusing our old brethren and making them the object of our ridicule, we should remove our hats and bow our heads in their presence, for we young preachers have pulpits, parsonages, and congrega-tions today merely because these old veterans of the cross blazed gospel trails across our land and conducted brush arbor meetings, slept in garages, and lived scantily so that the Church might be established. O God, teach us to respect, regard, and revere our fathers in the faith! When we young smart alecks charge these battlescarred veterans, it would not sur-prise me if they should wheel about and say with the Apostle, "From henceforth let no man trouble me: for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus!"

For a few moments, let us dwell in thought on these "marks" the Apostle spoke of and attempt to determine just what they were and how they affect us. They are known as the "stigmata," which is a brand or label that has been placed on a parson or a has been placed on a person or a thing plainly denoting its ownership. The Apostle might have said, "Look me over, ye young recruits, for I bear in my body the marks of a slave!" A slave? What could he have meant? A slave is a person who has been procured either by force, having been subdued, or who has been purchased. Paul could have said, "Brethren, I have been apprehended. I was outside Damascus one day when a flash of God's radiance knocked me to the ground, and I caught a glimpse of the Lord Jesus Christ speaking to me out of heaven. I fell in love with Him, and since that day, I have been held in His bondage by the cords of affection." Yes, a slave!

DON'T YOU KNOW that it will be a great day in our lives when we assume the role of a slave to the Lord Jesus? There is an accursed ministry today that is educating people to approach the throne of God with something of audacity. They base their doctrine on the fact that we are the sons of God and have been made joint heirs with Jesus Christ. But that, my Brother, is all the more reason that we should approach Him with humility of mind and body. If we will but think of the horrible pit from which He lifted us, it will take the "peacock strut" from our walk and will make us willing to become the servant of all.

One of the most disgusting sights these eyes have seen was the attitude of some professors, often preachers,

who, being filthy and repellent when the Lord found them and saved them, now take on an air of superiority and try to "lord it over God's heritage." They become inaccessible and untouchable. They seem to think of themselves as God's chosen vessels. God help us! If you, my Brother, have been guilty of thinking of yourself more highly than you ought and of being slow to forgive your erring brother, just let your mind leap back to the night the Master left the ninety and nine and sought through the thickets of sin until He found you. Remember, if you can, just how far down you had sunk; remember the chains of debauchery that bound you and the unspeakable depravity that festered in your rancorous heart. To receive freedom from all that should make us willing to become slaves to the Lord Jesus.

Slaves do not always do as they desire, and neither could the apostle Paul. His soul groaned under severe affliction, just as ours would today. He did not make all those sacrifices just for the sake of making them. All the privations he endured were not of his own choosing, but being a slave, he had no other alternative but to suffer them. He knew that he had been "bought with a price" and that he was a "debtor"; thus he served cheerfully. He, like all other sinners, was on the auction block and the Adversary was the highest Bidder Highest versary was the highest Bidder. His soul was almost gone; the gavel of doom was ready to fall as the auc-tioneer cried, "Going once! Going tioneer cried, "Going once! Going twice!" when a Stranger, robed in a seamless garment dyed crimson from treading the winepress alone, stepped forth, lifted a bruised hand, and said, "Save that man from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom!" The auctioneer cried, "And what will you bid? Will it be silver?" He answered, "Nay, nor gold!" "But," queried the seller, "what, then, shall you offer?" The Man called Jesus said, "Not with corruptible things such as silver and gold, but I offer my own precious blood as a ransom!" And the transaction was done! The slave "Save that man from going down to transaction was done! The slave stepped down from the block, and with irrepressible gladness, he became the servant of the Lord. That is ex-actly what transpired in the redemption of each soul! Oh, what a trans-cendant price He paid! Little wonder that we should willingly and joyfully lay our bodies and souls on the altar of consecration and "present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, and acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service!"

THE APOSTLE might have argued, "If you will look closely you will see on my countenance the marks of a devotee." I have been informed that in Paul's day, and even today as well, that among the Hindus every man has on his person a god-mark and that one can tell at a glance at what altar he pays his devotions. One need not go to India to find such, for I stood today on the streets of Memphis and observed the god-marks on each face of the surging

(Continued on next page)

masses. I saw a pretty damsel rush by with her arms laden with bundles, and one could easily detect that her beautiful, shapely body was her god. She was even then hunting another garment with which to drape the flesh. Then, there came a young man by whose hands were clutching at papers resembling deeds or mortgages or some sort of business documents, and it was easily discernible from his zealous step and anxious glance that he was eager to make another dollar and to negotiate another transaction. His god was mammon! I looked again, and there, staggering along, was a profligate man with eyes red from drink and his energies dissipated from revelries. His god was Bacchus! Just then my heart leaped with pride as I watched the humble, unassuming approach of a child of God. He was unaffected by the hustle-bustle of the throng. He cared little for the flashing wares the world had on display in its windows. His dress was spotless, but simple; his step was soft, yet resolute; his countenance was gentle, yet grim. He had on his expression a faraway look as though he were searching for something he was unable to find in his immediate surroundings. I think I know the answer to it all he had a longing for a better country, that "bourne from which no travel-ler returns." Bargains and bundles could not distract him, the world's fanciful allurements failed to impress him, for houses and lands he cared but little, because he was "seeking a city, which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God!" He was indeed a marked man!

Every man's countenance bears the mark of his god! What does your countenance manifest? "Be not deceived; God is not mocked," and He knows all too well your heart's idol. The Word plainly states that ours is a jealous God, and He will have us paying tribute to none other. When Sinai quaked, lightnings flashed, and thunders reverberated across the black skies, God, to the blasting peals of blaring trumpets, thundered, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me!" Actually, He was saying, "I must be FIRST in your lives, or I will be NOTHING. I must be enthroned upon the pinnacle of your heart, or I will become insulted and will leave!"

I HAVE BEEN inspired for months to write a sermon entitled "Check Your Motive!" And, you know, that would be a profitable thing for all of us to do—just sit down and ask ourselves the questions "Why am I a Christian? Why do I sing, pray, or preach? Is it to please myself or others, or are my labors prompted by my love for Christ? Can I honestly say with the Apostle of old that I am engaged in these Christian endeavors because "the love of Christ constraineth me"?"

I fear that sometimes we have young people belonging to the Church because it is popular to do so or because it might place them within a certain circle of friends that they could not move into otherwise. If that be true, their church affiliation will

profit them nothing. And, too, some young preachers may have followed the profession just because "Dad" was a preacher. Is that reason enough? My precious old father is a gospel preacher and has been one since before I was born. I love him with all my heart, and I would do anything in the world I could to please him, but my love for him is not reason enough to cause me to number myself with the Christians or to preach the gospel.

I must climb for myself the rugged

I must climb for myself the rugged steps of old Golgotha, the place of the skull, and gaze upon that Victim on the middle cross until I am completely overcome with emotion. I must watch Him writhe in agony as the heavens darken, the earth convulses, the rocks rend, and the thunders groan. I must see the blood pour in horrid streams from His thorn-pierced brow, His punctured hands and feet, and His sword-riven side, and I must

CHRIST—AND WE

Annie Johnson Flint

Christ has no hands but our hands
Ta do His wark taday;
He has na feet but our feet
Ta lead men in His way;
He has na tangue but our tangues
Ta tell men haw He died;
He has na help but aur help
Ta bring them ta His side.

We are the anly Bible
The careless warld will read;
We are the sinner's gaspel,
We are the scaffer's creed;
We are the Lard's last message
Given in deed and ward—
What if the line is craaked?
What if the type is blurred?

What if aur hands are busy
With ather wark than His?
What if aur feet ore walking
Where sin's allurement is?
What if our tongues ore speoking
Of things His lips would spurn?
Haw can we hape ta help Him
Unless fram Him we learn?
——Selected

Carante and a second second

hear Him cry, with His tongue cleaving to the roof of His hot mouth, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani!" Yes, I must kneel there worshiping while the Holy Spirit convicts my soul with, "That is for you! Those thorns, those nails, that sword, all was intended for you! Why, He is even hanging on YOUR CROSS! He, who knew no sin, became sin that your sins might be forgiven! Bow down and worship!" And when my heart has fully realized the awful depth of it all, it, trembling with emotion, will succumb to the Spirit's wooing, bend itself in devo-tion, cry out in sincere repentance, thrill with pardon, throb with the joys of salvation, and be so completely subjugated to the power of the cross that Calvary's message will become to it a "magnificent obsession." It will go from there so madly infatuated with the Lord Jesus that it will know no discouragements, and its zeal to testify will no languor know!

That, my Brother, is the crying ne of the Church today. We are not lacing in talent. We have capable mucians, qualified singers, proficie preachers, but the stubborn fact mains that we need to fall in lo with Jesus. When that happens your life, you will not be able to hi it. The world knew that the early diciples had been with Jesus, for the walk, talk, and lives reflected to glory of God.

THE APOSTLE spoke a so as a warrior. He knew quite we that his scars had come from battlin with the Adversary of his soul. I he some young person say, "This Chritian life has been 'joy unspeakab and full of glory.' I have had nothin but pleasure in serving the Lord Take this advice, young Friend: G a firm, tenacious grip on the swor of the Spirit, put on the whole a mor of God, and get your feet we founded on the Rock of Ages, for your definitely in for a battle. The B ble explicitly states, "For we wrest not against flesh and blood, by against principalities, against power against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wicked ness in high places!" What a terribly stacking of words! The Bible has sevividly described our enemies for the that we might immediately recognize them on life's battlefields. They are the world—the flesh—and the devil.

Come out against this world, dare t defy its trends, refuse to abide by it customs or to drink of its cup, an beware, my Brother, for it will smit you without hesitation. If you refus to conform to its desires, it will stig matize you as "fool," "crank," "bigot, "eccentric," etc. Where is the Christian who has not been the object o caricature and derision simply be cause he dared to follow the low! Nazarene and His way of life?

LET ME WARN you tha we, as young people, have a terrificant task before us. Take a look at the world politically. Nations are distrusting each other and are in constant fear of attack. At this moment, over one-half of the world is quaking under the tread of armies. Statesmen are spatting like children before the television cameras and microphones of the world. Look at the world socially One cannot be considered popular unless he becomes a libertine! He must trample conviction underfoot to get along with society. Look at the world religiously. Even now we are feeling the rumblings in the old Church's foundations. There are divisions and misunderstandings everywhere! Yes there is a job to be done! What is the answer to the situation that has been thrust upon us, young people? We must reconsecrate ourselves to the cause, and fall so thoroughly and so deeply in love with Jesus that we will march forth as a mighty army, determined to defeat every foe and to come off the field as "more than conquerors"!



The spotlight honors this month go to Ethel Hidalgo Petrucelli. She was born in Koloa, Kauai, Territory of Hawaii, on June 6, 1934. Her family moved to Honolulu in 1944. While they were there, two women from the Church of God visited their home, explaining the way of salvation. After one visit, Ethel's mother accepted Christ. Being born and trained in catholicism, Ethel did not understand the Protestant religion. At the baptismal service of her mother, however, she became hungry for God. Accepting Christ as her Saviour, she began to serve Him faithfully. Later she became Y.P.E. president in the church at Honolulu.

Desiring to prepare herself to serve God in an even greater way, Ethel decided to attend Lee College. While there she traveled with the mission group and was a great blessing to the churches their group visited.

mission group and was a group to visited.

After her graduation from Lee College in 1952, she was married to Johnny Petrucelli. They have one child. Her talents as a singer and musician have been much help as she assists her husband in the evangelistic work. Having thus dedicated herself to Christ and His work, we cannot but feel that much success and happiness await her.

Stepping into the spotlight this month is Johnny Petrucelli, who was born in Syracuse, New York, July 20, 1934. He was converted in a mission service for the Italians in New Jersey at the age of nine. When he was fourteen, he became Sunday School superintendent in Kings Mountain, North Carolina. Later, he served as a Y.P.E. official in the local church where his father was pastor.

While attending Lee College, Johnny sang with the Lee Aires trio; was a member of the Beta Club; president of the Music Club; vice-president of the Senior Class; and administration editor on the Vindagua staff. He was listed in Who's Who in American Colleges, and was chosen as Mr. Lee College of 1951-1952 school term. After leaving school in 1952, he was married to Ethel Hidalgo, of Hawaii. The couple made their home in Charleston, West Virginia. While there, Johnny served as assistant pastor and as district youth director of the Charleston District. He left West Virginia in September, 1953, to begin full-time evangelistic work in the State of North Carolina.

Johnny's vivacious but humble spirit attracts, inspires, and challenges you. Somehow you know that he is a young man who will be very active and supremely happy in the Lord's work.

FORMULA FOR SUCCESS

Alice Whitson Norton

Day after day I watched it rise.. a mountain top, against the skies... and through the weather foul or fair ...I always wondered what was there ... until I heard ambition shout... go forth and for yourself find out.

Then step by step I made the grade ... with pick and shovel, ax and spade ...toward the top, and one bright night...I stood triumphant on the height...and looked about with great elation...that comes from self-made elevation.

I viewed with biased eyes the trail ... unknown to those whose courage fail... to meet with grit and stress and strife... the joys and tragedies of life... but suddenly the great success... I'd made was crowned with restlessness.

I faced with awe the glaring truth ...I'd sacrificed friends, love, and youth...to reach a self-appointed goal...to satisfy my selfish soul... and now the feat has been achieved ... for what I'd lost, my spirit grieved.

Then hope reminded me—the track ...that brought me up could lead me back...so thus today with joy I stand ... a power in my native land ... striv-

MEDITATIONS

ing eagerly to stress...success will bring unhappiness...unless it's shared day after day...with those we contact on the way.

WHY NOT TRY IT?

By Chester Shuler

Once a boy on Sunday morning,
_Wondered what to do That would please his father, mother, And the dear Lord Jesus, too.

Then, as was his splendid habit, (For this boy was no one's fool), He left home a wee bit early, And set out for Sunday School.

Down the street, he saw a fellow, Greeted, "Hi, Jim, coming, too?" Talked Jim into going with him. And 'stead of one, there now were two!

Two lads, bright-eyed and so cheery, Lots of things are sure to see: Hail'd young Sam, who quickly joined them.

And thus made a crowd of three! Three boys, rambling 'long the street,
Toward the church's door,
Routed out another fellow; proved
That "two and two make four"!

Four lads soon corralled a friend, And, real glad to be alive, All went in to Sunday School-Which swell'd their class by five!

WHEN MY SUMMONS COMES

By Mary Alice Holden

I shall go softly when my summons comes With steady step and eager hand Reach to eternal good When comes His blest command.

I shall be willing when my summons comes, Earth will hold no allure;

Longing and waiting I shall stand To make my calling sure.

I shall be ready when my summons comes To touch that skyward shore; No good have I; yet, One came down To save and goes before.

Softly and willing, ready, too, Bravely I'll leave for home, Knowing all good things wait for me, Since He has overcome.

THE LAMPLIGHTER

(Continued from page 3)

as the surrounding community. I honestly believe that if we would forget our financial problems, our budgets, our brackets, our promotions, even our building programs, and if we would humble ourselves before Him and go all out for a revival in every one of our churches, God would pour out His Spirit upon us until there would not be room to receive it.

"I am in favor of nice church buildings, but there is a large per cent of us who got saved in the shavings or sawdust, in the pine straw, on the leaves, or on a rough board floor. The Spirit of God is not confined within the walls of nice church buildings, but if we will meet Him, He will meet us. We feel that if we have a nice, decent building for people to come to, it will draw the crowds. We shall find it is never the building that draws the crowds but rather the Spirit of God that is manifest in the building. That has been proved time and time again.

"If we don't consecrate ourselves before God, humble ourselves before Him, and get down to business in seeking God for an outpouring of His Holy Spirit, I should not be surprised but what God will send something in our midst that will stir us up. It may be war; it may be persecution or numerous other things, but I believe with all of my heart that God is waiting to give us a mighty outpouring of His Spirit before it is too late.

"The only way we shall ever get a revival spirit in the Church is to first get it in our own hearts. We must let it become a part of us; we must promote it; we must talk it. We need to talk it to one another; we need to talk about it to our churches; we need to sponsor it in our ministers' meetings; we need to pray about it in our prayer conferences. O God, revive us! We must hear the shout of newborn souls. We must witness the joy that comes with sanctification. We must hear the speaking in tongues of those who are baptized with the Holy Ghost. Then and only then will the Lord add daily to the Church such as should be saved."

I feel that the General Overseer has presented a worthy challenge. Today we are on the threshold of great opportunities, and God has blessed us with sufficient strength for the task. 907-MT SINAI DESERT-Basic for all des It is a time to evaluate our values, and as Socrates once said, "Study to be what you wish to seem."

YOUTH NIGHT

(Continued from page 7)

Youth Night speaker further related that the greatest need in our Church today is to "fall in love with Jesus."

Bringing his Youth Night message to its conclusion, Brother Milligan reminded the youth of our Church that they have a battle to fight against sin, but he further encouraged them by stating that God has the necessary grace to enable our youth to be conquerors.

FOLLOWING Brother Milligan's message, the National Sunday School and Youth Director made a plea for each young person who would pledge himself to be an evangelist and win a soul to Christ, to raise his hand. Thousands of hands were raised throughout the vast audience, following which the youth knelt in prayer to further consecrate for the great task that awaits them in the future.

Thus another great Assembly Youth Night Program came to its end, but not without properly taking its place as one of the great services of the Assembly. Youth had been reminded once again of their challenge, and had become more determined than ever before to face the challenge boldly, conscious of the need to depend wholeheartedly upon the grace and mercy of God.

GOD WANTS YOU TO BE HAPPY

(Continued from page 15) Will it really re-create, refresh, encourage, strengthen me for better service to God and man? Or will it leave me tired, lethargic mentally, uncertain spiritually?

(3) Is it in any way connected with any evil or subversive group or movement? This is more important today

than ever before, in view of the effort being made by our enemies to infiltrate various youth groups with seemingly harmless but really vicious propaganda. Recognizing Christ and His Church as the mortal enemies of their own vicious and atheistic system, these enemies will leave no stone unturned to destroy any phase of Christianity they can.

(4) Is this form of pastime or amusement generally condemned by intelligent, well-informed, sincere Christians? Do my own pastor, Sunday School teacher, and parents feel it is a good thing?

(5) Will it dull or destroy my own Christian experience, blight my fellowship with my Lord, and weaken my personal testimony for Him? Needless to say, any sincere and earnest Christian will probably ask this question first of all. If the answer is "Yes." he will avoid the thing in question as he would the plague. No follower of the Lord can afford to jeopardize these precious things for the sake of even the most attractive amusement in all the world.

FINALLY, THE YOUNG Christian who has really tasted of the joy of the Lord is not likely to find these forms of bogus recreation either intriguing or particularly tempting; although, if indulged in, they will quickly blunt and blight that joy and dull the spiritual sensibilities. The sincere Christian will lay these question earnestly before the Lord in prayer. Jesus will help solve them, and lead the seeker in the right path, giving the needed strength to resist the ridicule which often comes to those refusing to compromise the finer things of the Christian life.

Yes, God wants us to be happybut He knows the path which alone leads to true joy. (Proverbs 3:6.)

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

(Continued from page 10)

not allow them to take Benjamin until all of their grain was used. When Joseph saw Benjamin with them, he told the ruler of his house to prepare a dinner for them at his house.

When their sacks were filled with grain, the money was placed in the mouth of the sacks, as it was the first time. Into Benjamin's sack was placed Joseph's silver cup. When Joseph tried to take Benjamin because of his cup, the brothers pleaded for Benjamin. Joseph could not keep his identity from his brothers any longer. He told them not to be angry with themselves for selling him to the Ishmaelites, for God had sent him into Egypt to preserve life. Joseph told them to come down to Egypt to live. He would give them Goshen as their home. It was hard for Jacob to believe that his favorite son was still alive, yet he was eager to go to Egypt to see him. Jacob, his eleven sons, and their families made their home in Goshen as Joseph suggested.

After the death of Jacob, Joseph and his servants carried him back into Canaan. He was buried in the cave of the field of Machpelah, which Abraham bought many years before. Joseph and his brothers returned to Egypt. Before Joseph died, he told the Israelites that God would bring them out of Egypt into Canaan, and that he wanted them to carry his bones back to Canaan with them. Joseph died at the age of one hundred and

A MOTHER IN EGYPT (Continued from page 9)

fallen to the enemy and the ship could not enter port there. Could Miss Trasher use any of the cargo? What a sight met her eyes! There on the sands, silhouetted against the skyline, were long lines of boxes and barrels awaiting shipment to some "charitable institution." The ambassador gave her \$125, a personal gift, to pay for transportation of some of the cargo to Assiut. What excitement and joy filled the Orphanage as the food and clothing were distributed. There were 2,000 dresses for the girls and 1,900 handmade sweaters for the boys. More was to follow. Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?

To LILLIAN Trasher, America is a far-off land of the misty past. Egypt is her home; the Egyp-



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tiful volumes, over 950 illustrations, many in color plus useable, appealing and abundant Bible helps. Captivates young and old because it makes Scripture reading enjoyable and Bible knowledge a blessing. Presents the beloved matchless King James version of the Bible with complete Glossary explaining Obsolete Words and Phrases. One pastor writes, "I am always glad when I find THE BOOK OF LIFE in one of the homes of mychurch."

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tians are her people. Having a vision, the American girl "tried hard" to bring it to a realization, and she succeeded far beyond her dreams. Laboring far into night, cutting out garments for the children, traveling about on donkey back, soliciting help, escorting thousands of visitors through the buildings, settling disputes, and overseeing all the workers and the children, she has not spent an idle moment nor wasted a dollar on her self. Praying, not only for the material needs of the Home, but also for the souls of her family, she has labored untiringly, trusting to see them all in the kingdom of God. This big, laughing, happy woman, shedding sunshine wherever she goes, has taught thousands the true way of life as she turned their steps heavenward.

The words of General Negib, Prime Minister of Egypt, written in the visitors' book sum up everything in the spiritual impression left on all who have visited the Orphanage:

Assiut, March 24, 1953 "Nothing has ever given me more pleasure than what I have seen today. It is as though I were dreaming of a paradise of humanity exactly as I have always imagined it to be, then having this dream come to realization. The care given to orphan babies, children, and to disabled men and women is evident here with all the strength which the meaning of true humanity can convey.

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"I call upon those who are engaged in social reform and activities to visit this institution and learn from it what they should do if they really wish to achieve.

"With thanks to Miss Lillian and to all those who assist her in this institution.

-Mohammed Negib"

*"Lillian Trasher, the Nile Mother," by Lester Sumral, Full Gospel Publishing House, Pacific Avenue, Springfield, Missouri.



NEWSPAPER REPORTERS

Alice Josephsen

Acts 13:49, "And the word of the Lord was published throughout all the region.

Let's take a modern news office back through time to the beginning of the Gentile age and set it in Jerusalem.

This will provide an opportunity for study of the first twelve chapters of the book of Acts, to be presented in an unusual way. Several of the Y.P.E. members will act as reporters who will have their stories ready. (They may need a little help from Sunday School teachers; imagination will do the rest.)

Some wide-awake, energetic youth should act as "editor-in-chief" who will call on members of his staff to present their news features. They may be worked out as elaborately or as simply as your facilities and needs may demand.

may demand.
FOREIGN NEWS:
Story of Roman Emperor—making plans to destroy Jerusalem.
Report on church opening at Antioch—the new name "Christian" be-

ing applied.
FRONT PAGE HEADLINES:

"Gospel Preached to the Gentiles"
"One hundred and twenty Heads on Fire in Upper Room"
"Moses Seen on Hilltop"

OTHER STORIES:

"Paul Preaches—Man Falls From Window"

"Dead Seamstress Sews Again" "Man and Wife Die in Crooked Business Deal"

"Pharisees Raging"

"Angel Appears at Jail Break"
FEATURE SECTION:

This reporter may give a human interest story; such as, the stoning of Stephen or Paul's conversion (as told to the reporter personally by an eyewitness)

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EDITORIAL:

Close the program with the editorial writer, who should speak briefly on the theme "Publishing the Good News." The greatest joy of our lives should be to "report" on the greatest news the world has ever known. The gospel story is making news every day, and the greatest headline is yet to come—"The Appearing of Jesus," the nope which salvation brings.

BUILDING A LIFE

By Ollie Smith

It is impossible to build a structure without a foundation. We know that Christ is the Foundation for a Christian life. Since we must build on the foundation, what kind of material should we use? There are two kinds of structure that we can build-a worthwhile structure or one that will not last. In 1 Corinthians 3:11-15 we read, "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire." This lets us know that we need to choose our material with care. Let us examine the materials mentioned in this scripture.

First of all, hay, wood, and stubble are not of any lasting value. If tried by God's fire, they would be quickly consumed. Many times we use useless materials when we are not aware of it. God looks upon our hearts, and if we work building our lives because we want to help someone, God sees and knows. We will not be building in vain. It takes much thought and concentration to build a strong, lasting structure. Notice just a few of the many ways that we can build our lives.

FIRST SPEAKER: Prayer Life. This is indeed a neglected phase in the lives of many Christians' life-building. Without prayer we are powerless. Powerless Christians cannot accomplish the work Christ has assigned for them. They cannot help others and are not satisfied with themselves.

When we kneel down, go through a form of prayer, get up, and go on our way without giving very much thought to what we have said, we are building a faulty structure by failing to reach God. We have not reached God to help improve our own lives; therefore, how can we help someone else? Paul tells us to "Pray without ceasing," 1 Thessalonians 5:17. We must, therefore, be continually in an attitude of prayer. Prayer is a wonderful way to build a lasting structure.

SECOND SPEAKER: Bible Study. Do you have a sincere love for God's Word and do you read it to help develop the character that would be pleasing to God, or do you read the Bible merely because you feel it is your duty? You may be one who does not read the Bible at all. How do you expect to build a lasting structure without knowing what God has instructed us to do or not to do? Psalm 119:105, says, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

THIRD SPEAKER: Church Attendance. Are you going to church to worship God or just to meet a friend? Are you too interested in what the other person is wearing? Do you find fault

with him? Do you go to church because it is a custom or duty or because you have nowhere else to go? In order for our lives to be strong structures we must worship God in "spirit and truth." Unless we go to church to help and to be helped, we are building with useless material. We must have a structure of silver, gold, or precious stones in order that it may endure God's fire or trial.

FOURTH SPEAKER: Soul Winning. After we use all the methods to build the correct structure, our structure even then will fail if we neglect to help others to a saving knowledge of Christ. In Daniel 12:3 we read, "And they In Daniel 12:3 we read, "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Truly God has a lasting reward for those who are faithful in telling others of His love. Even if we succeed in doing the other things from a sincere heart, unless we win souls we shall not have complete joy or fullness through Christ.

THE HIDING PLACE

By Joan Welch

INTRODUCTION:

Are you familiar with the game "hide and seek"? Maybe you were fortunate enough to find a good place to hide and didn't get caught. On the other hand, it does us no good to hide from Christ, because He sees every move we make. Therefore, instead of hiding from Him, let us hide in Him. FIRST SPEAKER:

Hail, Sovereign Love, Who first began

The scheme to rescue fallen man! Hail, matchless, free, Eternal Grace, Which gave my soul a hiding place!

Against the God who built the sky, I fought with hands uplifted high-Despised the mention of His grace, Too proud to seek a hiding place.

NARRATOR:

Do you remember when the Soverign Love first began in your life and when with Eternal Grace He set you free? Quite often people try to find a h.ding place—not in God as a refuge—but away from Him. They despise the very sound of His name. With selfish pride, they scoff the Christians and seek darkness as a hiding place.

SECOND SPEAKER:

Enraptured in thick Egyptian night And fond of darkness more than light,

Madly I ran the sinful race, Secure—without a hiding place!

But thus the eternal counsel ran-Almighty Love, arrest that man! I felt the arrows of distress, And found I had no hiding place.

NARRATOR:

Running from God is a dangerous occupation. Some people run from Him all their lives to no avail. They cannot find peace and satisfaction by dodging from one thing to another. When His love arrests them, they ponder, squirm,

d try to hide, but God is omnipres-

HIRD SPEAKER:

Indignant—Justice stood in view; To Sinai's fiery mount I flew, But Justice cried with frowning face, "This mountain is no hiding place!"

Ere long a heavenly voice I heard, And mercy's angel soon appeared. He led me, with a beaming face, To JESUS as a hiding place.

ARRATOR:

Yes, they flee to the mountains; ney flee from one sin to a deeper ne; they flee from one habit to a eadlier one, but when they get so low, od's angel, who has been constant-watching o'er comes to speak tenerly and to lead the lost souls to esus' hiding place, the greatest one of

OURTH SPEAKER:

On Him Almighty vengeance fell Which must have sunk a world to

He bore it for a sinful race, And thus became their hiding place.

Should sevenfold storms of thunder roll

And shake this globe from pole to pole,

No thunderbolt will daunt my face, For Jesus is my hiding place.

IARRATOR:

Jesus bore a lot just to free us from he lowest depths of sin. Can you say hat Jesus is your hiding place?

SUGGESTED SONG: "Precious Hidng Place.'

OUR TONGUES

J. R. Hockensmith

LEADER: "But the tongue can no nan tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison," James 5:8. Voltaire once said, "To speak his mind is every tree man's right." Even though we, as American citizens, have freedom of speech, as Christians we must be ex-tremely careful what we say. Many times we need to bridle our tongues. We find that the failure to bridle our tongues is one of the shortcomings of many Christians. Sinners in our midst are listening to our conversations, and are watching to see us do or say something that would justify the many untrue things they say about us. If only for this reason, we should be very careful to have our conversations centered in God's will. If we cannot say something good about our fellow man, we should say nothing at all. We should pray for God to help us so that no one can find any evil or guile proceeding from our lips, so that offences shall not arise because of our carelessness, and so that we can say things that would cause souls to hate darkness and love light. Let us pray that God will keep a bridle on our tongues. "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain."

FIRST SPEAKER: Keep your Tongue From Evil and Guile. "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile." First, we must have an understanding of what we mean by evil and guile coming from our lips. Examples of such are cursing, swearing and telling ungodly icked swearing, and telling ungodly jokes. We, as Christians, understand and recognize these, but those in which the children of God are more slack are the ones we need to bring to light.

One of the most unbelievable, but nevertheless true, evils that comes from the lips of the children of God is lying. We all know that the true Christian would not intentionally say something untrue. "The lip of truth shall be established for ever: but a lying tongue is but for a moment," Proverbs $12:\bar{19}.$

Many Christians have heard the conversations of sinners, and not knowing whether or not the truth was stated, they passed it on to other members of the church. From there it went like wildfire. When something bad is said about a person, we should not repeat it, but rather we should pray for him. There wouldn't be so much hard feelings one to another if everyone would bridle his tongue.

Another way Christians tell lies is by telling their children they are going to do a certain thing and failing to do it. Perhaps a parent tells the child he is going to whip him if he does a certain thing. Since even the child knows it is untrue, he goes ahead and does the forbidden thing-never being punished.

Another example of evil speaking is telling sinners the faults of the brothers and sisters in the Church. It causes them to turn against you, the Church, and the members. They make remarks, "If that's religion I don't want it." Then they stop coming to church if they have ever attended. God forbid that we turn anyone against our brother or sister, against the Church, against us, and perhaps against our Saviour.

SECOND SPEAKER: Keeping our Souls. "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from trou-bles," Proverbs 21:23. Of course, we know that first of all, we must be living for the Lord to keep our tongues. However, the Christian has to be on guard for a lot of things if he keeps his tongue. We must think twice before speaking; we must avoid listening to untrue conversations of sinners; we must, as much as possible, keep away from persons who gossip. Never should we repeat the faults of some brother or sister in the Church to anyone else, but if it is noticed, we should go to the one who is at fault and tell him about it. When holding a conversation, talk about something other than people, and if obliged to talk about peo-ple, say only nice things about them. It has been said that there is always some good in every person. Look for it! It is a good practice to always let your conversation be about God. Try

THIRD SPEAKER: Advantages of the Tongue. "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in

season to him that is weary: he wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned," Isaiah 50:4. There are many advantages of the tongue. One should know about the Bible so that if God calls you to preach His Word to lost souls and to feed His lambs, you will recog-nize His call. Just a few kind words to some sinner or backslider may win a soul to Jesus. A few learned words to an infldel may cause him to acknowledge God, and a few more may cause an unbeliever to be convinced of holiness and consider his ways. To express an inspired thought may cause some cold, indifferent Christian to be revived, or it may be encouraging to a soul who is discouraged and cause him to be on fire for God. There are many wonderful things we could say if we would only pray for God's guidance. Let us keep our tongues so that we may keep our souls soaring toward heaven.

> JACK'S WEALTH (Continued from page 11)

ers. We also have a big garden. Would you be interested in working for me? I want someone who knows how to take care of flowers, the shrubs, trees, and the garden. I'll pay well. Would you like that?"

"Oh, would I!" exclaimed Jack's father. "Why, Ma'am, it's just the thing for me! You are so kind."
"And I own some rent houses in a

good neighborhood not far from here. You can move into one. I'll give you the address. I'll take you over there in my car, if you'll come over here to-morrow. Bring your wife along. I think she'll like the little cottage. I am so happy, I want to do something for someone. The Lord has laid it on my heart. I had been praying for just such people like you . . . boy and all!
Oh, I am richer than all the money
rolled into one lump!"
"Thank you!" said Jack's father. He

was so excited and happy he could hardly talk. And Jack was beside him-

self with joy. "Oh, the Lord has answered our prayers, too!" said Jack. "Jack and I

are going to have good times!" After they had driven off to sell the load of metal, they didn't say anything to each other for a long time. Jack and his father were so excited, they could hardly wait to get home to tell his mother the good news.
"Dad," said Jack, "we are rich, aren't we?"

"We surely are," his father replied.
"There's no boy in the world richer than you, because you love Jesus and are going to serve Him in a very special way.

HAPPY HOME CIRCLE (Continued from page 16)

Mothers, you have not measured the logic that rules in the little minds of your children. Do not try to overrule or override the child mind, but rather to control it with all the sweet patience that will help you to overcome your own impatience.

READY--SET--GO

This month, beginning October 10, we are expecting hundreds of churches to enter a six weeks' CHURCH-WIDE SUNDAY SCHOOL ATTENDANCE DRIVE, which will conclude November 14.

The methods used in promoting this contest will largely determine whether or not the growth will be spasmodic or sustained.

There is little or no virtue in a Sunday School contest if there are no plans to follow-up and retain at least a percentage of the new scholars that are attracted through the effort. To have merely an influx of pupils and then settle down to the same number as before the contest is detrimental to the Sunday School. First, this type of operation discourages the people. Second, it hampers the future possibilities of inspiring them to undertake another task of enlargement.

The most effective method to reach and to hold pupils for the Sunday School is personal contact. This is a statement that has been made times without number; yet, it remains a stubborn fact. If pursued, this course will net sustained gains for any school.

Growth does not come through wishful thinking nor does it come through using merely a special attraction. Much growth that is attained through special attractions is usually gone with the attraction. However, in some cases benefits can be derived if the visitors are followed-up.

If the contestants fail to see that the motive of the drive is to reach more souls, for Christ, instead of merely swelling their records, the purpose of the contest has failed.

When one has the proper motive, he is sure to win, even if he loses; that is, even though he does not place in the contest, he certainly will have made contacts and laid a foundation for future growth.

Last year the contest was a boon to our Sunday School progress and many churches have maintained the highest average attendance in their history since that time.

Our church contest runs concurrently with the **Christian Life** Contest, and if you would like to compete with a church of your size in another denomination, write to: **Christian Life**, 434 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, for an entry blank for that contest. Last year the Churches of God won four out of the thirty-two prizes offered by **Christian Life**.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND YOUTH DEPT. 1080 Montgomery Ave. Cleveland, Tenn.

JPPOSE THE PRESSES STOPPED

(Continued from page 13)

nd them, as a rule, to be men of high telligence and consecration. The ys are gone when ecclesiastical auorities thought you could put anye into the editorial chair and he buld automatically function. To be able editor requires not only a naral aptitude for journalism, but altechnical skill comparable to that the surgeon or engineer.

To be a true Christian editor re-nires even more—the technique must there, but also the devotion to hrist necessary to make a Christian blication a true bearer of good tidgs. A brilliant editor of a secular urnal might fail, if he depended hely on his own ability, to become successful religious editor. This is nother phase of the uniqueness of the original process. e Christian press. The real editor not only a publisher but also a cruder. Ever in his mind and prayers this: Am I doing what Jesus would ave me to do, and am I always doing by best for Him?

In the evangelical press today you ill find editors whose personal lives ave been surrendered to the Lord for is service and direction, and who onsider themselves called to their sk the same as ministers and misonaries. Many of them are ordained inisters to whom God has given edi-orial talents which they in turn have edicated to His service.

As I LOOK back over the ears, I see tremendous advancements n the church press. Time was when he run of Christian publications was iry and colorless—a few unfortunate-y are still that way, but are ripe for conversion." But the religious press vasn't alone in that drabness: just ake a look at an old-time newspaper nd its columns of small type, dead neads, and poor printing.

This is a changing world, and while the tenets of our faith are changeless, our customs and practices alter. The printing art has made incredible strides in the last thirty years; jour-nalism has likewise progressed. Tract literature, religious leaflets and pamphlets have come alive with color and high-grade typography. Most church publications today are attractive, wellillustrated, printed on good stock, and easy to read. Today you can place many Christian publications alongside smart-looking national magazines, and they are fully as inviting to the eye. In fact, a few of them excel so markedly that I should say they out-do nine out of ten of our most fam-ous magazines in eye appeal.

As to dramatic and romantic writing-not in the sentimental sense-Christian papers take no back seat to any publication. As I read church journals and Sunday School litera-ture, I find them as fully engrossing as the secular publications who pay high prices to noted writers for stories and articles. This is good news, for cheapness has no place in Christian-

ity. We owe our very best to God. Christian editors have a keen sense of that, and in giving their best are winning millions of faithful Christians to a realization that Christian publications are indispensable to an effective blanketing of the world with the good news of redemption through

CHRISTIAN editors and publications have found much of value in conferences and institutes of various types, for the exchange of ideas and for the reception of suggestions from editors of secular newspapers and magazines. The latter have given of their services willingly, and their tips for the betterment of the religious press have been invaluable and received with deep apprecia-

The Christian Writers' Institute of Chicago, the Evangelical Press Association, and similar groups have done much to point up the possibilities of religious editing and writing, and should uncover further values in the future. It should be clear that many editors of the secular publications are active Christians, who carry over in their own enterprises as much as possible the same Christian zeal which animates editors of the religious press.

It is interesting to note how the word "ministry" has expanded in its meaning in the Christian field. We speak of the lay ministry, the ministry of music, and the ministry of education. The idea should, and will, go further to include the "ministry of journalism."

If it weren't for the written or printed Word, we wouldn't have the Bible today. If the four Gospels hadn't been committed to writing, the whole story of the historic Jesus might easily have been lost in the mists of the ages—that is, humanly speaking. No one would believe for a moment that God would not divinely preserve in some manner the facts of the life and death of His Son for the redemption of mankind. Yet He chose the written Word for the record.

Surely today the story of how the Good News is spreading in the face of the appalling sins and evils of this age is also divinely inspired. God is using the pen and the typewriter in the "ministry of journalism" wherever it is truly carried on in His name. It is an exalted opportunity for evangelism. Editors and readers make the paper, and help make the Christian Church the invincible foe of mankind's curse and the agency of redemption of the lost.

Honor yourself and your household with Christian publications; give them a place of prominence that your visitors as well as family may read and learn. You will gather spiritual strength and inspiration along with knowledge, and your service to Christ will be enhanced.

If the presses of religious journalism were to be stopped, havoc in the spiritual realm would be wrought. But if they are kept rolling faster, greater blessing under God will come.



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HE SATISFIES
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I'VE GOT RELIGION
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IN GOD WE TRUST
JESUS IS ALL I NEED
JESUS IS LIVING WITHIN
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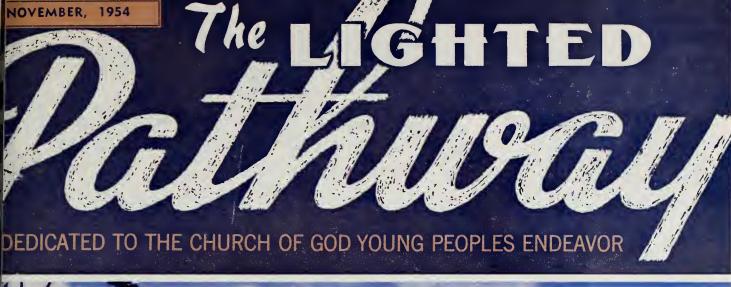
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COURT CASE

By Freda Newton Brunner

This child was born of lust, not love, And hated from the hour he was born; His mother cursed him for her pain, His father glanced at his red face with scorn-

"The puny brat!"

He woke them in the dim and dreary

When, wet and cold, he clamored to be

"Get up and feed the kid, he's squalling."

"Shut up, and let me sleep." "Say, who can sleep with that brat bawling?"

And so he grew. Hate was his heritage; Slaps and curses his daily lot.

He learned to hate before he learned to talk.

Sullen and furtive; stealing things at school;

Till, joining with a gang, he found some fun

Beating the cops; and learned to mock All law: "Ain't we smart? Call that a

And then—"a bigger job"—with guns.

So now he stands a murderer on trial— A boy of sixteen, born and reared in hate.

Love could have saved him. Now it is too late.

> Selected From The Christian Century.

CRIME

Of all the adult male criminals in London, not two in a hundred have entered upon a course of crime who have lived an honest life up to the age of twenty. Almost all who enter on a course of crime do so between the ages of eight and sixteen.-Shaftesbury.

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

CHARLES W. CONN Editor-in-Chief Church of God Publications

LEWIS J. WILLIS Editor The LIGHTED PATHWAY

ALDA B. HARRISON Editor Emeritus The LIGHTED PATHWAY

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Thanksgiving Day

Robert Bridges

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!

Not for the armed legions, marching in their might,

Not for the glory of the well-earned fight

Where brave men slay their brothers also brave;

But for the millions of Thy sons who work—

And do Thy task with joy,—and never shirk,

And deem the idle man a burdened slave:

For these, O Lord, our thanks!

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!

Not for the turrets of our men-of-war—

The monstrous guns, and deadly steel they pour

To crush our foes and make them bow the knee;

But for the homely sailors of Thy deep

The tireless fisher-folk who banish sleep

And lure a living from the miser sea:

For these, O Lord, our thanks!

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!

Not for the mighty men who pile up gold,

Not for the phantom millions, bought and sold

And all the arrogance of pomp and greed;

But for the pioneers who plow the field,

Make deserts blossom, and the mountain yield

Its hidden treasures for man's daily need:

For these, O Lord, our thanks!

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!

Not for the palaces that wealth has grown,
Where ease is worshipped—duty dimly known,
And pleasure leads her dance the flowery way;
But for the quiet homes were love is queen
And life is more than baubles, touched and seen,
And folks bless us, and dear children play:
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

Thank God

Author Unknown

Thank God for life!
E'en though it bring much bitterness and strife,
And all our fairest hopes be wrecked and lost,
E'en though there be more ill than good in life,
We cling to life and reckon not the cost.
Thank God for life!

Thank God for love!

For though sometimes grief follows in its wake,
Still we forget love's sorrow in love's joy,
And cherish tears with smiles for love's dear sake;
Only in heaven is bliss without alloy.
Thank God for love!

Thank God for pain!

No tear hath ever yet been shed in vain,
And in the end each sorrowing heart shall find

No cu:se, but blessings in the hand of pain;
Even when he smiteth, then is God most kind.

Thank God for pain!

Thank God for death!
Who touches anguished lips and stills their breath
And giveth peace unto each troubled breast;
Grief flies before thy touch, O blessed death;
God's sweetest gift; thy name in heaven is Rest.
Thank God for death!

The Riches of God

Katherine Bevis

The purple grapes, the fragrant apples growing, The golden wheat, the nectar bees have borne From clover and the goldenrod that blossoms Beyond the hills where grows the yellow corn,

For beauty such as this, O God, I thank Thee. Holy, reverend, wonderful, Thou art Creator of the elements, the ocean's vast domain, The stars, the suns, Creator of man's heart.

Let me remember, drinking in this beauty, These gifts that Thou doth freely give to man. And may I ever thank Thee, for Thy bounty, Eternal riches, given on God's plan.

Page 3

H GOBBLER, I simply can't bear to think of selling you! We've been such friends, and you're so nice, and so—" Ellen Davis threw her arms around the huge turkey gobbler and stifled her sobs in his sleek feathers.

"Gob-bb-bble?" the big tom answered, turning one beady eye toward

the girl, and pecking at a button on her gray coat. "Gobbbll?"
"Hey, what goes on here, Sissy?"
asked her brother Mark, coming around the barn just then. "Why all the grief?"

Ellen turned her tear-stained face toward him. "Oh, Mark, Aunty wants me to sell Gobbler before Thanksgiving-and you know what that means! Poor Gobbler will be killed and eaten! Oh, dear, I can't bear to think of it, but-

"So that's the trouble, eh?" Mark squatted alongside, and stroked the turkey's back thoughtfully. "Hm-m. That is sort of bad. But cheer up. Perhaps we can think of some way-

Ellen's hopes rose wildly. Mark was always such a comfort to her. He was a keen-minded lad, and often could think of a way out of their difficulties. But this was different, and her hopes sank. "Trouble is, Mark, I promised last summer that I'd sell him. And you know what Mother al-ways told us about keeping promises. Mark nodded. "Yes, a Christian al-

ways keeps a promise. You know, Sissy, I'm just about the same fix, with Spot. I promised Uncle John I'd care for Spot and then sell him this

fall, and-

Ellen arose and tried to grin while she mopped her eyes. "Yes I know," she said. "I'm a terrible baby. You have as much trouble as I. Sorry."

Mark patted her arm. "Attagirl, Sissy. Mother'd like to hear you talk like that. We must be brave—like Daddy said. I hate to lose Spot. He's been my pet ever since he was a tiny, long-legged calf. But Uncle says I may have the money for my college fund."

"I'm to have the money I get for Gobbler, too. But I'd much rather have Gobbler!"

"Sure." Mark walked along silently for a minute. "You know, Ellen, we'd better pray about this. Maybe, as Daddy always said, God will make it easier for us to bear.

Ellen smiled. "Yes, and now we'd better do our work. I'll race you to the shed!"

THE ORPHANED brother and sister were grateful to their Uncle John and Aunt Edna for giving them a good home following the sudden death of their parents, nearly a year ago. But the Thanksgiving season brought a flood of precious memories of other helidays of other holidays spent so happily in their home circle. Both were Christians, and had learned early in life to trust the Lord Jesus as their Saviour and Friend. They were glad that their uncle and aunt, too, were Christians and that they had a good Christian home in which to live.

Sunday morning they prepared to



"She was sa busy telling him a lot of things that she didn't see the big black car pur ta a stap near the hause.

go to Sunday School and church, as usual. It was the brightest spot in their week. At the little country church, Mark belonged to a boys' class taught by Joe Edwards, a bright-eyed young farmer who knew the Lord and knew how to interest boys. Ellen's teacher, Miss Lloyd, was young, also, and all the girls loved her.

The nice gray-haired minister chose as his text that morning Psalm 107:21, 22: "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing."

"The 'sacrifices of thanksgiving,'" he explained, "are the times we praise God for blessings when we don't feel like praising. At this Thanksgiving time, I hope not one of you feels that you have nothing for which to praise God—for you certainly have much. Yet I have occasionally met persons who felt that praise was not in order."

WALKING HOME, Ellen asked, "Mark, do you suppose it would be a 'sacrifice of thanksgiving' if I'm thankful and praise God for letting them sell Gobbler?"

Mark kicked a pebble ahead of him for a time. "I suppose it would, Sissy. And if I can do that when they take Spot to the butcher's, well, I'll think it's a sacrifice all right. Maybe, though, if we ask God real hard, He'll help us be glad, anyway.'

"I've been asking Him to make me

glad—or not so sad, anyway," Ellen said. "I don't want Aunty to know how I feel; she doesn't understand about Gobbler, and he's just a big, fat turkey to her."

A day or so later when Ellen came home from school, all was quiet on the farm. She ran out to talk with Gobbler, as usual, and was so busy telling him a lot of things that she didn't notice the big black car purr to a stop near the house. Then a welldressed gentleman and a very pretty young lady saw Ellen and came to-ward her. "Hello there, little lady," greeted the man in a kindly voice. "That is a fine, big turkey you have there."

Ellen jumped up. Gobbler gobbled with mild alarm. "Y-yes, sir," Ellen stammered. "He's my pet turkey, but—I'll have to sell him, and—" The girl looked sympathetically at her, and

Ellen could not go on.
"Oh, that's too bad," she said in a
musical voice. "I should think you'd

musical voice. "I should think you'd hate terribly to part with him, then." Ellen nodded. "I'd like to keep Gobbler always. But my aunt and uncle want me to sell him, and I may have the money for anything I want to do with it." She heard herself rattling on, "I'm going to give it to the missionary lady who's coming to speak in our church and then she'll give it to our church, and then she'll give it to some little black boys and girls 'way over in Africa. I guess it'll make them happy, anyway."

The girl smiled. "Oh, that will be wonderful!"

Thanksgiving Sacrifice

A tender story of a little girl who discovered that those sacrifices one makes in love have way of returning unexpected benefits.

By CHESTER SHULER

(All rights reserved)

Illustrated by CHLOE STEWART

"I couldn't enjoy anything I'd buy th money from poor Gobbler," Ellen nt on, tears welling up in spite of

"I know, Dear," the lady said, kind"Of course, you couldn't, and—"
ne looked at her father, who had opped to stroke the turkey's broad ck. Both laughed when the turkey

ck. Both laughed when the turkey bibled.

"He always 'talks' like that when I roke him," Mary said.

"How clever," laughed the girl. laddy, if she must sell her pet, luldn't we buy him? I'm thinking at perhaps we could—" She paused Ellen blinked hard.

"I guess that'd be okay," Ellen maned to say. "I'll run and ask Aunt dna. Will you please wait here a mo-

dna. Will you please wait here a mo-

Her aunt thought it a good plan. he came along out to help weigh obbler. Ellen had to turn her face way many times during the process. he didn't want this lovely girl to see er crying; but it was so hard! She lmost wished Gobbler had died when e was so sick last summer. The man ounted out the money. He handed llen an extra fifty cents. "Give this o the missionary lady—from me," he

Geraldine put her arm around llen. "I understand just how you feel, pear," she whispered. "You see, I was little girl like you not very long ago, and once I had a pet duck on a farm. and, Ellen, I promise you, we'll be ery kind to Gobbler."

Ellen looked at her quickly. Thanks," she choked. "But—excuse "Tnanks," she choked. "But—excuse me—I can't see how c-chopping his n-head off and e-eating him for Thanksgiving would be—"

"I know, Dear. But I'll be kind to mim until then, anyway. And here's another half dollar for the missionary—from me."

WHEN THE BIG CAR had disappeared and Gobbler was gone, Ellen had to go up into the hayloft for a real good cry. The money jingling in her pocket was no comfort just then. Finally, she remembered the old minister's sermon. "The sacrifices of thanksgiving are the times we praise the Lord when we don't feel we praise the Lord when we don't feel like praising." She dried her eyes, dashed water on her face at the pump, and went in to Aunt Edna.

"That was a very wealthy man who bought the turkey," the aunt said, smiling. "He is Mr. Donaldson, who owns the big radio station in the city. The girl is Geraldine, his daughter. She's a famous radio singer. She was

lovely to you, Dear."

"I love her a lot," Ellen said. "I do wish she could keep Gobbler. She said

she'd be kind to him as long as—"
Ellen told Mark all about the sale of Gobbler. He was interested. "I've of ten heard Geraldine Donaldson sing," he said. "Let's try to tune her in this evening."

It was fun Fllen felt she had a fine

It was fun. Ellen felt she had a fine, new friend, who came to visit through

the radio each evening.
Thanksgiving Day Geraldine sang very sweetly:

"With thankful hearts, O Lord, we

come, To praise Thy name in grateful

Accept our off'ring, Lord, we bring, And help us loud Thy praises sing. We thank Thee, Lord for DAILY FOOD—

Ellen choked. "Poor Gobbler!" she thought. "How can they eat him?" But the girl was speaking now. "Dear Friends in radio land," she was saying, "we have here in the studio a real symbol of the blessed American Theorems according to the studio and the studio a real symbol of the blessed American Elevations according to the studio and the s Thanksgiving season. He is alive, and, believe it or not, quite healthy—even so close to Thanksgiving dinner time! I'm going to ask this dignified gentle-man to add his Thanksgiving greeting to all of you now. He wishes especially to say 'Hello' (in his own language) to a very dear little girl with big blue eyes and golden curls who lives on a farm not so very far away. Her name is Ellen, and this gentleman's name is Gobbler. Now—how about a word to Ellen, Mr Gobbler?"

Ellen and Mark stared at each other in amazement. There was a pause during which time they knew Geral-dine was stroking the turkey's back, and then—"Gob-b-b-bbll! Gobble-de-gobbbl!"

"Oh!" almost screamed Ellen, dancing around the room. "It's Gobbler—and he's not—cooked!"
"Sh-h-h," said Mark. "Listen."
Geraldine was saying: "That's fine,

Gobbler. This, friends, is the voice of Gobbler, a huge turkey, who typifies the Spirit of Thanksgiving. This bird has a special story. He was owned by little Ellen, who fed and cared for him since he was hatched. And then, sad as it was, this brave little Christian girl sold Gobbler so she could give the money to the cause of Christian missions. Now, friends, that is the real spirit of Thanksgiving! I know that you will want to join me in wishing little Ellen, and all the other little Ellens in this great, good land of America who have caught the true Spirit of Thanksgiving, a very, very banny day." happy day."

"Oh, Aunt Edna," squealed Ellen when the program was over, "I'm al-most glad I sold Gobbler to her! She was kind to him! She didn't kill him —hasn't yet, anyway, and I think it's too late to eat him for dinner, don't you, Aunty?"

ELLEN AND MARK went to the Thanksgiving church service that evening with thankful hearts. The missionary lady told about the children of Africa and showed pic-tures. Ellen was so glad she could lay such a nice offering on the plate.
"Thank You, dear Lord Jesus," she
whispered when they knelt for prayer,
"for letting me reise Celblar and the "for letting me raise Gobbler, so he could earn money for your little black children. . . and please, God, won't you tell Miss Geraldine to keep on being kind to Gobbler?"

When Geraldine sang next time, of course Gobbler wasn't on the program. "Aunt Edna, may I write to Miss Geraldine and thank her for being kind to Gobbler and for not eating him?" Ellen asked.

"Of course, Dear; that would be very nice, I think," said her aunt.

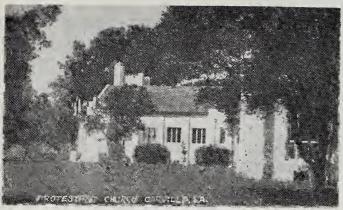
Geraldine's reply came promptly. "Ellen," she wrote, "I was good to Gobbler, as I promised; but really, he's proving to be quite a problem here in town. You see as a pet he's here in town. You see, as a pet he's not well suited to a city home. So we are wondering whether you would be willing to take core of him for me of willing to take care of him for me, on your farm, until—well, let us say, about next Thanksgiving time. Please let me know at once."

Can you guess what Ellen wrote her

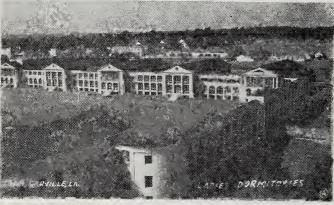
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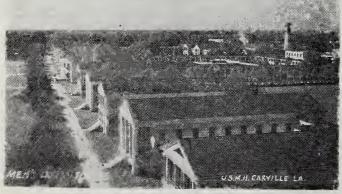
RECREATION CENTER



PROTESTANT CHURCH



LADIES' DORMITORIES



MEN'S DORMITORIES

.. ALONE ...

Outside the Camp

By MARGIE MIXON

Photos by J. P. Harmon

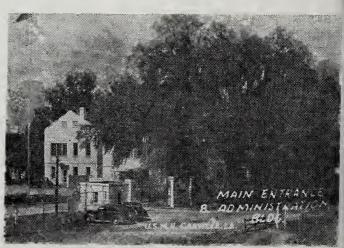
ETTY MARTIN—GAY, pretty, nineteen years of in love, and engaged—lived in New Orleans. I 1927 it was discovered that she had leprosy. "It spread like a stain in my mind," she later reports when recalling her reaction to the news. "Its horror belonged to Christ's time, to draped forms, warning bell and perpetual banishment. Some cases might exist if faraway lands, in India, perhaps, or China, but sure, leprosy could not exist here in our own United State and surely not in me—not to a high-spirited girl of nine teen." teen."

Betty became a victim of the disease, which, to man people is a terror of the long, forgotten past, associate only with the Sunday School lesson. Because the diseas has touched very few lives in the United States, Americans, especially, may view its existence as Betty did—i relation to Bible history or other countries.

A GAY LIFE WAS Betty Martin's during he nineteenth year. She had just begun work on her firs job as secretary and she enjoyed it. Coming from a fun loving family of old French stock, she looked forward ther large family get-togethers. Her newly announced en gagement was the highlight of the Christmas party during this year. Robert, the fiance, joined the family group for the gala celebration. Complete happiness seemed theirs as they joined the merrymaking of the family group and attended the many yuletide parties of New Orleans.

Shortly after the festivity of the Christmas party during the festivity of the Christmas during the section of the control of the christmas and the section of the christmas and the section of the christmas and the section of the christmas and the christmas and the section of the sectio A GAY LIFE WAS Betty Martin's during he

Shortly after the festivity of the Christmas season Betty was told the tragic news. Her family had known the results of the physical examinations she had undergone in the past several weeks, but they could not find the courage to break the news to her. Finally, Rober volunteered to tell her the truth. "After Robert left, tiptoed through the darkened rooms to my own room and crept into bed," she later recalled. "As shock gave way to realization, every nerve and muscle in my body



MAIN ENTRANCE AND ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

During this thanksgiving season it wll be especially propriate for all of us to become better acquainted ith the terrible disease, leprosy, which has afflicted any of our fellow men. Doubtlessly, such a study ill cause us to become more thankful for our own ood health and very appreciative for that being done r leprosy victims.

aped and twitched; there was no reason in me; I was ast a shivering bundle of fear. If I had been told I ould die on the morrow, I doubt if the shock would ave been as great, in fact, death would have seemed mple by comparison. When one died, all was over, but I ad to go on living and fighting a self violated in a myspious fashion by an insidious disease. What did I know ad to go on living and fighting a self violated in a mystrious fashion by an insidious disease. What did I know I leprosy? What did anyone know? I thought back to be Bible, to old books, and to old words. Before my eyes, aring into the dark, appeared afflicted creatures arouded in rags walking down endless roads and ringing little bells to warn all within hearing to get out of the ray before the cry 'Unclean.'"

In 1927 Betty Martin left New Orleans, her gay life, lancé, and lovely family for a new life at Carville. Here he met others who faced the same bleak future as she id.

UNDOUBTEDLY, LEPROSY IS the most anient, most feared, most dreaded, and most misunder-tood of all diseases. Since the beginning of time, its ictims have been shunned, mistreated, and even killed. Coday the thinking of the majority in relation to the lisease is tinged by the past.

In setting forth the sanitary laws of the Jews, Moses wrote of leprosy victims in Leviticus, "He shall dwell lone in a habitation outside the camp." These words bretty well sum up the history of leprosy sufferers.

An analysis of the disease set forth in the Bible when contrasted with the disease we know as leprosy today eveals a great difference between the two. Today auhorities on the disease tell us that leprosy in the Bible ncluded other diseases; such as, psoriasis, eczema, ringworm, yaws, scabies, and tuberculosis. A noted physician who made a study on the Biblical name made this report: "Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish scholars are in remarkable agreement as to the Biblical word 'leprosy.'



INFIRMARY

It was not a medical term designating any specific disease. Rather, it denoted an inflicted stigma or blemish which marked the victim as 'unclean' under the Hebrew ritualistic law."

In 1874 a Norwegian scientist, Gerhard W. A. Hansen, discovered the germ which causes the disease. Very similar to the tuberculosis bacillus in appearance, it has not yet been artificially cultivated nor has the disease been transmitted experimentally to lower animals. Herein lies the difficulty of scientific research on the disease. Quite the difficulty of scientific research on the disease. Quite a few scientists have even attempted to infect themselves by inoculation of the germ, but they have been unsuc-

Dr. Oswald E. Denny, first medical officer in charge at Carville, described the disease as "a chronic, mildly communicable illness. It especially attacks the skin and corresponding nerves, although in a severe case it may affect the entire body. The skin sometimes reveals lumps called nodles; in other cases, there may be only flat, depigmented areas of skin called macules. Impairment of nerves results in anothesis and deterioration of musof nerves results in anesthesia and deterioration of muscles. Contrary to some popularly held beliefs, it is not a social disease. And, also, the fingers and toes do not drop off. Because of nerve and muscle involvement, sometimes the bones slowly retract and become absorbed."

EVEN THOUGH THE origin of leprosy is unknown, it is believed by authorities that its cradle was Egypt. The Egyptian papyri referred to it during the reign of Rameses II. We may conclude from this that the disease existed 1,500 years before the birth of Christ. During the Middle Ages, the disease swept through Europe. It is estimated that one-fourth of the population of the northern part of the continent was afflicted at

of the northern part of the continent was afflicted at one period. Reaching epidemic proportions in England during the 13th century, the disease declined as rapidly as it spread. Victims during this period were subjected to various inhumane practices. In England they were compalled to wear special robes and to carry clappers to pelled to wear special robes and to carry clappers to warn others of their approach. They could talk only in whispers and could not enter public places. Many joined beggar bands to earn a scant living. A "living death" ceremony was practiced in several countries. The victim's head was sprinkled with dust, and he was pronounced

ceremony was practiced in several countries. The victim's head was sprinkled with dust, and he was pronounced dead. He was then sent away to live in isolation. In India and China, the victims were burned to death.

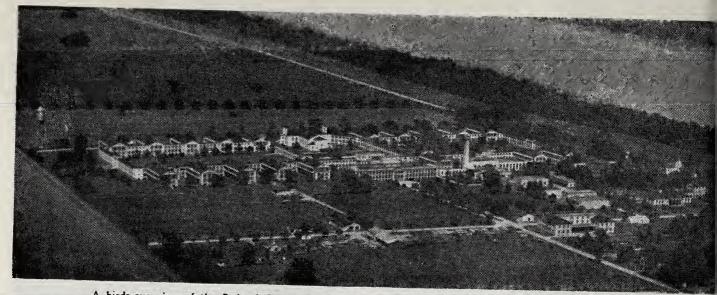
Around 1880, when Robert Louis Stevenson visited the leprosy colony at Molokai in the Hawaiian Islands, he described his visit as "an ordeal from which the nerves of a man's spirit shrink, even as his eye quails under the light of the sun. . . A pitiful place to visit. . . . I am not a man more than usually timid, but I never recall the days and nights I spent upon that island promontory (eight days and seven nights) without heartfelt thankfulness that I am somewhere else. . . ."

Early history reveals that all effort to care for the sufferers of leprosy was made by the Church. In the 4th century Bishop Basil established a religious inn where a century Bishop Basil established a religious inn where a special ward for leprosy patients was maintained. During the Middle Ages, lazarettos were built by the Order of St. Lazarus. St. Francis of Assisi and William Carey were early figures who ministered to their needs. William Carey founded the missionary movement in India and helped establish one of the first leprosy hospitals in Calcutta. He was moved to action after seeing a man burned to death with leprosy. In describing the scene, he said, "A pit about ten cubits in depth was dug, and a fire placed at the bottom of it. The poor man rolled himself into it, but instantly, on feeling the fire, begged to be taken out and struggled hard for the purpose. His mother and sister, however, thrust him in again; thus a man who to all appearances might have survived several years was cruelly burned to death. I find that practice is not uncommon in these parts." uncommon in these parts."

Down through the years, we find only scant mention of compassion for these sufferers except when Christ

healed all whom He met.

MANY ASSOCIATE THE origin of the stigma accompanying the disease to the Old Testament; however, it existed in India in the pre-Christian era. The disease was known as majorag, a curse from the gods. (Continued on next page)



A birds-eye view of the Federal Government hospital operated for leprosy potients at Carville, Louisiana

Early Egyptian records reveal that leprosy victims were expelled from their cities and were forced to live in a

special town called the City of Mud.

In giving the rules for the prevention of leprosy and other sicknesses in Leviticus, Moses also gave definite instructions for segregation. Since those instructions were given, segregation has been the order for leprosy victims. Only until the past few decades have these unfortunate sick ones received any sort of humane treatment during the 20th century. Mr. Perry Burgess, who has spent most of his lifetime working in interest of leprosy and who has made several world-wide tours of leprosy and ditions proved on the conditions proved on the conditions proved on the conditions are supplied to the conditions are supplied ditions prevalent, gives us a pretty good summary of their plight: "In the main, these sick people are sent to some place far removed from the centers of habitation. I have seen them herded together in hovels on the edge of an unsanitary swamp, on spray-drenched islands in the sea, or on muddy banks of a river. I have seen them isolated, alone, in decaying grass lean-tos in the jungle. In more than one country I have visited 'dumps'—it would be misleading to name them anything else—where hundreds of miserably heavy cases, often with a minimum of medical constant of the state of the sta cal care and occasionally without the ministration of a single well person, cook, or nurse, with the infrequent visit of a doctor, just sit about, contemplating the disintegration of their own bodies and those of their fellows."

THERE ARE ESTIMATED to be from three to five million cases of leprosy in the world today—from one to two thousand in the United States. Most prevalent in tropical and subtropical regions, the disease is found mostly in Africa, India, China, Southeast Asia, Japan, Oceania, the Dutch East Indies, the Philippines, and in certain parts of Central and South America.

The four states in America, where the disease is most

The four states in America where the disease is most prevalent are Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and Southern California. It is believed that the African slaves brought the disease into the South from the West Indies.

Until 1941, the medical profession had little to offer the sufferers of the disease. Chaulmoogra oil was the only remedy used with any success. According to legend, a prince of Burma contracted the disease. While wandering around the jungles, he happened to eat the fruit of a chaulmoogra tree to relieve his hunger. After eating the fruit for several months, the disease was gone and he returned to his kingdom.

Chaulmoogra oil was a disagreeable medicine—painful when injected and nauseating when taken orally. Many doctors lost faith in its value and felt that plenty of rest, a good diet, and general health treatment were the essential requisites to arresting the disease. In some cases the disease "burned out," leaving the patient disfigured

or crippled.

In 1941 a new day dawned for leprosy sufferers when new drug called promin, a sulfone derivative, was use experimentally for the disease and proved effective. Thi experiment was first tried at the United States Marin Hospital at Carville.

Dr. Emory Ross, president of American Leprosy Mis sions, Inc., in reporting the results of the experiment said, "This treatment brought about amazing results. Ul

cers began to heal, eye lesions cleared, discolored ski: patches, a mark of the disease, disappeared."

Since this experiment, other sulfone derivatives hav been used with equal or better success. These new drug are not a cure for the disease, but they have the effect of arresting it in many patients. Being used widely to day in the treatment of the disease, these sulfones aver age in cost around a dollar a patient a year.

On the eastern shore of the Mississipp River at Carville, South Louisiana, the Federal Govern ment operates the only hospital for leprosy victims in the United States. Here on a three-hundred-acre trac of land has been erected one of the most beautiful and modern institutions in America. Golf courses, tennicourts, playgrounds, and a lovely lake for fishing and

boating surround the stately buildings.

In 1776, the first Spanish governor of New Orleans built a lazaretto, but it soon fell into disrepute and was abandoned. When the disease began to increase in later years, other provisions had to be taken. In 1894, an old Indian plantation was leased by the State of Louisians in Iberville Parish, which has grown into the modern institution found in Carville today.

The early history of this institution is a dark one. Because of the superstition surrounding the disease, no district in the State was willing to admit such an institu-tion. When the State began preparation on the buildings the people of that community were told that it was being made into an ostrich farm. The first patients, being refused transportation on trains and busses, were towed up the Mississippi by a tug in a coal barge under cover of darkness.

Here in the dilapidated Indian plantation and seven slave cabins, they faced a bleak future. For two years after the opening of the institution, only the most primitive care was provided for the patients. It was not an easy matter for the State to secure personnel because of the fear of the disease. Then, four Sisters of Charity of the Order of Saint Vincent de Paul came from New Orleans

to care for the patients.

Soon patients were admitted from other states. The project for a Federal Institution was stressed by those who saw the need, but it was not until 1916 that Senator Ransdell of Louisiana introduced the bill "to provide for (Continued on page 26)

AAA I GO OUT and spin my top with the other boys?" asked Double Happiness as he ooked into the wrinkled face of his ld Chinese granny.

"No! No! not yet. Don't you see your ather is still busy pumping the belows to make the charcoal fire heat

ne water?"

Double Happiness looked over at his ather squatting on a tiny, braided traw mat facing the mud stove that eld three very black iron kettles. Evry time the blower was pushed in, lue flames shot out from the three oles under the three black kettles.

"And besides," continued the old randmother, "you haven't swept the loor or dusted the benches. Look at all hose peanut shells and watermelon

eeds lying around."

With a sigh of disappointment, tenear-old Double Happiness picked up broom with a very short handle and began sweeping everything on the earthen floor into a ditch just outside he little matting tea shed. The shed was only four small poles to which wo mats of straw had been attached n order to keep the sun off weary ravelers who often stopped to get a drink of tea and other light refreshnents.

Before Double Happiness had time to dust the narrow backless benches, two travelers, each leading a heavily aden donkey, came to the tea shed. After tying the animals to the poles, they sat down for a cup of tea. The little round bowls with tea leaves in them were already on the table, and the father got up to fill them with the hot water which had just come to a boil.

DOUBLE HAPPINESS was an only child and, being a boy, was his father's pride. At his birth his mother had died, so because he was a boy and because he was a comfort to his father, he was given the name of Double Happiness.

"There goes the warning siren!" said Granny. The travelers hardly had time to untie their donkeys and get onto the road before the planes were overhead. Double Happiness skooted under the table when, Zoom! Crash! Bang! a bomb was dropped right on top of the thatched house next to the tea shed. The poles of the shed snapped with the impact. The mud stove crumbled, and the table came crashing down on top of Double Happiness. All was quiet for a short while, then Double Happiness opened his eyes.

Double Happiness

Double Happiness

This true story should cause all boys and girls to be very thankful for the privilege to live in a land of freedom and churches.

By ESTHER N. HESS

"Oh! my leg! Granny! Granny!" But no one responded to the little boy's call. With tears rolling down his cheeks as the first numbing sense of his injuries passed, he cried out again and again, "Granny, help me! Oh, my leg!"

With the greatest of effort, little by little Double Happiness inched his way out of the pile of rubble he was under and crawled onto the dusty road. His leg was badly hurt and broken. He felt so sick, and everything was going around and around.

THE NEXT THING Double Happiness knew was that some Chinese nurses all dressed in blue and white uniforms were taking him off the wheelbarrow that had brought him into the hospital. The kind missionary man who had found him on the street had bandaged his leg, helped lift him onto the wheelbarrow and gone on to the next one in need.

After Double Happiness was all washed and in a clean hospital gown, the head missionary nurse had him put in a small room with another very sick boy. Double Happiness only opened his eyes if he was shaken or spoken to. Going off duty that night, the missionary nurse said to the Chinese night nurse, "The little boy with the broken leg is very sick, but the doctor has left enough orders for everything, so do not call the doctor, as he is very tired."

All during the night the nurse made frequent visits to that room, each time putting a little water between the boy's partly parted lips. The next morning the missionary nurse was surprised to see him holding his own and even opening his eyes once in a while, if he thought someone was near.

"Water! Water! Please give me some water," were the first words he said. Toward evening of that first day in the hospital he asked for something to eat. He was given a bowl of noodles

in chicken broth.

When on the second day he was still no worse, the missionary nurse felt the Lord wanted him to hear about Jesus. His temperature was high. He lay on the bed pale and still, with his eyes shut. She sat on a little stool by his bedside and said, "Double Happiness, I have brought a book for you to see. I have a dear Friend who loves you. He is God's Son. You and I and everybody have sinned and deserve to be punished, but God loved us so much He sent His Son from heaven to take our place and be punished for us." Turning to the first picture of Jesus in the manger, she said, "See, Jesus came as a new baby." Double Happiness opened his eyes for one glance, and then shut them again. showed him five pictures of the life, crucifixion, and resurrection of Jesus. He opened his eyes as each page turned.

"Double Happiness, I know you are too sick to talk to Jesus out loud, but if you will say in your heart, 'Thank you, Jesus, for taking my punishment and please come into my heart,' Jesus will hear you, and you will go to be with Him forever and be very happy."

Giving Double Happiness a drink of water and patting his head lovingly, the missionary nurse left the room.

 $\mathrm{T}\,_{ ext{HE}}$ THIRD DAY Double Happiness was some better, and it was decided by the doctors to operate on the leg. He stood the operation very well, but was very sick for many days.

Finally the day came when Double Happiness was thought strong enough to go into the big ward where there were seven other little boys and thirteen men. He soon learned to sing the gospel choruses with the rest.

One day the nurse carried all eight boys to two beds and sat on a low stool between them. She opened the picture book and began the stories.

(Continued on page 21)



HE MAN STOOD ankle-deep in the soft, green carpet of grass. The shade of the spreading branches of a nearby tree offered relief from the heat of the bright noonday sun. The man mopped his brow and looked about him. This part of the city of London was quiet and serene.

In this ancient, long-settled country, a church was nothing out of the ordinary, for London and the surrounding country had many churches. As the stranger gazed up at the front of this church, however, he did see something that was unusual, the large, beautifully stained glass window portrayed a very odd picture for a church window. The picture was a peddler with his staff, his pack, and his faithful dog.

The stranger wondered about the scene as he continued to gaze, and his wonder turned into such curiosity that he decided he would try to locate someone who could tell him about the window and its odd picture.

As he started in search of someone who might be of help, he saw the door of St. Mary's Church open and a man walk out onto the lawn. The stranger started in the direction of the man who was now facing him, and in just a few moments the two of them were chatting together as though they were old friends.

THE MAN WHO HAD come from inside the church proved to be the curate, and he was more than happy to tell the stranger the story of the picture that had aroused his curiosity.

"I believe we would be more comfortable if we would come into the church. It is cooler inside," invited the curate, cordially. "The story is a lengthy one."

As the two men seated themselves inside the empty church, the curate began his story. "It happened more than two centuries ago," he said, "the incident that inspired the picture on the window.

"This place you are now in was not always a part of London, but was known in those ages ago as Lambreth. This church in which you now sit is the same St. Mary's Church of the then Lambreth, now a part of London. It was one summer evening, just after a heavy rain had

A Monument

TO A

Wayfarer's Gratitude

By KATHERINE BEVIS

fallen, that a man stood outside this church. He was a peddler who lived in England, and who went about the countryside with his wares. As he walked from place to place, his dog was always at his side, and with his staff for support, he would trudge along, day after day and week after week, earning his living in this wise.

"That summer evening, long ago, as he stood there at the door of the church, shivering from the drenched clothing on his back, and not realizing that anyone was near, he heard a voice from the inside say, 'Come inside, Friend.' The cordial tone from the inside, and the cold evening breeze chilling him, both served to cause him to accept the invitation for himself and his faithful dog.

"No sooner had he stepped inside, until he realized that a service was just about to begin, but even so, the curate spoke again to him, 'Stay, Friend, until after the service is over. I should like to talk with you.'

THE SERVICE ENDED in due time, and after the curate had told the people goodnight, and the church had been emptied—that is of all but the stranger, his dog, and the curate—the man of God came back to where the stranger sat, his dog huddled down at his feet.

"Taking the hand of the stranger in a hearty handshake, the curate asked, 'And how is your business going?'

me:

"The stranger looked down at the floor where the dog lay, settled his pack more evenly on the bench, then looking up at the curate answered, 'I am very discouraged tonight, Sir. Business is bad, very bad, and I am thinking of just giving up.'

"'Why here now,' said the curate kindly, 'you must not talk like that. Let me ask you, have you ever thought of asking God to help you as you start out at the beginning of the day to sell your wares?'

"The peddler looked up again into the face of the curate, but this time an expression of surprise at such a question showed on his face.

"'I never thought of doing such a thing,' he said. 'No, I never have.'

"'Let me tell you what I want you to do, Friend,' said the curate. 'Beginning in the morning, I want you to take a few moments to talk to God about your work for that day. I want you to ask Him to bless you and to help you in your business for that day.'

"'Sir,' said the peddler, in an humble tone, 'I will do as you say. I will ask God to bless my business each morning, just as you have instructed me to do.'

"'Let us have a word of prayer together,' said the curate, 'before you go on your way.' And together, the

This man very commendably gave a beautiful ained-glass window to show his gratitude. On this hanksgiving Day let us, along wth our material gifts, so remember Paul's admonition—"I beseech you terefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye prent your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto od, which is your reasonable service." Romans 12:1

wo of them kneeled down there in the church, the dog boking on in wonder, as the curate talked to God about he needs of this peddler.

"Soon the peddler, with his pack, his staff, and his og was on his way, and the curate retired for the night.

YEARS PASSED. The curate—his hair silered now from the years and his step much slower than efore—was still the pastor of St. Mary's Church, but long with many incidents happening down through the ears, the peddler had been pigeonholed in his memory and forgotten.

"Then one day the curate had a visitor. Answering the ight tap on the door, the curate saw standing there a well-dressed man who said he had a problem he would ike to talk over with him.

"'Come in,' said the kind voice, and as he spoke the rich merchant noticed that not only was his step slow, but his voice faltered, also.

"Entering the study, the curate invited the man to sit down, as he himself sank into the chair at his desk.

"'And what is your problem, my good man,' he asked, n that same cordial tone of long ago, the tone so well remembered by the man who sat across the desk from him.

"With humility, the visitor told the old curate who he was. He told how the very next morning he had followed the curate's instructions, and never a morning since had he started the day without first talking to God and asking His blessing upon all that he did that day. He related how his business had grown. He told the curate how as he grew richer he still had never failed to consecrate each new day to God and His will. He said, 'Sir, I feel that I owe you so much. Before you talked to me, that night so long ago, I never knew how real God was; I never realized His nearness to the soul who would ask Him for help. Your spiritual counsel that night changed a life that was utterly in despair—perhaps would have soon filled a suicide's grave—and I want to do something to show my thanks to you.'

"The curate looked at the man and great tears welled in both their eyes. They talked together for awhile, and before the day was over, the rich merchant, once the poor, discouraged peddler, and the man of God decided on the installation of this beautiful stained glass window for this church. On the window would be painted the picture you see today—the peddler, with his staff, his pack, and his dog. This window would be a monument to God for His all-watchful care over those who seek His help, a monument to tell to the world that no life is filled with such menial tasks that God will not bless that task. Regardless of one's station in life, God will help if He is asked to help."

THERE WAS silence in the church now, a hallowed peace that seemed to fall over the entire place, as its silence was broken only by the song of a bird that could be heard in the distance.



Photo by Lambert

"That was a beautiful story you have just finished telling me," said the visitor. "How this world needs to hear this story today. And, Sir, does the land here in London called 'PEDDLER'S ACRE' have any connection with this story of the rich merchant?"

"Yes," answered the curate; "he gave that land known as 'PEDDLER'S ACRE' to be used as a source of income for St. Mary's Church, and down through the years its revenue has been used to further God's work here. The humble scene in the window has inspired numberless persons to do as the poet says, 'MEET GOD IN THE MORNING WHEN OUR DAY IS AT ITS BEST,' and to ask His blessings upon the tasks to be performed that day."

THE SECRET

Ralph Cushman

I met God in the morning
When my day was at its best,
And His presence came like sunrise,
Like a glory in my breast.

All day long the Presence lingered, All day long He stayed with me, And we sailed in perfect calmness O'er a very troubled sea.

Other ships were blown and battered,
Other ships were sore distressed,
But the winds that seemed to drive them
Brought to us a peace and rest.

So I think I know the secret,
Learned from many a troubled way:
You must seek Him in the morning
If you want Him through the day!

-Selected.



HE CRYING GREW louder. I went to the door of my son's hospital room. Looking down the corridor, I saw a small group of people gathered around a woman who was crying; seemingly she could not be consoled. My heart went out to her. Assuming that some of her relatives had just died, I inquired of a nurse that was passing.

"Her husband is very low; we expect him to die any minute," the nurse in-

formed me.

So it went for the next two days. Every time I chanced to see this woman, she would be crying and some relative would be trying to comfort her. My heart went out to her, and I longed to see her comforted. I could not understand why she seemed so heartbroken. Her husband was still living, yet from her actions, one would think he was dead.

"Lord, thou knowest all things, in someway or somehow help that woman find comfort and peace of mind," I prayed.

That afternoon my husband was tending our son, so I walked down to the sunporch at the end of the hospital corridor. There sat this woman and her sister-in-law. She was reading aloud from a little tract which I presumed she had taken from the tract-rack near by.

"I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears."

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord,

and he will sustain thee." "If I could only do that," she sighed. "It sounds good, but it's easier said than done."

Here was the opportunity I had been waiting for. This woman was a stranger to me—I had spoken to her when we passed in the hall, and that was all. But I felt impressed to try to speak words of encouragement to her.

"Yes, it's easier said than done," I broke in. "But our burdens are never so great but what we can bear them, if we only ask God's help. He never fails to give us the needed strength and courage to meet every trial."

She shook her head wearily, "You don't understand; my husband is dying; the doctors say he hasn't a chance."

"Doctors don't always know everything," I answered. "Your husband's life is in God's hands; that he's still alive should prove that. The doctors

Is Thy Burden Great?

gave him up two days ago. Who's holding him here, them or God? I'd say God. God has a purpose for letting him live, and God's way is always best. So give God your burden and be content with the outcome. Just remember that God can do the impos-

sible."

THE WOMAN looked at me rather doubtfully. Her look seemed to imply that I didn't know what I was talking about. She asked, "What do you know about trouble? You're so young. Whom do you have here sick?"

"My ten-year-old son is in the second room up from your husband's room."

"Had his tonsils removed, I suppose," her voice held scorn.

"No, he was operated on two weeks ago for cancer of the liver and gall-bladder."

Her face went pale, and for a moment she was silent. "I'm sorry. I nev-

er dreamed it was anything so ser ous."

"Well, that's why I spoke as I di I know that God can help us bear ar. sorrow or trouble that comes our way He's helped me or I could not hav gone through what I have. The doc tors never thought my little boy woul pull through his operation, but he die Even now when they come in to se him, they tell me not to have an hopes, but I do. I know God is able t make him well, and He will—if it's Hi will. I believe our prayers will be an swered, and that he will get able t go home. Of course, they say that ever if he pulls through this operation, th cancer may come back. But I'm leav ing that in God's hand, too. I know He does all things well."

The woman listened, shamefaced "And just to think, here I was feeling sorry for myself, thinking I was the only person with troubles. Others have problems, too, yet they aren't taking them the way I am. You know, I've watched you go up and down the hallway here, always smiling and giving a cheerful greeting. I thought, 'She can smile, she hasn't anything to worry about.' All the time your heari was heavy, too."

"Yes, but I couldn't be so calm if it wasn't for God's help. There was a time when I, too, felt my burden was so great I couldn't go on. Then I went to God in prayer and asked Him to help me to be submissive to His will.

THEN

L'ook To Christ

By OREATHEL ALFORD

Only then did I find peace of mind. You know people sing, 'Take your burdens to the Lord and leave them there.' They think they do, but they don't really. They pick them right back up and begin to worry about them all over again. It takes lots of praying to take them there and leave them."

"You know, Honey, I believe God must have sent you to talk to me. I There is a tendency for us all to feel that our burden is the eatest. By looking around us, however, we find others whose effering is greater. Our common need is to look to Christ ith thanksgiving, realizing He is our Deliverance.

is so despondent, I felt like no one d troubles but me. I'm ashamed of yself. I'm going to do as you said, ke my burdens to God. Oh, I've ayed all right, but I am afraid it as for my will to be done—not God's. Tank you so much, you will never low how much this talk with you as helped me. I must go now, my asband may be needing me." With ose words she left.

FARLY NEXT morning, I ad started down the hall when this oman and her sister-in-law saw me ad followed me. By the peaceful look in her face, I could tell even before the spoke that all was well—that she

ad found peace of mind. "I just wanted to tell you that I did you told me. I gave God my buren last night, and now, no matter hat happens, I know it will all be for ne best. I couldn't bring myself to tell ou this before, but my husband is not Christian. Alcohol has been his ruin. he doctors say it's the cause of his resent condition. From the time we rought him in here, he's been unable speak. The doctors aren't even sure e's rational, but I have talked to him bout his soul in hopes that some of hat I've said has gotten through to im, and that he will accept Christ efore it's too late. Maybe that is why od has let him live this long, to give im another chance."

My heart was broken anew as I leard her story. Oh, the tragedy of osing a companion who was unsaved. It is determined that I could sympathize with this woman, but I realized I had yet to experience her sorrow. If my son lied, I had the blessed assurance of his destiny, for he had accepted Christ few months back. Still I knew that the God I trusted and the God this woman was trusting was able to sustain and comfort even in so great a sorrow as this woman was experiencing. Her next words proved this, for she said:

"I don't know if my husband will regain his speech and be able to tell us how it is with his soul, but I do know whatever happens I'm sure is for the best and is God's will. I can take

whatever comes now, for I've put it all in God's hands."

ALL THE REST of that day each time I saw this woman, she was calm and quiet; she did not cry again. About 10:00 o'clock that night her husband died without ever being able to speak; thus they will never know whether he accepted Christ or not. Their family and friends came in, and, not knowing any of them, I didn't go to their room. The mortician came, and the room was cleared. I thought they were all gone, when a knock sounded on my son's door. I opened the door and was surprised to see her brother standing there.

"My sister sent me back to tell you not to worry about her that she would be all right, and to tell you again she appreciated the words of encouragement you spoke to her. I don't know what you said, but whatever it was it sure helped her. She is taking this so much better than we thought she would, so I also want to thank you. She said tell you she'd be praying for your little boy, and that she felt he was going to be all right."

He left then. I never learned their names, or where they lived. They were just strangers passing through my night, but from them I learned the lesson—that while our burdens may be great, we can always look around us and find others with burdens still greater.



J

Must Tell

Jesus

By REV. E. A. HOFFMAN

I must tell Jesus all of my trials, I cannot bear these burdens alone; In my distress He kindly will help me.

He ever loves and cares for His own.

I must tell Jesus all of my troubles, He is a kind, compassionate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will deliver, Make of my troubles quickly an end.

Tempted and tried, I need a great Saviour,

One Who can help my burdens to bear;

I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus, He all my cares and sorrows will share.

O how the world to evil allures me!
O how my heart is tempted to sin!
I must tell Jesus, and He will help

Over the world the victory to win.

I must tell Jesus! I must tell Jesus! I cannot bear my burdens alone;

I must tell Jesus! I must tell Jesus! Jesus can help me, Jesus alone.



Looking over the stern of our ship AFRICAN ENTERPRISE.

Africa, La Pathos, an

The exciting second installment (the "African Diary."

(Photos by Author)

s OUR SHIP rolled steadily through the Cape rollers in the sunny morning of November 8, we held on to the rails and strained our eyes to see the first sight of Africa. Shortly before 11 o'clock, someone shouted, "There is Table Mountain!" Sure enough, slowly rising out of the morning mists was the great landmark of Capetown. Table Mountain is a flat-topped mountain which stands like a grim sentinel directly behind the city. As the ship moved out of the great swells into the calmer waters of Table Bay, we stood transfixed by the scene before us and by the feelings that were moving our hearts. moving our hearts.

moving our hearts.

It seemed like a strange dream from which we expected to awaken—an awakening which did not come—and soon the reality of it all made us realize that this really was Africa. I remembered when I had read about this mighty continent—with the steel deck of a great ship under my feet and the panorama of reality opening before my very eyes, I still permitted a sly memory to take me back over the miles and across the tide of years. Once more I was lying in the shade of the trees on my father's farm in Western Canada with George White's great book The Land of Footprints before me. My boyish mind dreamed of some day going to this land—this enchanting land of noble animals and great hunters. Once again I was back in the maple grove behind the old home with an imaginary lion snarling in the thicket and my wooden replica of a big-game rifle clapped tightly to my boyish shoulder. Once again I counseled my brother to beware because the terrible maneater was setting himself for the last desperate charge.

IT IS SURPRISING how many miles memories one's mind can cover in a few seconds. Without stopping to change mental reels, I moved from my out stopping to change mental reels, I moved from my boyhood dream of Africa to a more mature one. It was the day and the service when God laid Africa on my heart. I recollected the meeting in Moose Jaw, Canada, when Luke Summers and I, along with other young people, were greatly moved by the Spirit of God and offered ourselves for mission work. Now after these years of waiting, we were on the threshold of a new life in the very land of which God had spoken. Luke and his wife waiting, we were on the threshold of a new life in the very land of which God had spoken. Luke and his wife, both my students from the Church of God Bible School in Canada, preceded us to the field—the West Indies—where they are being used of God, and we were about to disembark in a strange unknown land.

For a few minutes, the thrill of excitement and feeling was pushed aside by my attention to picture taking. I got some excellent shots of the lovely harbor and its background of mountain scenery. Sister McLuhan was

using the still camera, and she was successful, too. We treasure these pictures highly, not only because of the scenery, but also because of the indescribable feeling that they bring back to us.

When we had finished our pictures, we stood at the rail in silent wonder as we were met by the pilot boat the harbor pilot came on board and guided the shi toward its berth. Our feelings were further set in turnor by seeing persons near us on the deck ecstatically weep ing. They were coming home! Home! How strange that word sounded to us in connection with Africa! I have wondered what it would be like trying to make one's self at home in a foreign land, but a fellow passenge unconsciously helped me by rather musingly reciting Si Walter Scott's undying poem, The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land! Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd As home his footsteps he hath turn'd From wandering on a foreign strand?"

Apparently, this man was a South African by birth, and his joy at getting home was evident in his face. I thought that if this land is home to this man, it can become home to me and to my family. The thought really helped me.

I HE GENTLE SHUDDER of the ship's settling against the pier transformed everything into a tangle of feverish activity. Everyone was jostling for a position, and soon the customs and immigration official came on board. We waited because we had a great deal of baggage, and watching the warm greetings between passengers and old friends as the latter came on board the state of baggage and watching the warm greetings between passengers and old friends as the latter came on board to state the state of the st

passengers and old friends as the latter came on board to welcome them home, we could not help being lonely. What made it worse was that we were to be met at the ship by some of the South African brethren, but after we had waited and waited, no one seemed to be interested in us. More than once, we saw persons coming along the dock who looked as though they might be the ones who would be meeting us, but they would turn away and go off with other passengers.

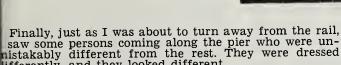
There are no words that can describe one's feelings in a time like this. We felt an utter loneliness and helplessness that only a stranger in a foreign land can feel. What if the cablegrams from home had not reached them?

if the cablegrams from home had not reached them? What if they expected us on another ship? We needed identification, and the customs officials were almost through with the other passengers—what could we do?

f Paradox, pportunity

By M. G. McLUHAN

Principal, Berea Bible Seminary, Inion of South Africa



lifferently, and they looked different.

We were so sure that they were our brethren that we an down to the next deck to meet them. We were right; hey were Brother Van Heerden, Brother Badenhorst, and some of the Badenhorst family. Both of these brethen are pastors of Full Gospel Church of God congregations in Capetown, and they gave us a very hearty welome, indeed. Brother Van Heerden showed every kindless in helping us past the customs and by advising a coording the proper procedure.

Never shall we forget the greeting that they gave us and the feelings that welled in our hearts at that great noment. There is a bond of brotherhood in the family of God that spins a cable of fellowship stronger than steel, and it girdles the globe. We had fallen among true riends, members of the great family of God.

CAPETOWN—CROSSROADS OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE

AFTER PASSING customs, we walked down the gangplank and set foot on African soil. What a thrill it was to be on firm ground again after being at sea for more than two weeks! We first noticed the lovely harbor with its many ships of many nations loading and unloading material. We saw Norwegian ships, Dutch ships, British ships, and many others as we walked along toward the spot where the cars were parked. We saw the lovely buildings of the city, small by comparison to the last seaport we had seen, but nevertheless, very beautiful in the bright sunshine of Africa. We knew at once that we had come to a country that was booming and that, no doubt, would offer many great opportunities for service to God.

We had not walked far until I began to understand why Africa is a land of paradox. Here was a bustling seaport with thousands of tons of material being handled. I looked for the parking lot for the stevedores' cars, but was told that few of them owned a car. The officials had cars but not the ordinary dock hands. Then I looked at these dock workers and understood immediately why. They were not white men, nor were they really black men. Here for the first time I saw the Cape coloreds, dressed generally very poorly; handling the great loads of freight and baggae.

THESE POOR FOLK are descendants of white and black parentage. They refuse to be classed



Entering the harbor at Capetown.

with the African black native, and because they are of mixed blood, the European (white) population will not condone any intimate relations with them any more than with the true black man. Therefore, they are the unfortunate middle strata of African society. Their ancestry traces back to the earliest contact with the white race in this country. Later in the city, I saw more of them—some of them are poor mental and physical derelicts from their habit of smoking marijuana. The Government finds it difficult to control the narcotics racket, and these coloreds buy much of the stuff because they make more money than the actual native; that is, they are working at better jobs generally.

I felt a great burden of my heart for these people. There are multiplied thousands of them, and they have very little gospel preached to them. Most of the mission work and mission money is devoted to the evangelization of the African native. Consequently, these coloreds are largely left out. We have some good works among them but not nearly enough. How my heart bleeds for them, and how I pray that this article will stir, on their behalf, some hearts in America! They have some well-educated and wealthy people among them, but few of their thousands are being evangelized. Some of them are almost as dark skinned as a true African native, and others are so fair that they could easily be taken for Europeans. Our prayer is that some of our own young people will feel a definite call to these Cape coloreds.

One does not soon forget the passion and the pathos that sweep through the soul when you see one of these people—perhaps a young lad sitting in the shade of some ramshackle building in the poorer section of the city who, with his sunken eyes, is not much more than a skeleton holding a doped pipe or cigarette between his nicotine-stained, bony fingers. The physical plight is bad, but when you turn away and realize that Christ died for him, too, you feel that it is a serious indictment against the followers of Christ. I knew that the fellow was lying there, a helpless victim of the demon of dope, but dope was really not to blame. The truth of the matter was that no man cared for his soul. That was why he was a slave to sin. No man had told him that Christ died to set sinners free.

Yes, my friends, not only the African black man is calling for evangelization, but also the African colored or half-blood is calling, and may God open our ears to their cry. Young person, if you feel the call of God, please think about these unusual and needy people, the African coloreds, who are destined to play a great part in the future of this beautiful land. If we do not reach them, (Continued on page 21)

Page 15

HAPPY HOME CIRCLE Where do you Live?

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON



Her Father's Religion

By LILLIAN A. WARD

It was Jane's freshman year in college. Every letter from her revealed keen enjoyment of the new and varied experiences that were hers, and we were happy with her. There was one letter in particular that impressed us. She related how her thinking had been thoroughly aroused and she had been greatly upset for a time.

"There have been many strange views presented; many ideas concerning evolution and religion," she wrote. "And they have been given in such a plausible way that I could scarcely help from accepting them. Really, I had thought of these things before but little. And had it not been for Papa's religion, I should have been swept off my feet with these false theories. I know there is a reality in religion, else Papa could not have stood as he has through the many hard things he has had to undergo. His life has been a true, Christian example and this has helped me not to give up my faith."

How fortunate, I thought, is Jane, to have a father whose Christian character and influence was an anchor to her storm-tossed mind and soul. I wonder how many other young men and women there are who have been so blessed and so much influenced by the godly example of a father and mother as has Jane.

May we as fathers and mothers fully realize the great privilege we have of exalting Christianity in our homes! May we realize our responsibility to do so!—Selected.

Kindness

By DEAN DUTTON

It costs so little to be kind, but it is the greatest kind of an investment and brings the largest possible returns. I could never understand how any man could be unkind to his wife, the mother of his children. Suppose a stranger should come into the community looking for a wife. He looks for the very finest and prettiest he can find. He succeeds and the girl with a thousand roses in her cheeks becomes his sweetheart. Finally she turns away from her father who would spend thousands of dollars for the furtherance of her education should she desire to remain at home, but she leaves it all for this stranger who has come looking for a wife. She turns away from her mother who loves her so much she would lie down and die for her, and yet this girl breaks even this tie for this stranger. She becomes his wife. As the years pass, she makes the supreme sacrifice of motherhood and presents to him his own offspring, and with the coming of motherhood come cares, burdens, and perplexities that only a mother understands. Then for the man, after he has asked the beautiful girl to make all this sacrifice for him, to turn and treat her unkindly is an unspeakable shame. I say for a man to turn against a woman when the last flower has faded from her cheek and neglect her and breathe the poison breath of unkindness into her life until the last flower in the garden of her heart withers and dies, I say a man that will treat a woman like this is unworthy of a wife and children. The man who will treat the mother of his children unkindly ought to be banished to a wilderness where his only associates are wild beasts—only, ladies and gentlemen, I apologize to the wild beasts for having such a brute in their midst.

There is something so tender and so healing; something so precious, when great strong men are unfailingly kind, that a woman's heart grows strong even under a heavy burden, when she is fed by kindness.-Selected.

I knew a man and his name was Horner, Who used to live on Grumble Corner, Grumble Corner in Cross-Patch Town; And he never was seen without a frown. He grumbled at this, and he grumbled at that;

He growled at the dog, he growled at the cat; He grumbled at morning, he grumbled at

night; And to grumble and growl was his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she Began to grumble as well as he; And all the children wherever they went, Reflected their parents' discontent. If the sky was dark and betokened rain, Then Mr. Horner was sure to compla n. If there was never a cloud about, He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste; He grumbled at having to eat in haste; The bread was poor, and the meat was

tough, Or else he hadn't half enough. No matter how hard his wife might try To please her husband, with scornful eye He'd look around and then with a scowl At something or other begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street, My old acquaintance I chanced to meet, Whose face was without the look of care And the ugly frown that it used to wear; "I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said, As, after saluting I turned my head; "But it is and it isn't the Mr. Horner Who lived for so long on Grumble Corner."

met him next day, and I met him again, In melting weather, in pouring rain, When stocks were up and when stocks were down

But somehow a smile had replaced the frown. It puzzled me much. And so, one day, I seized his hand in a friendly way, And said, "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know What has happened to change you so?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear, For it told of a conscience calm and clear; And he said, with none of the old-time drawl,

"Why, I've changed my residence. Yes," said Horner,

"It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,
And so I moved, 'twas a change complete;
And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving
Street."

Now every day as I move along The streets so filled with the busy throng, I watch each face, and can always tell Where men and women and children dwell; And many a discontented mourner Is spending his days on Grumble Corner, Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat To take a house on Thanksgiving Street.

-Selected.

HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

Conducted by Alda B. Harrison

The Understanding Christ

Dear Tempted and Tried Friends:

I have been feeling for several days that I was to write you personally this month, and one night recently while going through some trials of my own and I could not sleep, the Lord very definitely gave me the topic I amoringing to you.

The testing you are going through just now will either make or mar you. It can either be a steppingstone upward or downward, just as you choose. I am talking to the largest company of people at this time that is found in the world—the tempted and tried. Who is not in this class? Our understanding Christ was in this class, and that is why He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. He overcame out there in the wilderness when all the world was offered to Him as a prize and when, by speaking the word, He might have satisfied that hunger which came from a fortyday fast; yet He did not yield. He could have called down hosts of angels to deliver Him when they were nailing Him to the cross, but no, He looked away down here in the future and saw you and me, and He bore it all for us. Bless His name. Can we not do as much for Him? You may say, "We are not Christ; we are human." Christ was human and divine, and we can have this divine Christ in our lives so that we, too, may overcome.

One of the greatest trials of which I can think is that of being misunderstood. There would be little trouble among God's children today if each one could take a look into the other's heart and know the secrets there. How much easier it would be for us. I shall mention some of the misunderstandings which have come under my observation in the years I have been trying to live for God.

The first one with which I have had some experience is that of being misunderstood by friends and loved ones because of my taking the way of the cross. The call of God comes to us to lay aside the pleasures of the world and give our lives into the hands of Christ to be used of Him in the great

ONE HOUR WITH HIM Freda Jackson

I searched awhile, through volumes rare, Seeking the treosures hidden there. Rich gems of thought from their pages drew, And yet, alos, when I was through It gave no bolm for oching breast, I'd sought, but found, no lasting rest.

I worshiped oft ot Music's shrine, Soothing my soul with Melody's wine, Anthems of rapture, hymns of proise, Promised me hope of better days; Then, os I heard her last sweet stra.n, The cares of life were mine again.

I lingered long at Sympathy's door, Breathing the perfume her garden bore, The kiss she gave was warm and kind, But e'er I left her gate behind, The hurt from which I sought release Had thrust oside my sense of peace.

I wolked owhile by moonlit sea, Hearing its whitecapped melody, My burdens seemed to fly away, Like white-winged gulls o'er oceon spray. Ah me, along my homeward road I found again my heavy load.

Bowed down with woe, I knelt in prayer, Chr.st took from me my load of care, Gave songs of joy, dispelled my fears, Healed all my hurts, dried oll my tears. The rest for which I long had sought, One hour, alone with Him, hod brought.

——P. H. Advocate.

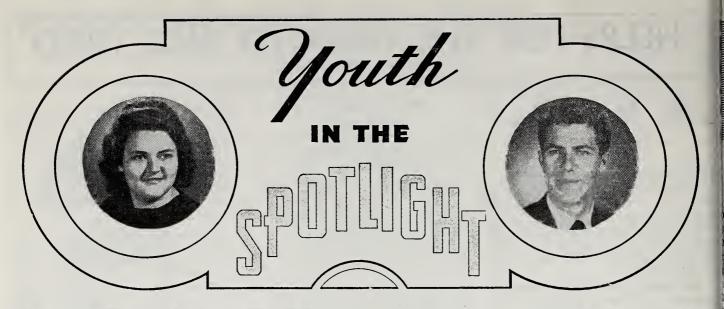
work He has to do. That work was unfinished when He went away and somebody must finish it. When this step is taken, many times it brings misunderstandings. Our parents, our children, our friends and associates criticize us and think we are exceedingly peculiar. Of course, we are. God's Word tells us we are a peculiar people. We have left the world with its frivolous pleasures and have taken the way of the cross. Our friends cannot understand, because the natural man cannot discern the things of the Spirit. They cannot see the sweet peace and joy that floods your soul and mine that far surpasses everything that the world meant to us. All we can do is to look up into the face of our understanding Christ and know that He understands and sympathizes and that He holds the crown in His hands for all those who will face the foe and overcome by the blood of the Lamb.

There is another misunderstanding that is harder to bear than the one I have just mentioned. That is the one which comes from our brothers and sisters in the Church. We expect to be misunderstood by those on the outside, but, oh, when those within our own ranks misunderstand and criticize us, it breaks our hearts. When we have done our very best and still they do not understand or appreciate us, it is then we can only look up into the face of our understanding Christ for consolation.

There are so many kinds of callings in the work of our Lord, so many kinds of work in His great harvest field. He must choose people in these different fields to suit the need. Some folks criticize and misunderstand you because you do not enter the field they think you should. By way of explanation I say everybody is not called to preach, but as soon as a young man or woman is converted he or she is urged by parents or friends to prepare to preach. Many are in the ministry today because somebody called them and not because God called them. There are many callings today that are just as important as to be a licensed minister of the gospel. Oh, everybody expects ministers to be good, but when we see a layman in the office, store, factory, on the farm, or wherever he may be living and working for God, witnessing of His salvation and living it, many times it has a greater influence than a minister has. God needs these little torches, here and there, to light the way. I know some who would make good as businessmen, but who are utter failures as ministers. If you have felt the call of God one way and your friends are urging you to take another way, be strong and look up into the face of your understanding Christ and answer God's call.

In our worship together many times we are misunderstood. There are so many kinds of people in this world. In our churches we find some people who are extremely emotional while others are quiet, and so often there is misunderstanding. God made some one way and some another. God uses both kinds as soul winners. Some folks can be used to win one type and others to win the other type. How often we say, "I don't believe Brother So-and-So has the victory because he or she never shouts." The other class may say, "Sister Jones is so noisy I think she is

(Continued on page 21)



This month the beam of the spotlight focuses on Miss Naomi Christine Durden. Born in Macon, Georgia, October 29, 1935, she is the daughter of the Reverend and Mrs. H. T. Durden. Obviously, therefore, from her first recollection, she has known the way of God and His Church. Naomi experienced personal salvation while only six years old, and she has served the Lord faithfully since then.

Graduating from the high school department of Wingate Junior College in 1952, Naomi immediately enrolled in the Liberal Arts Division at Lee College. At Lee the musical talent which had distinguished her since she became the church pianist at the age of ten became evident. It was inevitable that she be elected the most talented girl because of her versatility with the piano, organ, accordion, and saxophone, as well as her ability to sing. She was further honored by being selected as a student piano teacher for one semester.

Naomi was a member of the 1954 graduating class at Lee. Following her graduation, she returned to her home in Columbia, South Carolina, where her father is a pastor. There she assumed a very active part in the program of the church. Together with her church activities, she instructs private students in piano. Our prayers will go with Naomi as she builds her life of devoted service. Claiming spotlight honors this month is Bill Sheeks, who was born in Kannapolis, North Carolina, March 10, 1934. While just a boy, Bill was converted and became a member of the Church of God at Kannapolis. Being eager to serve Christ faithfully, he consecrated himself to the tasks assigned him by the local church. Whether a member of the church band, the Y.P.E. president, or a Sunday School teacher, he always exhibited the same devotion and enthusiasm which is characteristic with him.

Upon graduation from the local high school, Bill matriculated at Lee College. This was the turning point of his life, for here he received the call into the ministry. Plunging into his studies with increased zeal and determination, he earned a place on the honor roll for the entire time he was a student at Lee. In addition to serving as editor of the Vindagua during his senior year, Bill also won the math and speech awards. He graduated from Lee in 1954.

Bill's plans for the next few years are built around a program of education and evangelization. While he continues his studies in another university, he plans to engage in evangelistic work. When his formal education is finished, he expects to devote himself to pastoral ministry. We expect great accomplishments to crown the life of this consecrated young man.



SLATER, S. C., V. B. S.

The Slater, South Carolina, Church of God recently concluded the most successful Daily Vacation Bible School of its history. Under the expert guidance of Dr. J. M. Baird, interest in the school mounted until a total of 135 students were enrolled. A Biblecentered curriculum provided a deeply spiritual emphasis and proved very helpful to the students. Along with the Bible study was a well-supervised recreational program. Teamwork and sportsmanship were impressed upon the children as they engaged in their games. Profitable vocational incentive was also promoted through the integrated handwork projects. The interest and enthusiasm were so intense that the average daily attendance for the ten days was 120. A fitting climax to the school was enjoyed on Commencement night. Certificates were awarded those who qualified. The picture on the left was taken on the last day of school. The Reverend W. M. Granger, pastor, was elated with the excellent response to the school and feels that his church was helped tremendously.

The Mariety Page

OHIO LIGHTED PATHWAY CONTEST

Winner of the first prize in the phio state LIGHTED PATHWAY conest was Lawrence Monday of Arcadia, phio. Lawrence is an aggressive young lan, twelve years old. Thriving on ompetition, Lawrence exceeded all ontestants in a very lively battle for the first prize.

The first prize was a trip to Columus, Ohio, and a week-end visit with he State Youth Director. The following are the words of the State Youth Director at that time, Reverend O. W. Tolen, (Brother Polen is now Assistant Vational Sunday School and Youth Director) as he described the awarding of the prize.

"We visited the Findlay Y.P.E. on Friday night (he is a member of the Findlay Church of God) and brought Butch (his nickname) home with us.

On Saturday morning we visited the Lincoln-LeVeque Tower in Columbus and observed the city. We then toured several of our large stores in Columbus, and Butch was given \$5.00 spending money. In the afternoon we went to the Columbus Airport and took Butch for an airplane ride over the city. This, seemingly, was the most thrilling part of the trip for Butch. We then went to the Columbus Zoo for the rest of the afternoon and ended the day's tour by having dinner in the beautiful Mills Cafeteria located across from the State Capitol Building in Columbus.

"On Easter Sunday morning we drove to Canton, Ohio, where we enjoyed a splendid Easter Sunday morning worship service. Sunday night we visited the Akron Church of God



Lawrence Monday, Winner

where we enjoyed another fine service. Butch was introduced to both of these large congregations, who received him warmly. I am sure Butch will long remember his tip to Akron and Canton. Both pastors entertained him in a most hospitable manner.

"On Monday we took Butch home. Sister Polen, the girls and I became quite attached to Butch. He was the perfect little gentleman, and he will always have a big welcome to visit the Polens again."

The LIGHTED PATHWAY salutes Lawrence for a job well done and extends its sincere congratulations.

THE HALL OF FAME

This picture shows the results of the Y. P. E. projects at Lebanon, Pennsylvania. One of the contests was "The Hall of Fame." The members were divided into groups according to their ages. Each group was given three Bible characters to study. The chairman of each group directed pictures illustrating the lives of the characters to be posted on cardboard, thus forming the "Hall of Fame." The other project was a Bible Treasure Chest Hunt. Tangible items, which illustrated Bible verses, were collected and put in the chests. For example, a small cup would be used to illustrate the cup of salvation, or a mustard seed to illustrate the verse pertaining to faith the size of a mustard seed.

Prizes were awarded to the following: first prize, Miss Irma Brandt and Miss Connie Wampler; second prize, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Wampler; third prize, Mrs. Edna Murren.

Shown in the picture, left to right: Front row; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Wam-



pler, Miss Erma Brandt, Miss Connie Wampler, Mrs. Ina Hartman, Mrs. Mary Deaven, and the pastor and his wife, Rev. D. DeFino. Back Row; Jerry Long, Donald DeFino, Mary Ellen Stone, Marion Ehrnfield, and Ester Sipe. The projects were directed by Mrs. Helen DeFino.



RAY H. HUGHES General Youth Director

July

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN SUNDAY SCHOOL AND Y.P.E. ATTENDANCE Average Weekly Attendance for July SUNDAY SCHOOL GROUP AA

	GROUP AA	
North Carolina	GROUP AA	19,283 17,835 16,856 15,520
Tennessee		17.835
Georgia		16.856
South Carolina		15 520
Florida	***************************************	12,554
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	GROUP A	
III.aat Ilianimimimi	GROUP A	10.050
west virginia		10,258
Virginia		6,343
Kentucky		10,258 6,343 6,214
Ohio		6,047
Texas	1	4,888
	GROUP B	
Courth Alchama	GROUP B	2.050
South Alabama .		3,952
California	v	3,613
Illinois		3,952 3,613 3,269 3,236
Michigan		3.236
Pennsylvania.		2,614
		2,011
	GROUP C	
Indiana		2 524
Indiana Missouri Maryland		0.160
MISSOUFI	·	2,162
waryland		2,136
Arkansas		2,134
Oklahoma		2,042
	GROUP D	
Arizona	GROUP D	1.077
Kansas		1,077 760
		711
New Mexico		111
	GROUP E	_
Washington		751
Wisconsin		390 374
Western Canada		374
South Dakota		340
Iowa		337
10wa		33 (
	CDOUD D	
New York	GROUP F	
New York		259
Idaho		163
New Jersey	D	163
Washington, D. (3.	148
Nebraska		95
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	GROUP G	
Company Company	GROUP G	56
Central Canada		47
Alaska		47
		25
Massachusetts		12
	Y.P.E.	
	GROUP AA	
Georgia		10.875
North Carolina		10.387
Tonnessee		9 915
Florida	Y.P.E. GROUP AA	8 714
		10,875 10,387 9,915 8,714 7,389
South Carolina .		1,309
	CROWD 4	
	GROUP A	
West Virginia		6,126
Kentucky	GROUP A	5,340 4,283 4,178 3,827
Virginia	~	4,283
Ohio		4,178
Texas		3,827
_ 01140		0,001
	GROUP B	
Tilimaia	GLOUF B	2 505
Illinois		2,595
		2,390
South Alabama .		2.096
Pennsylvania		1,897
Michigan		1,662
	GROUP C	
Arkancac	G.1001	1,616
Maryland		1 424
Ol-lab om o	GROUP C	1,424 1,325
Okianoma		1,343

Indiana Missouri	1,250 1,219
Arizona	456 392
Washington Colorado Maine Iowa South Dakota	. 195 . 185
Washington, D. C. New York New Jersey Idaho Nebraska	73
Central Canada Alaska Massachusetts Wyoming Connecticut	15 12 6
NATION'S TOP TEN IN SUNDAY SO ATTENDANCE	HOOL
Average Weekly Attendance for Juli Greenville-Tremont Avenue, S. C. Kannapolis, N. C. North Chattanooga, Tenn. Alabama City, Ala. Anderson, S. C. North Cleveland, Tenn. Pulaski, Va. South Gastonia, N. C. Lenoir, N. C. Jacksonville, Fla.	773 495 425 421 421 394 388 383 372 359
NATION'S TOP TEN IN Y.P.E. ATTEND Average Weekiy Attendance for Jul	ANCE
Average Weekiy Attendance for Jul Baltimore, Md. Pulaski, Va. Whitwell, Tenn. Sevierville (Orphanage), Tenn. Tennille, Ga. Anderson, S. C. South Mt. Zion, Ga. South Gastonia, N. C. Commerce, Ga. Daisy, Tenn.	386 307 299 282 255 250 240 226 220 213
Dully, 101111 TO THE PERSON	
NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPART	MENT
NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPART ATTENDANCE Average Weekly Attendance for Jul Louisville (Faith Temple), Ky. Fresno Temple, Calif. Birmingham-Pike Avenue, Ala. Prichard, Ala. East Nashville, Tenn. Akron-East Market Street, Ohio Krafton, Ala. Hamilton-7th & Chestnut Streets, Ohio Valdese, N. C. Roanoke Rapids, N. C.	972 702 529 310 264
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ATTENDANCE Average Weekly Attendance for Jul Louisville (Faith Temple), Ky. Fresno Temple, Calif. Birmingham-Pike Avenue, Ala. Prichard, Ala. East Nashville, Tenn. Akron-East Market Street, Ohio Krafton, Ala. Hamilton-7th & Chestnut Streets, Ohio Valdese, N. C. Roanoke Rapids, N. C. August EIGHT BIG FIVES IN SUNDAY SCHO AND Y.P.E. ATTENDANCE Average Weekly Attendance for August SUNDAY SCHOOL	y 972 702 529 310 264 195 189 151 103 100
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Iowa	38
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GROUP F New York Idaho	18
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MinnesotaAlaska	4
Y.P.E. GROUP AA Tennessee Georgia North Carolina Florida Alabama	
Tennessee	9,87
North Carolina	8,52
Alabama	7,93
GROUP A Kentucky Virginia	4,38
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GROUP B California	2,63
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AFRICAN DIARY

(Continued from page 15)

hen we may find them in the camp f our enemies, the Communists.

I was brought out of my missionary reditations by the brethren announc-ng, "Here are our cars." We loaded ur suitcases and were off to Brother an Heerden's place. Though they were in the process of moving into a lifferent house, they showed us an exellent time and extended real hospiality and friendship to us. That night ve went to our first gospel service in Africa. It was very much the same as ur meetings in Canada and America, and we felt right at home. We were not used to the Afrikaans' language. f course, but since the congregation was bilingual, I spoke in English with to need of an interpreter. The chiliren sang at the service, which was nighly appreciated by all. Brother Van Heerden has a fine little church and grand group of people.

On Tuesday evening we were still in apetown, owing to the delay in geting our car and heavy baggage hrough customs. That night we had service in Brother Badenhorst's hurch. The singing of choruses in his church reminded us so much of he Churches of God in Canada that we felt very much at home.

It is quite an experience to preach for the first time in a strange land. one wonders if his expressions will be inderstood, and after a few folks have aughed at his foreign brogue, he feels a bit self-conscious. The presence of the Lord was there, however, and God rave us a precious service. It is tremendous what the anointing of the Holy Spirit will do to help a man adjust himself to new situations. From that night, I was not afraid to preach in South Africa, because I had found my feet.

It took several days to clear the car from customs and to get our heavy baggage checked and shipped to Kroonstad. During this time, Brother Van Heerden drove us around Capetown and showed us many of the beautiful scenic views. Capetown is one of the most beautiful cities in the Southern Hemisphere, and it has one of the most beautiful natural harbors the world. Viewed from Table in Mountain, the city appears as it would in an aerial view. The fine harbor and the lovely Table Bay beyond it make some fine material for color photography.

Africa is a land of lovely tropical and semitropical vegetation. The flowers of this great land are multitudinous in their varieties and colors. We were entranced by their beauty and with the arrangements that the various gardens portrayed. The grapes of the Southern Cape Province are second to none on earth. We almost overate on grapes, because there are so many varieties that when you tire of one you start on another. Our first five days in Africa, under the hospi-tality of these precious people, were greatly enjoyed. They helped us to get adjusted to some of the differences

and customs which were new to us. We will be forever thankful to our friends in Capetown for doing so much to make us feel at home.

(Third installment next month)

HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

(Continued from page 17)

fanatical," when God is using both kinds to win souls for Christ. The writer is the quiet type, but I believe I have just as good a time as those who are noisy. Oh, how often we criticize and misunderstand. Many times it is the little whisperings around that brings confusion and keeps God's wonderful power from our midst. What a consoling thought—we have an understanding Christ.

Dear ones, let us try to understand each other better. It will make a great difference in the Church, as we work together, if we will try to be like Christ and have this understanding spirit.

DOUBLE HAPPINESS

(Continued from page 9)

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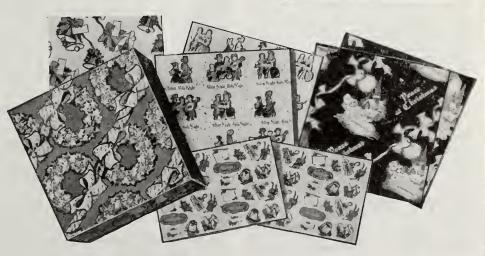
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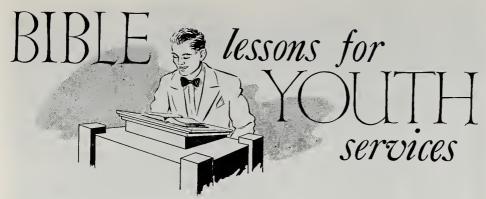
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OVERCOMING HANDICAPS— PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL

By Marjorie Pyle

INTRODUCTION:

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne," Rev. 3:21. There are two types of handicaps which may influence our lives; these are the physical and the spiritual. Everyone has handicaps, but it is up to the individual whether he will overcome them or if the handicaps will overcome him.

FIRST SPEAKER: Physical Handicaps.

The first type of handicap that a person may have is a physical handicap. There are many ways in which one may be handicapped; such as, being crippled, loss of eyesight or hearing, defective speech, etc. Many times one is prone to think that because he is handicapped physically that he or she cannot do anything worth while for the Lord. Basically, the only time any of us are handicapped is when we say, "I can't."

Many great men and women of the

Many great men and women of the world have had outstanding handicaps, yet succeeded and became famous. For instance, Ludwig Van Beethoven, who became one of the greatest musical composers the world has ever known, could not hear a note of the music he composed, because he became deaf while still a young man. Besides being deaf, Beethoven was poor and often sick; but few people knew it. Instead of saying, "I can't," he always tried to do his best regardless of the obstacles he had to overcome.

Moses, a favorite Old Testament character, thought he was handicapped when God called him, because he didn't think he was eloquent enough, and he didn't have confidence in himself. He was a mighty man of God, though, and many miracles were performed through him because he overcame these handicaps by the grace of God.

Even our Saviour had handicaps to

even our Saviour had handicaps to overcome. He was poor and came from a small, despised town called Nazareth. A common expression of the day was reflected in Nathaniel's words,

"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" But Jesus overcame these handicaps, just as many others have done who have succeeded in life.

There is no standstill! If you don't fight to overcome your handicaps, they will overcome you.

SECOND SPEAKER: Spiritual Handicaps.

The second type of handicap is the spiritual. This type may be more easily overcome than the first, since we are clearly shown the way out in the Scriptures. You may be spiritually handicapped, because you do not read the Bible or pray as you should, or perhaps you are blind to the true way, or you don't want to accept all the light you see because you may have to give up worldly pleasures or worldly friends. Once we see the light, it is our duty to let go of all strings that would bind us to this world, and rid ourselves of these spiritual handicaps; then, see that others receive the light whether it be through our prayers, our gifts, or actually ministering to those who are spiritually blind.

You cannot be a consecrated Christian unless you rid yourself of these spiritual handicaps. As stated in the scripture text, Christ will honor only those who overcome!

CONCLUSION:

There is definitely a difference between spiritual and physical handicaps. Most likely, if you are physically handicapped you will continue to be handicapped, but you can overcome it. But if you are spiritually handicapped, you must lay aside the thing that is hindering you, in order to be "whole." Never feel that you cannot do a work for the Lord because you are handicapped, because "somewhere the world has a place for you."

"TAKE YOUR PLACE"

Somewhere the world has a place for you,

That is all your own; Somewhere is work that your hands can do,

And yours alone, Whether afar over land and sea, Or close at your door may the duty

be, It calls for your service full and free, Take your place!

CHRIST'S UNSEARCHABLE RICHES

By BONNIE KEELING

INTRODUCTION:

"... That I should preach ... the unsearchable riches of Christ," Eph 3:8.

There is depth in the words of Jesus—a depth that we grow more conscious of as we grow in our Christian experience. Things in the Bible that once seemed so hard to understand, in our older Christian life open up to us with new beauty. There is a new unfolding of their meaning that brings to us richer blessings. We may be sure that the longer we associate with them, the deeper the meaning will be, until we finally see Him face to face.

When we look upon a snowflake with our natural eye, we see something of its beauty, but when we put it under a microscope its beauty and meaning are increased. The same is true of our relationship with Christ. Oh, the depth of the riches of Jesus Christ! And the longer we associate with Him, the more we are convinced that His ways are past finding out.

FIRST SPEAKER: The Riches of Christ's Character.

"For such an high priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens," Hebrews 7:26.

Christ was perfect in every way, even His character. He has been named "The Rose of Sharon," "The Lily of the Valley," "Altogether Lovely," and "Fairest of Ten Thousand." Only a person of highest character would have been named thus.

How many of our enemies could speak of our character as they spoke of Christ's? Judas betrayed Christ, and it seems as if he would have something to say against Jesus, but he said, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood." To show his innocence, Pilate took water and washed his hands and said, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person." For a time, both thieves on the crosses were against Him, but finally one rebuked his fellow thief and said, "This man hath done nothing amiss." The centurion and others with him, seeing the happenings while Christ hung on the cross, said, "Certainly this was a righteous man."

Yes, how perfect He was! This is our Christ, and His character was a part of His unsearchable riches.

SECOND SPEAKER: The Riches of His Prayer Life.

Christ is our perfect example, and prayer was one of the most important things in His life when He was on earth. In "The Lord's Prayer," Matt. 6:9-13, He taught us to pray. Oh, the riches of this one prayer; the wonderful scope of its meaning.

Another example of prayer for us is found in John 17. Jesus poured out His heart to the Father and prayed not only for Himself or for His disciples of that day, but for all the people that

buld believe on Him down through

le ages.

Another phase of Christ's prayer life the number and length of times He ayed. The night before the calling the disciples, He spent the whole ght in prayer. Before we make desions, we should spend a lot of time

prayer. In the Garden of Gethsemane, He ayed earnestly and gave complete irrender to the will of the Father. e can never fathom the riches of

ne Lord's prayer life.

Do we realize that He is still praying r each of us? "Wherefore he is able so to save them to the uttermost at come unto God by him, seeing e ever liveth to make intercession for

lem."

With only human minds we cannot ake a complete and accurate apraisal of Christ's prayer life. Neither an we begin to tell the far-reaching ifluence of the prayer life of any ue Christian, but Christ emphasized hat prayer is very important and hat Christians should keep a content effectual prayer life. "The eftant, effectual prayer life. "The ef-ectual fervent prayer of a righteous nan availeth much."

HIRD SPEAKER: The Riches of hrist's Love.

"God is love," 1 John 4:8.

"Greater love hath no man than his, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But our Lord gave His life for a world of sinners. "For God o loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever beieveth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Rom. 5:8 says, God commendeth his love toward us, n that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." God comforted Jeremiah with these words, "I have oved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness I have drawn thee." Paul said in Rom. 8:35, 87-39, "Who shall separate us from the ove of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor prin-cipalities, nor powers, nor things pres-ent, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." This forever settles the matter of the genuineness, the preciousness, the everlastingness of the love of God. Thus, rooted and grounded in the love of God, may we pray that we may be able to comprehend what is the breadth and length and depth and

height of the love of God.
"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood," Rev. 1:5. He first loved us, and then washed us. There is a story of a little boy who was kidnapped. When he grew a little older, he became a chimney sweeper. One day while in the living room of a home, he stood looking at the pictures and items in the room. Somehow they seemed vaguely familiar. The lady of the house walked in while he was studying the room, and she recognized the boy as her own son. She did not rush him into

the bathtub, but rushed to him, soot and all, and hugged and kissed him. After her excitement was over, she washed him.

Before we accepted Christ, He loved us. Oh, how unsearchable is His love.

CONCLUSION:

These are only three of the great unsearchable riches of Christ. May we all realize that this Christ is our personal Saviour, and that these riches have been extended to us.

EVERLASTING PEACE By Carrie Seegars

INTRODUCTION:

The world is holding out its hands beckoning for souls to come and try to find peace in worldly pleasures. Down through the ages, all classes of people, millionaires, movie stars, and common laborers have given them-selves over to these worldly pleasures, searching vainly for peace and satisfaction. Today, the world still has not found the answer that satisfies the longing for peace.

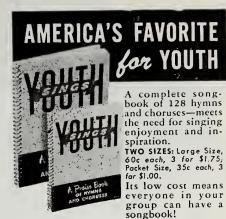
FIRST SPEAKER: How to Obtain Peace.

"Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee." God is truly a wonderful friend to have. Not only do we have a leader who can choose the right way for us to travel, but we also have personal contact with our Saviour. Even if we are in distress, God will help us carry our load. So many times we don't trust God with our troubles, and we try to decide for ourselves. As a result, we find that we have made a great failure. Proverbs 23:26, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool: but whoso walketh wisely, he shall be delivered." God knows all about us; He knows more than we do about our own lives. Let us become personally acquainted with Him.

SECOND SPEAKER: Who Can Obtain Peace?

Becoming acquainted with God is a very simple thing to do. It does not take money, good looks, or a special talent to become a Christian. Many times that soul which never amounted to much in this world has made a wonderful laborer for God. This peace is to anyone who will deny self and come follow this Saviour that has promised life everlasting. Ephesians 2:14, 17, 19, "For he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us. And came and preached peace to you which were afar off, and to them that were nigh. Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God."

THIRD SPEAKER: Abiding in Peace. Look to God for the true peace that we can hold when our friends are gone. This peace will be with us when the world turns its back on us. John 14:27, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it



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be afraid." The Lord will speak peace to His people, but let not them return again to folly.

"ALONE . . . OUTSIDE THE CAMP"

(Continued from page 8)

the care and treatment of persons afflicted with leprosy and to prevent the spread of leprosy in the United States." In 1921, the Public Health Service of the Federal Government took over the institution. Since then, steady progress has been made in the fight against the disease.

TODAY THE HOSPITAL at Carville is a little world in itself. It has its own power plant, fire department, and dairy. Recreation of all types is provided. A monthly magazine is published by the patients, which has a circulation of 10,000. The Star's objective is "to radiate the light of truth on Hansen's disease," and to remove the unjust stigma associated with the disease.

Accredited courses of study are offered for all grades ranging from primary through high school at Carville. The age range of the students is from nine to ninety.

Around 400 patients are being treated at the present time. The number varies from time to time. Each patient has a private room and is allowed to decorate it as he chooses. There are sixteen two-story dormitories with fourteen private rooms on each floor. A few of the patients, mostly married couples, have built small cottages on the hospital grounds.

A medical staff of five doctors, a dentist, twenty-three nurses, and patient orderlies provide excellent treatment for the patient body. Also, specialists from New Orleans supplement the work of this staff by regular visits.

The Reverend N. Carl Elder, the Protestant chaplain, explaining the religious ministry carried on at Carville, said, "Two chapels provide religious life and activity. The Public Health Service makes no official provision for a religious ministry in its hospitals and so both the chapels and chaplains at Carville are a gift of the churches to the institution. American Leprosy Missions, Inc., maintains the Protestant work. The chaplains carry on a full program of religious work, together with the hospital visitation. The Protestant chaplain has Bible study classes, as well as the regular Sunday worship services. There has been a growing interest in spiritual things and an increasing attendance. This interest has been shown also in the offerings voluntarily given by the patients, all of which are sent to American Leprosy Missions to help in the foreign work. The patients always appreciate visits from the chaplain to talk over problems that constantly arise in their lives. A fine spirit of fellowship and cooperation make the religious ministry enjoyable and constructive."

Physical and occupational therapy and plastic and bone surgery are now provided for the patients. A trained social worker gives counsel on the problems to be met after a patient leaves the hospital. Manual art training

is also available.

This institution symbolizes the progress that has been made in the United States for the leprosy victim.

REGARDLESS, THOUGH, of the progress that has been made in recent years for the leprosy sufferer, a great deal more remains to be done. The misunderstanding and superstition associated with the disease must be erased from the thinking of the general public. Patient after patient testify that the name is far worse than the disease. "We, in this modern scientific age, know the power of the stigma," wrote two patients of Carville in an editorial in The Star in 1945. "We know the whip of scorn and the pangs of exile. We need no histories to tell us that. . . . We know that many, if not most of us, enter this hospital under assumed names, breaking family bonds and lifetime friendships. . . . A patient discharged from this hospital as an arrested case dares not reveal the nature of his former illness if he expects to earn a livelihood."

"Along with the new sulfones, there must come a new social outlook and attitude toward the disease," recently stated Dr. Eugene R. Kellersberger. "It is a challenge that must be met by all of us. We believe that with early scientific treatment of all cases, with proper isolation and treatment of infectious cases, with the prevention

of leprosy in children, it is possible for this age-old disease to be eradicated from the earth in our generation. Along with medical and physical therapy, however, there must be mental and spiritual therapy as well. The whole man must be treated. Only then will the stigma of leprosy cease to exist."

Because of the hurtful effects of the Biblical connotation of the word "leprosy," the term "Hansen's disease" is being used more and more to apply to the disease.

The American Leprosy Missions, Inc., lives up to its motto "Christianity in Action Against Hansen's Disease." Created in 1906, this organization is responsible for a great deal of the progress that has been made in recent years in the fight against the disease. It is a national Protestant agency which helps maintain 160 leprosy hospitals in 38 countries in cooperation with 62 denominational and interdenominational mission boards.

BETTY MARTIN ENTERED the hospital in Carville in 1927 with the determination that prayers, science, and the will to live would shorten her stay there. "This was but a stopover—this place of forgotten tragedies from which hope, life's greatest gift, was withheld," she later wrote.

Upon first entering the institution, she lived a withdrawn life from the patient body, not caring to form friendships. But after accepting a job in the laboratory and recovering somewhat from the shock of the tragedy that had befallen her, she later reported, "I became more interested in Carville's human problems. I came to know the patient body as a whole and as individuals. I had learned that each had his own heart-rending story and that to each the future was as dark as the recent past. I was learning that the deepest wounds draw the least blood."

She left Carville at the end of twenty years. During those twenty years, Betty lost the fiance she had left in New Orleans. It was during her stay there that the long-awaited hope came for the patients—the sulfones.

Betty married Harry Martin, a patient who entered the hospital about the same time as she. Harry was one of the first patients to take the experimental drug, promin.

Leaving Carville for good had been foremost in their thinking during the twenty-year waiting period. The disease was declared "arrested" for them during the same year. In her book Miracle at Carville, Betty Martin describes their reaction to leaving the institution where they had spent half a lifetime: "As we drove out of the iron gate of isolation into the free, uncertain world we had dreamed about so long, I looked back, wet-eyed, at the buildings and trees ringed with barbed wire that had he d so much of Harry and me. Now the years of suffering and struggle seemed dwarfed by the mental and spiritual enrichment this difficult experience had brought into our lives."

SOURCES

Marion H. Addington

There is wisdom that comes from the burden of bearing; Wisdom from taking and happily sharing; From grieving and tears and the heart's rude tearing.

There is wisdom that comes from toiling and sweating; Wisdom in never too weakly regretting: From steadfastly putting aside and forgetting.

There is wisdom that binds the sun's rays blazing; Wisdom in dreams of the wistful stargazing, And wisdom in blaming or graciously praising.

There is wisdom from neighborly love outflowing; Wisdom that comes from the true heart's knowing, And wisdom like light as the soul is going.

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The Third Psalm

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright.

Praise the Lord with harp: sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song; play skilfully with a loud noise.

For the word of the Lord is right; and all his works are done in truth.

He loveth righteousness and judgment: the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap: he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the Lord: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought: he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men.

From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

He fashioneth their hearts alike; he considereth all their works.

There is no king saved by the multitude of an host: a mighty man is not delivered by much strength.

An horse is a vain thing for safety: neither shall he deliver any by his great strength.

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy;

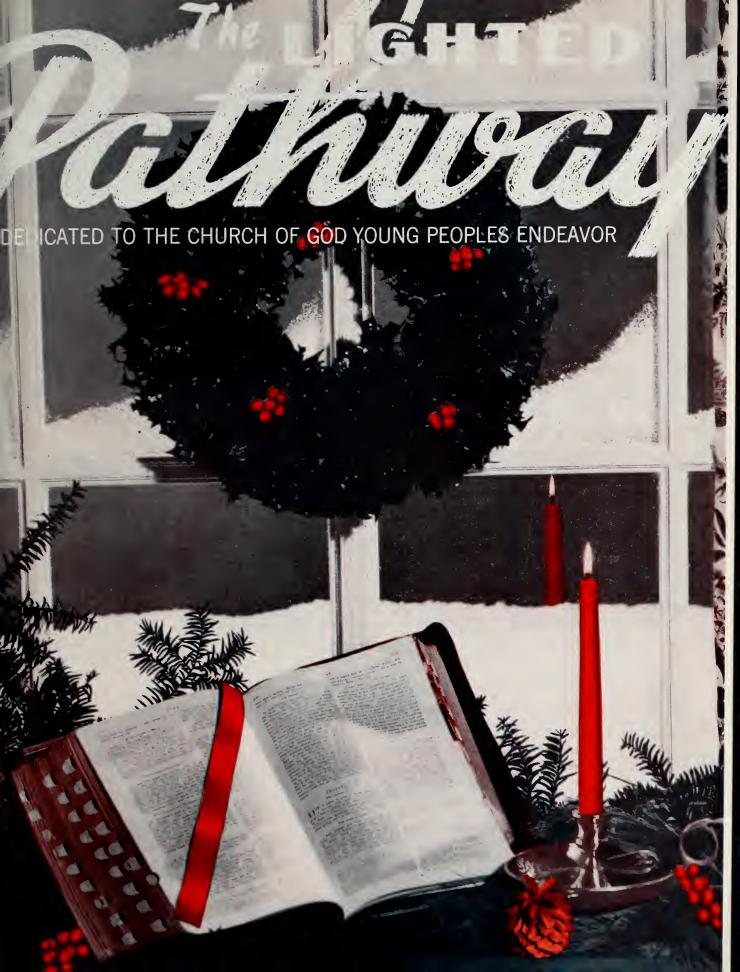
To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

Our soul waiteth for the Lord: he is our help and our shield.

For our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

"Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the most High." Psa. 50:14

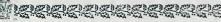




Christmas

Greetings!

Your LIGHTED PATHWAY staff joins in wishing you the happiest Christmas you have ever enjoyed. We pray that the rich graces of the Christ whose birth we commemorate will relieve your life of all sorrow and fill it with glorious joy. All of us who have a part in the creation and production of this magazine beseech you to pray for us and together let us petition God to hasten the day when, indeed, there will be "peace on earth, goad will toward men."



YOUTH AT THE CROSSROADS By Alda B. Harrison Price \$2.00

Give this book to your young friends for Christmas. The letter below, from a young fireman of Durham, North Carolina, indicates the value of this book.

Dear Sister Harrison,

I wish to try to tell you how much I enjoyed your book entitled "Youth at the Crossroads"; although words cannot express the joy that flooded my soul as I read this wonderful book. I have been inspired to seek for the deeper depths of God while reading it even for the second time. It is so wonderful to read that many times I have watered the pages with tears as you told of a loving Saviour who cares and understands when others forget.

Among my treasured possessions is this book and I highly recommend it to all and wish it could be placed in every home and church library.

James G. Eubanks

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"Thy Word is a Light Unto My Path"

National Youth Board

Ray H. Hughes, Chairman; Earl P. Paulk, Jr.; J. Newby Thompson; Earl T. Golden; Fred Jernigan

Contributors

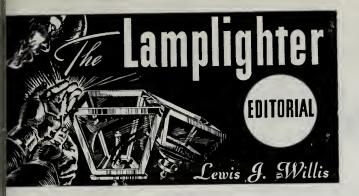
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The Meaning of Christmas

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," ohn 1:14a.

HAT WE WITNESS today in Christmas celebration is more pagan than Christian. With many it is on a par with Halloween, being purely tratitional and having lost its origin in some hazy story of ong ago. Too often the celebration culminates in deauchery and shame, not being remotely associated with he original Christmas. What then is the significance of thristmas? What constitutes a proper celebration of this

The real meaning and message of Christmas are conentrated into the one brief statement of our text, "The Word was made flesh." This is surely one of the most powerful verses in the Bible. These are sublime words, words which gather all mankind into the range and weep of God's eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ. No more majestic verse can be found to reveal Christmas, for it is full of Christmas. It speaks of God's coming to earth as a little Child long ago and of that divinity which shone forth gloriously in the warm life of our humanity.

Christmas, then, began with God. Since we could not go up to Him, He came down to us. The text tells us in five simple words the tremendous thing He did. He was made flesh. Let us understand that this was not the beginning of Christ, for He could say, "Before Abraham was, I am," John 8:58. He also prayed, "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was," John 17:5. The marvelous truth was that God the Creator became identified with man the creature. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth." And "as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name," John 1:12.

Now we come to realize more clearly what the angel meant with the words, "Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us," Matthew 1:23. Many names have been used in the Bible to describe God's character and significance. Jehovah-jireh means "Jehovah will provide." Jehovahtsidkenu means "Jehovah is our righteousness." Jehovahshalom means "Jehovah is our peace." Isaiah said of Christ, "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." We conclude, however, that there is no name more precious nor significant than "Emmanuel: God with us." Here in three words is the real essence of the character and work of Jesus Christ. He brought heaven and earth together.

That is why throughout the world today companies of men and women are met together to worship God. That is why we keep a holiday which is also a holy day. That is why our mouth is filled with laughter and our tongue with singing. That is why Christmas is the happiest time in all the year—because God sent forth His Son as the Saviour of the world.

God has become the Son of Man so that we may become sons of God. What a momentous reality. Jesus Christ the only begotten Son of God came to provide a medium whereby we might share the privileges of sonship. This is where the language of the intellect fails. The realm to which we have come is not one of logic but that of love. We can no longer reason these matters in the mind alone, for they also belong to the heart. Let us, therefore, lift our hearts to God in thanksgiving for His unspeakable Gift.

"Sing, choirs of angels, Sing in exultation,
O sing, all ye bright hosts of heav'n above;
Glory to God, all glory in the highest!
Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning,
O Jesus, to Thee be all glory giv'n;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord."

Christmas Joday

BY ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

Haw can they hanar Him—the humble lad
Whase feet struck paths of beauty through the earth—
With all the drunken revelry, the mad
Barter of goads that marks His day of birth?
Haw can they hanar Him with flame and din,
Whase saul was peaceful as a maan-swept sea,
Whose thoughts were samber with the world's great sin
Even while He trad the hill to Calvary?

I think if Jesus shauld return and see
This hallaw blasphemy, this day of harrar,
The heart that languished in Gethsemane
Wauld knaw again as great and deep a sarraw,
And He who charmed the traubled waves to sleep
With deathless wards—wauld kneel again and weep.

---Selected.

D HALE DREW ON thick mittens and buttoned his jacket. "Thanks, Mom, for the hot lunch," he said at the door. "I'll take the tree to the church now. Lois Mason and Bill will work on it. Then I'll go help Mr. Simkins. You know, Mom—" he paused, grinning, "Lois is one fine girl. Always interested in the Lord's work. Am I ever glad I've saved a few dollars to give her for gifts. I've a suspicion she's paid for most of them herself."

"Lois is a good girl, Edwin," smiled his little mother. "A real Christian, too. I'm glad both of you are interested in the work of the Lord. He will bless you richly. It's fortunate that little mission church was started here. The children of this community haven't had much opportunity to know the real spirit of Christmas in the past."

The tree Ed had cut was beautiful. He had some difficulty carrying it through the deepening snow to the little unpainted church at the Cross Roads. Lois and her brother Bill arrived about the same time. Bill was carrying a box of gifts. "You two look real Christmassy," greeted Ed.

Lois shook the snow from her brown curls. "Don't we, though?" she laughed. "And isn't it fun to work for the Lord?"

Bill and Ed soon had the tree placed in the front corner of the church. "Sorry to run away now, Lois," said Ed, "but I must go to work. Will be with you for the rehearsal tomorrow evening."

"We'll need your help very much, Ed," the girl said seriously. "You are so good with the boys. I'll be looking for you."

"I'll be on the dot," Ed promised as he hurried away through the thickly falling snow. Lois' bright smile lingered in his memory like a halo, but thoughts of working for Buck Simkins were less pleasant. Buck, a grasping, hard-fisted, rough-spoken tree grower, needed someone to help him and his son Jed cut trees for market. Ed needed some money to help his mother with the expenses of their little home. Also, he had tried many times in vain to get Jed into the Sunday School. If he could work with the boy and perhaps witness in some manner, maybe Jed would decide to come.

MR. SIMKINS and Jed were waiting as Ed approached the woods. Both glared at him mencingly. "I guess I'm a bit late," Ed told himself. Mr. Simkins' tirade of words astonished him.

"You—you young sccundrel," the man yelled, turning livid with rage and shaking a huge, hairy fist, "what's th' big idee cuttin' down one o' my finest trees an' givin' it to that bunch of hypocrites over at th' church? Well, you didn't get away with it! An' now you have the nerve to come here beggin' work! Why, you—you thief; I've a mind to thrash you within an inch of your life!"

Speechless with surprise for a moment, Ed managed to say, "But, Mr.



"The truck lurched, started to spin, crashed into the guard-fence . . . The impact three the door open and Buck hurtled through it, landing upon the frozen earth below."

Simkins, I cut that tree on Mother's land, not on yours. I had a right to give it to the church, didn't I?"

"Bah! Don't try lyin' out of it! If there's anything I hate worse'n a thief, it's a liar! You cut thet tree on my land, an' you know it. Here, I'll show you the line marker." He strode off through the snow with the two boys following. "There—" he pointed to a pile of stones. "There's the marker. Here's the stump o' the tree. Now what have you to say for yourself?"

Ed stared at the marker and the stump. "Mr. Simkins," he said at length, "I see that the tree was about a foot on your land. But I certainly didn't steal it. I thought it was on our land, and—"

"Bah! You 'thought,' hey? Well, you thought wrong—just five dollars wrong, ya hear? An that's lettin' you off dirt cheap. I could probably have got ten dollars for that tree at market, so just hand over five dollars, and maybe I'll be real kind and not call the state cops."

Ed paled. What could he do? He had given all his money to Lois for gifts. His mother had none to spare from her meager funds. Mr. Simkins' reputation left no doubt in Ed's mind that he would call the officers. "Mr. Simkins," he said finally, "I'm a Christian, and I want to do the right thing. How about letting me help you with the tree-cutting and working out the five dollars?"

Simkins tried to hide the gleam of satisfaction in his flinty eyes. "Well, it'd be lettin' you off easier'n you deserve. I do need help today an' tomorrow, so I'll agree—provided you work hard an' do it right. Let's get busy—an' let this be a lesson to you, boy!"

ED HELD HIS tongue. He felt too sick to talk. Why did this have

to occur just when he was needed s badly at the church and when h wanted to witness before Jed fo the Lord?

"Hypocrite!" sneered Jed. "Don'tchask me to that Sunday School again I'd be ashamed to be seen over there!

Ed worked hard all through that cold, snowy afternoon. He wondered how long Simkins would make him work to repay the five dollars. He hoped not too long, but he was at the man's mercy. When twilight neared and Buck gave no sign of stopping work, Ed's heart sank. "I'll be late to supper, and Mom will worry," he thought dismally.

Finally, Simkins sent Jed for the truck. "We'll load her up, ready to start," he announced. "You be at my place at four o'clock tomorrow mornin', boy, ya hear?"

Ed nodded, too weary to talk. The supper hour came and passed as they loaded tree after tree. When finally he reached home, he was more tired than he'd ever been in his life, but he had decided not to tell his mother about his difficulty. "Ill go with Mr. S.mk.ns to town at four tomorrow merning, Mother," he told her.

That night Ed knelt to pray as usual His heart was very heavy. How could he redeem himself with Jed? He poured out his heart to the Lord and asked guidance for the hours ahead. "he added, "bless Lois and help her with the work she's doing for Thee."

THE ALARM aroused Ed from sound slumber at three thirty next morning. Dressing hastily in the cold darkness, he slipped downstairs without waking his mother, ate a hasty breakfast, and set out for the Simkins' place. Buck and Jed, waiting when he got there, had plenty of sar-

A Christmas Tree

for the Chapel

Ed, by his Christian conduct, proved that the Christ whose irth we commemorate really lives!

By CHESTER SHULER

All rights reserved)

Illustrated by CHLOE STEWART

astic remarks even though it lacked en minutes of four.

"Suppose you hadda stop to pray hen you should'a been hurryin' over ere," grunted Simkins. "Well, let's get hovin' an' catch the early trade. An' ook, boy! I'll expect you to sell trees, a hear? Every last one o' these must e sold before we go home.'

"I'll do my best, Mr. Simkins," Ed nswered, meaning it. If the trees veren't sold early, he'd not get back n time for the rehearsal. He didn't trant to disappoint pretty Leis Meson vant to disappoint pretty Lois Mason for the Lord. Silently, he petitioned and for guidance and courage. The asping voice of Simkins broke rudely nto his thoughts.

"There's tricks to sellin' Christmas rees, boy," Buck was saying. "Set 'em ip just so, an' the customer won't see broken branches or bare spots till hey get 'em home, an' then it's too ate. Once a tree's been sold, we've never seen it before, get me?"

Ed paled. He would be expected to pe dishonest, too. Well, he wasn't go-ng to do it! "That doesn't seem very nonest, Mr. Simkins," he ventured quietly.

"What!" almost yelled Buck. "No one's askin' your opinion about honesty, kid! Now you do as I tell you today or else! Get me? Anyone who'll steal a tree an' then talk about bein' honest—"

LOOK OUT!" yelled Ed as the big truck skidded on a patch of ice. Buck's rage had distracted his driving for the moment. The truck lurched, started to spin, crashed into the guard-fence, toppled against some trees, and spilled half the Christmas trees onto the highway. The impact threw the door open and Buck hurtled through it landing when the frozen through it, landing upon the frozen earth below. With a wild yell, Jed leaped out, followed by Ed. Both boys

hurried to Buck's side. The big man groaned a few times, then lay very still. "O Dad!" moaned Jed. "Dad, are you-dead?"

Ed was feeling Buck's pulse and listening for a heartbeat.

"He's not dead," he told Jed, "but he's hurt badly. Hit his head on something hard. We must get him to a doctor some way." He pulled a flashlight from his pocket. "Jed, run up and watch for traffic. Wave 'em down, so they don't wreck on those trees. They they don't wreck on those trees. Then, see if someone will haul your dad to town."

Jed obeyed while Ed kept on chafing Buck's hands and temples. Finally, the man opened his eyes and groaned.

"Lie still, Mr. Simkins," Ed cautioned. "We'll try to get you to a doctor. You're badly injured."

"Oh-h-h," groaned the man. "My head—hurts. But them—trees—mus' be—sold! Try—do something—boy! S-sorry, way—I—talked. Oh-h-h!"

JED STOPPED a car, and two men hurried down the bank. The four managed to carry Buck slowly back to the highway. Then, they, with Jed, started for the hospital. Ed was left with the trees and truck. The truck wasn't damaged badly, and it would run. Getting the trees onto it was the problem. Ed flagged some more cars. Two state cops came by on patrol, and all helped reload the trees to clear traffic. Ed drove slowly toward town. At the city line, Jed waited for him.

"Dad said we're to try selling all we can," the boy said. "I know the place to go." They drove along in silence to the market house. It was hard work unloading trees, but they worked steadily, and soon made a few sales. Later Jed went to see about his dad. "He'll have to stay in the hospital a few days," he reported. "Says we're to

sell all we can, then go home and return tomorrow."

"How about selling every last one to-day, Jed?" Ed proposed. "We can do it if we try."

Jed's attitude was changed. He seemed to look to Ed for guidance. "Okay," he said. "I'll help, if you know how to do it."

"Let's be thoroughly honest, then," Ed answered. "No tricks. If a tree's got broken branches, let's show it to the customers.'

Jed looked doubtful but nodded. "Dad wouldn't like it," he said, "but he ain't here now."

A well-dressed lady approached late that afternoon. "You look like two honest boys," she said, smiling. "I want some really nice trees for my grandchildren. Something symmetrical, you know. Can you choose them for me?"

"Yes, ma'am, we have just what you wish," said Ed briskly, leading her to the nicest trees on display. He pointed out the full growth and also indicated the one slightly bare place. "I'd take this, ma'am," he suggested; "it's exactly like the one I gave our church yesterday."

"You go to church?" The lady's face lighted. "Then you're a Christian boy, I'm sure. How good. Now I know I shan't be chested. You I'll take these shan't be cheated. Yes, I'll take those. In fact, I shall take four of your best trees. My chauffeur will call for them soon. Here is the money."

"Whew!" whistled Jed admiringly when the lady had gone. "A few more sales like that and we can go home."

RATTLING HOMEWARD a half hour later, Jed said, "I'm sorry for what I said yesterday. Dad was so mad I guess I just echoed him. But he told me today you're okay, an' he's sorry, too." Jed grinned suddenly. "You know what, Ed? This'll take your breath away! Dad said he wants me an' Gertie, my sister, to go with you to the the Christmes or textoryment in to that Christmas entertainment in your church! That bump sure musta changed Dad's mind!"

"Well—praise the Lord!" The words slipped unbidden from Ed's lips. "That's wonderful, Jed!"

"An' Dad said somethin' else, Ed. I'm to give you five dollars for your work, an' another five for the Christmas doin's at the church."

"Great, Jed! Maybe you'd like to go along this evening to rehearsal—you and Gertie. And if you'd like to have parts, I'm sure Lois Mason will find something for both of you.'

Jed grinned. "I dunno 'bout the parts, but I'd sure like to go with you, Ed. An' I guess Gertie'd go. She thinks Lois is the best girl around."

"With which I agree!" laughed the happy Ed as he steered the big truck into Jed's yard and ran toward home. "Be over for you in an hour, Jed!" he called out.

Lois' smile as he entered with Jed and Gertie made Ed quite forget all he had been through. In his heart he thanked the Lord for His guidance and help.



With this terse and dramatic account of his journey, the writer gives us—

WINGS TO AFRICA

By RAY H. HUGHES
National Sunday School and Youth Director

N SEPTEMBER 9, 1954, while the spacious runways of Idlewild Airport in New York City lay scorching in the mid-afternoon sun, I found myself in a company of people boarding Pan American's flight 150—Africa bound.

No sooner had I boarded the huge plane and settled in the seat than a stewardess began to pass out sheets of paper giving information on emergency exits, life rafts, life jackets, fire extinguishers, and first-aid kits in case of an emergency. After a demonstration by the stewardess on how to don a life jacket, I was made keenly conscious that those mechanical birds do not always remain aloft as scheduled.

For the most part, those on board were Americans; however, from seat to seat the Portuguese jargon flowed freely insomuch that one felt he was in a foreign land.

In a matter of a few minutes, the motors began to buzz and roar, accompanied by the usual peculiar creaking noises that are related to a take off. Soon the motors ceased to groan so loudly and the wings stopped their quivering as if to say, "Let's relax and just float through these fleecy clouds."

All take-off dangers behind us, we were now relaxed for the first lap of the journey. With nothing but the fleecy clouds and the sparkling blue Atlantic below us, we traveled 2,584 miles to our first stop in Santa Maria of the Azores.

By now you have begun to ask yourself, "Why this tour?" After our General Overseer, Brother Zeno C. Tharp, returned from a short visit to South Africa last spring, he and the Executive Committee requested that I make a trip there in behalf of the Sunday School and Youth Work. Now I was on my way. Of course, my mind was filled with many questions, such as, would my trip be successful? would my ministry be fruitful? Many other queries occupied my thinking which could only be answered later.

EIGHT AND one-half hours passed quickly, and we were nearing the Azores. The Azores are a group of nine Portuguese islands in the Atlantic with inhabitants who live in a quiet atmosphere of beauty and old picturesque traditions. Santa Maria, where aircraft connect the New and Old Worlds, was the sight of our landing. This small island, with its beautiful gardens, antique churches, and many-colored houses with flowered balconies, all surrounded by a sympathetic atmosphere of the past, extended a warm welcome.

Traveling through the narrow streets, one would possibly see such sights as women wearing cloaks with large hoods, small carts being pulled by sheep, creaking carts drawn by oxen, old carriages, or maybe a messenger-dog with a basket in his mouth which contains his master's meal. Cattle graze on the green pasturages covering the mountain side, while the white-winged windmills grind the

nin that becomes the farmers' ead. One would desire to stay for a ng time with such amenity of surundings, but this was not the destation.

THE NEXT STOP was sbon, Portugal. Lisbon is, without a ubt, one of the most beautiful cities have ever seen. After beholding the agnificence and splendor of the towing monuments which speak loudly her glorious past, the loveliness and arm of the flower gardens and wellpt parks, the pastel-colored houses rning their shining faces up to a nokeless sky, and the pleasantness of e climate, I am almost persuaded to ree with the writer who said, "Lisn is like a rare multicolored jewel, intillating under a matchless sun nd cloudless skies."

Our organization is not represented y a church in Lisbon. Oh, what a hitened harvest field with no one mong us to gather the grain! One as to travel but a short distance in its part of the world to be made eenly aware that the Church of God as only begun its task of teaching Il nations.

Shall I take time here to ask you a uestion through tear-dimmed eyes? ow long can we afford to be comlacent, nearsighted, and fail to visalize the millions in darkness and uperstition? They are our responsility. Whom shall we send and who fill go for us? A city like Lisbon is a hallenge to any young couple with tarm hearts for souls.

ON THE LAST leg of our ourney to South Africa were internediate stops at Dakar, Monrovia, Acra, and Leopoldville.

About four hours out from Leopoldille toward Johannesburg, the stewirdess announced that Livingstone was to our left and that in a few minites memorable Victoria Falls, one of the great natural wonders of the world, could be seen.

Victoria Falls was discovered by the immortal Doctor Livingstone in 1855. At their highest peak they are twice as high as Niagara Falls and more than a mile wide.

After circling the Falls about three times so that those aboard might obtain pictures and behold this rapturous sight, we were again on our way, but my mind lingered at the Falls. I thought of years past when David Livingstone, yet a young man, was challenged by the dark continent of Africa. His undying passion for the lost gave him courage to make a way



REVEREND RAY H. HUGHES

Notional Sunday School and Youth Director

through cannibal tribes, crocodile-infested rivers, uncharted jungles, and the untouched desert.

His Sunday School teacher, David Hogg, had influenced his life for Christ. It was through the Sunday School that he started his work for God in these dark regions.

Alone in the heart of Africa, this great missionary explorer died upon his knees. His heart was taken out and buried in a mound in Africa, and his body was preserved by salt and dried in the sun. For nine weary months, faithful natives trudged through the jungles to carry his shrunken body to the coast where it could be shipped home to his family. His remains now rest in Westminster Abbey in London.

WITH 10,860 MILES behind us, the plane landed at Jan Smuts Airport in Johannesburg, South Africa. Johannesburg is a city built on gold, which, in sixty years, has grown from a town of shacks to a cosmopolitan city of skyscrapers. The gold reefs, the largest in the world, extend east and west of the city for more than a hundred miles. Because it is the seat of the largest gold-mining industry in the world, it is quite naturally called the Golden City.

While the officer was checking our inoculation certificates, we viewed a large group of spectators at the terminal building. I could hear persons asking, "Why so many people at the airport today?" To my surprise about three hundred persons had come to welcome me. You can imagine what

my first impression was of our Church in South Africa.

Though I had not been to bed for two days and nights, there was not time to rest. The plane landed at six and a workers' meeting was scheduled for seven o'clock. About two hundred enthusiastic workers gathered in the Boxburg Church, and our program was introduced. Three services were scheduled for the following day. After a committee meeting on Monday with members of National Youth Council and Sunday School Committee, I realized that a strenuous schedule had been arranged for the next two months.

By September 15, we had conducted seven meetings. By this time, my heart was thrilled, because God was touching the hearts of the people. They were accepting our program with open hands.

As we approached the city of Pretoria, the capital of the Union of South Africa, my attention was directed to an imposing monument erected as a memorial to the Voortrekkers. The monument was surrounded by a circular wall of stone. The entire wall had covered wagons carved in it the exact size of the ones used by the Voortrekkers. They were very similar to the covered wagons used by our pioneer fathers in the early days.

The Voortrekkers were a group of people in the Cape who became dissatisfied with the government in the early part of the 19th century. Desiring to establish a republic of their own, they trekked to the hinterland. Through their efforts, the provinces of Transvaal, Orange Free State, and Natal were brought into being. The story of the trek of the Voortrekkers in covered wagons is a very similar parallel to that of the early pioneers of Western America.

ON THE ROAD from Pretoria to Lady Smith, where our next meeting was to convene, we met a group of native women arrayed in white and blue uniforms. Upon stopping for a picture of them, I discovered that they were members of a sect called "The Christ Christian Catholic Church of Zion in the Holy Ghost." Of course, this title, or should I say phrase, was very amusing to me. There are more than eight hundred different sects similar to this one among the natives of South Africa. Their religion is a mixture of paganism and Christianity.

To Be Continued

"And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glor of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto then

FEAR NOT

for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people," St. Luk 2:9, 10.

By HURSCHEL L. DIFFIE

HRISTMAS TIME IS a time when men think of giving gifts to bring happiness to others. At this time of the year men forget their prejudices and selfishness, and think of the happiness of others. It is a time when an altruistic spirit seems to be contagious. Everyone seems to forget himself, his problems, and his worries in the service of making others happy. In this short season of happiness man realizes, only too briefly, the things which God intended that he should enjoy continually. God created man to glorify Him. He intended that there should be peace and joy in the heart of man whom He had placed upon the earth.

Sin broke the fellowship between God and man. Fear followed upon sin. No sooner had Adam and Eve sinned than they tried to hide from God because they were afraid.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF FEAR

BECAUSE SIN brought fear into the world, then fear, like sin, is universal. Fear is a universal malady. Webster defines fear as "painful emotion." Fear, like sin, doth so easily beset us. Universal sins have brought gross tensions upon international affairs. Men have been in wars since there have been men. Every generation has tried to devise means of peace. Nations have signed peace pacts and have broken them. In our own generation we have had the League of Nations which was broken when nations chose to do so. We have had the Atlantic Charter, Provision 6 of which promised "Freedom from want and fear." We have had Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam, and the United Nations Organization, all of which have been inaugurated for the purpose of

devising means of peace. None has brought peace. After a pact is signed, there is a lack of trust between the nations who have signed to carry out their promises. Nations distrust nations. Each is working madly in the race for supremacy. One nation spies upon another, which is a mark of fear and distrust. Nations build machinery for war and then immediately build their defenses against the same devastating machinery. Every nation tries to build a bigger battleship, a bigger gun, a bigger tank, etc. Bigger weapons call for greater defense.

When ex-President Truman ordered the production of the atomic bomb, he hoped that it might be a force which would end wars. Now we are building a multibillion-dollar defense against this unimaginable force. The recently devised thermo-nuclear device called the hydrogen bomb, which has a force great enough to disintegrate an entire island and endanger lives eight hundred miles away, is a force which, as one United States Senator said, "Only God can control." Now scientists look toward the cobalt bomb.

Within recent months, nine United States Congressmen, and many others in high places in our national politics, have succumbed to heart attacks. Could there be some correlation between these deaths and the current world situation? Could this be the fulfillment of Luke 21:26, "Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken"?

PEOPLE DO NOT trust the men they elect to political offices. Crime is on the increase. Divorce courts are crowded. Juvenile delin-

quency is at its highest rate in his tory. Basically, sin, fear, and insecuri ty are the causes of these situation

In the light of all of these things we need to listen to the voice of th angel ringing out at this Christma season, "Fear not."

"Fear not" seems to be a heavenl message to all men. Hagar, give: bread, a bottle of water, and her baby was driven from the house of Abra ham. In the wilderness of Beer-sheba with her water supply exhausted, Hagar placed the child under a shrul and moved away from him so as no to see him die of thirst. In her darkes hour she had a heavenly visitor whe said, "Fear not, . . . Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; fo I will make him a great nation," Genesis 21:17, 18.

After she had heard the heavenly message "Fear not," Hagar's eyes were opened and she could see a well of water, which was for her salvation and that of her son. Perhaps, the well was there before, but Hagar in hel lonely, forsaken plight, her eyes filled with tears and her heart filled with fear, could not see it. It took an angel from heaven to awaken her to the things around her, and to show her what God had for her even there in the wilderness. She had a child who was to be the father of a great nation. She could not see his potentialities because her vision was dimmed by fear.

When Abraham had come to the parting of the way with Lot, and Lot had chosen to "pitch his tent toward Sodom," Abraham was left to choose the hill country. Because of his unselfish choice, God spoke unto him and said, "Lift up now thine eyes, and look . . . northward, and southward,



REVEREND HURSCHEL L. DIFFIE
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nd eastward, and westward: for all he land which thou seest, to thee will give it, and to thy seed for ever," Jenesis 13:14, 15.

As Abraham was returning from his escue of Lot from the enemies who nad taken him and all of his possesions captive, he was met by Melchizelek, king of Salem, and priest of the nost high God. Abraham gave tithe into him and from him received the plessings of the most high God. After Abraham had refused gifts from the king of Sodom for his participation n the battle to rescue Lot, the word of the Lord came to him in a vision with the heavenly message, "Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield, and exceeding great reward." The Lord promsed him a son who would be the heir to all his possessions. After Abraham heard the heavenly message, "Fear not," he went many years with no son, but he "staggered not at the promises of God." He waited for the promised son and was not disappoint-

The promised son, Isaac, heard the same wonderful words, "Fear not," when his enemies were forcing him from place to place in search for water for his herds. In Beer-sheba the Lord appeared unto him and said, "Fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee, and multiply thy seed for my servant Abraham's sake." There Isaac built an altar and worshiped the Lord.

Moses, Joshua, the prophets, and all Israel at various

times heard the inspiring words, "Fear not." There is a divine serenity in these words of the heavenly messenger on the day of our Lord's birth. In all the times people in the past had heard the soul-comforting words, "Fear not," none had heard the accompanying words which the shepherds heard that night.

To Abraham the Lord had said, "I will make of thee a great nation." To Isaac God reaffirmed the covenant He had made with Abraham. To the prophets, He promised to bless Israel, and to the shepherds He said, through the angel, "Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, WHICH SHALL BE TO ALL PEOPLE." These words were not just to the shepherds, but "to all people."

There have been few times in history when man was not faced with problems too great for him. In such instances, man can only turn and say as David, "When my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I," Psalm 61:2b.

FEARS DISPELLED—GOD REVEALED

FEAR, WHEN dispelled, brings joy. The angel banished the fears of the shepherds, and by accepting and believing his message they were able to make some great discoveries which are possible to all men, five of which are:

1. The Glory of God.

"The glory of the Lord shone round about them," verse 9b. They saw the glory of the Lord which the pious religious Jews thought would come to them. While they were busy with their rituals and ceremonies, just a short distance from the city, the shepherds were receiving the glorious revelation that the Saviour of the world was born. As Hagar was unable to see water which was near for her salvation and that of her child, likewise the scribes, Pharisees, and priests could not see the glory of the Lord incarnate in the Babe of Bethlehem. The shepherds left their flocks to go and worship the Son of God.

God reveals Himself to the humble at heart: to Moses while watching Jethro's flocks; to Gideon while beating wheat in his threshing floor; to Elisha while plowing the field: to Jeremiah as a child; to Anna, the prophetess, who ministered continually in the temple; and to the apostles while fishing, mending their nets, at the receipt of customs, etc.

The shepherds had the privilege which the prophets longed to have.

There were things revealed to them which the prophets could see only "through a glass darkly."

2. True Prophesy Is Always Fulfilled. Isaiah, who lived 700 years before, told of His coming and how He would be born, of a virgin. (Isaiah 7:14.) The shepherds saw this fulfilled. Micah told, 700 years before, where He would be born, in Bethlehem. (Micah 5:2.) The shepherds found Him there in a manger.

3. Man Must Discover Christ for Himself

The angel said, "For unto YOU is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord," verse 11. They found Him as the angel had said, as Deity and Saviour.

4. Current Prophesy Is Possible.

The angel gave them a sign so that they might know when they had found the Babe. "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger," verse 12. They found the Babe as the angel had said, and "they made known abroad the saying, which was told them concerning this child." Upon finding Him they immediately became evangelists, telling the "good tidings."

5. There Is Joy in Meeting Christ Personally.

"The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen," verse 20. When men meet the Lord and hear His "Peace be still," their fears are exchanged for joy.

There is a need today for the world to hear the message of the angel concerning the birth of the Saviour. The Church today owes this message to the world. We have been commissioned to take the message of the Saviour to every creature. Hyperorganized religion is not enough. Super-systematized programs and scholastic sermons are not enough. The churches must have a program of evangelization with the fervent passion for souls which motivated the early Church. They must have the joy of having experienced personal contact with Christ. They must have the evangelistic fervor of the shepherds, Peter, Stephen, Paul, Wesley, Sunday, and others who have not written, but plowed, their names into Christian history. Unless the Church keeps the spirit of revival, it will lose the battle with the devil-inspired ideology of Communism, which is rapidly engulfing the world. The only answer to the world's fears today is the Babe of Bethlehem.



MOSES

By LEWIS J. WILLIS

ERHAPS ASIDE FROM Christ himself, the life and work of Moses had more far-reaching effect upon the fabric of true religion than that of any other man. He was born during the time that Israel was under the scourge of an Egyptian tyranny so severe that all newly-born male children were slain. The misfortune of being born under the decree of death, however, was offset by Moses' having godly parents. Amram, his father, and Jochebed, his mother, were both from the tribe of Levi. From his birth, they shielded Moses with a faith that defied all harm to him.

When it was impossible to conceal her child from the murderous king any longer, Jochebed fashioned a small boat. Making it waterproof with pitch and danger-proof with faith, she placed it near the bathing place of the king's daughter. Through Providence, which is ever working in the critical time, the eyes of the Princess were guided to the ark. Upon seeing the child, she was attracted to him and determined to make him her son.

Because of his position in the royal household, Moses was exposed to the exacting program of physical and mental training which characterized the Egyptians. At a suitable time he was sent to the great University of Heliopolis, where he became proficient in the sciences and arts of his day. Thus, God allowed Moses to receive the best education and training which qualified him to be a literary expert, administrator of government, and a distinguished military strategist. He used all these talents very efficiently later.

Evidently, Moses had been aware of his nationality all along. When he was about forty years of age, he decided to visit his brethren. The scenes he beheld changed his outlook completely. Gradually, but definitely, he came to realize that his attitudes and values could never be compatible with those of the royal household. While witnessing scenes of abuse in the slave camps, Moses felt such terrible revulsion against the wrong done his people that he defended a Hebrew with such violence that he slew ar Egyptian. God wished Moses to liberate Israel but not by this method.

BECAUSE OF HIS RASH and premature effort to lighten the burden of his brethren, Moses was forced to flee for his life. The nearest region not controlled by Egypt was the land of Midian, and Moses made his way there. For forty years he remained in this area During those years he gained the patience, poise, and endurance which would serve him well later in his task as Israel's leader. At last God did speak to him out of a burning bush, saying, "Come now therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharoah, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt," Exodus 3:10.

We can imagine the sudden shock, and perhaps panic which pierced the heart of Moses at God's call, but the Lord comforted him with the words, "Certainly I will be with thee." In addition. God gave the signs of the serpent, leprosy, and blood. With the promise that Aaron, his brother, might accompany him as his spokesman, Moses consented to the task. Thus, when he was eighty years of age, Moses set out, under God, to deliver Israel.

The next step was for Moses to appear before the Pharoah and make a formal request for the release of the people. Pharaoh refused the request, contemptuously declaring he knew nothing about Jehovah. Because of his rebellion, ten plagues were visited upon the Pharaoh with ever-increasing fury. The last plague brought death to the first-born in every house, except to those homes where a (Continued on page 25)

This is the very beautiful and heart-warmg story of

GRETTA'S CHRISTMAS

By CLEVA R. HANNA

lustrated by CAROL duPLOOY

GREAT SHIP had brought nine-year-old Gretta to America only three weeks before. Now it was the week before Christmas. The little girl was eling very lonely in a big city in a strange land.

She sat a long time thinking of the Jul, or Christmas elebration in Sweden, her native land. Today the chilren would be cutting little strips of colored paper for the ul tree. Some would be making bands of gold and silver tars. The small flags of many nations would be counted o see if any had to be mended, or if new ones could be

Mothers would be baking little loaves of bread shaped ke a boar with his short body and long snout. These ould remind their people of the great feasts their grandarents used to have when they ate real boars. In the tores, tiny straw goats would stand on long shelves to emind the people of the blessings of the grain harvest.

"I wish so much I could be back in my old home," the

onely girl softly said to herself.

Gretta did not like living in a few rooms in a house ull of strange people. Worse than that, baby brother, ekke, was sick. Worst of all, her father would be without work until the beginning of the new year. Two big tears lipped from her sad, blue eyes to roll down her round, ink cheeks.

"Tap, tap, tap."

Gretta brushed back her golden braids, dried

her cheeks, and ran to open the door.

"I am going to one of the big stores. Would you like to go with me?" It was Tessa, the tall, black-haired girl (much older than Gretta) who lived across the street.

"That would make me so glad," and Gretta darted back into the room to ask her mother if she might go.

SOON THE TWO were pushing their way through the crowds of shoppers. Everyone seemed in a hurry. At last they were in the prettiest toy shop the

girl from across the sea had ever seen.

The store wore its gayest holiday trimmings. Everywhere Gretta looked there were bright-colored toys. Her eyes opened wide when she saw the beautiful dolls dressed in blue, pink, and white. One of them was a bride who wore a white satin dress with a long train. A thin veil



"Gretta opened the box, and squealed with delight."

hung down her back from a band of pearl beads on her head.

"Oh! Look!" whispered Gretta, as she pointed to a doll which seemed to her more beautiful than all the others. It wore a gaily-colored dress, a white apron, and a snug little embroidered cap. Its yellow hair hung in two braids like Gretta's.

"I love, I just love that one," whispered the girl again as she grasped and squeezed Tessa's hand tightly.

Tessa understood the child's feeling, for she knew the doll's costume was like that of a little Swedish girl. She pulled Gretta away gently, and they soon left the store.

But Gretta thought of the doll all the way home, and all the next day.

CHRISTMAS EVE came. That night Gretta's father kneeled between her and her mother, and took a hand of each in his own strong hands.

"Dear Jesus," he prayed, "help us to trust Thee to make all things work for our good; and make us happy in our new land."

Gretta wondered how Jesus could make them happy when there would be no Jul tree, no friends, no funny gnomes, or brownies to bring a basket of presents.

The little girl sighed as she climbed into bed. She fell asleep wondering what Christmas in a big city would be

When she awoke, it was morning. Boys outside were shouting to each other as they rode new bicycles; girls were squealing with delight over new dolls; tiny tots were pulling toy cars or blowing horns.

Gretta walked slowly and sadly toward the door of the front room where she could see, as well as hear, the fun.

"Ma-ma! Pa-pa! Look! What's this?" she cried sudden-

"That is a Christmas welcome from the church down the street, Dear. Tessa brought it last night after you were asleep. We left it so that you could help us open it this morning."

With the bundle untied, Mother and Gretta began pulling out the prettily wrapped packages. There were nuts, candies, raisins, apples, oranges, a cake-and oh, what (Continued on page 26)

Page 11



The Church and Youth in Conflict

By GEORGE J. REED

Chairman of the Youth Correction Division of the U. S. Board of Parole

Photo by A. DEVANEY

Without exception, have planned and prepared programs for youth. The Spartans enrolled their youth in an intensive training and endurance program to prepare them for combat while later Greek civilization fostered philosophy and the arts. The Roman Empire schooled its youth in oratory, writing, and other cultural subjects. In modern Germany, a shrewd dictator created the Hitler Youth Movement and fashioned millions of young people into a great war machine.

Here in America we are attempting to train our youth to understand and to live a democratic life. We try to anticipate the problems they will face ten, twenty, or even thirty years from now and try to train them to meet those problems successfully. To a large extent, the training we give our young people will determine the future of America's way of life and perhaps that of the rest of the world.

In addressing the National Big Brother Conference in Minneapolis last year, Dr. J. O. Christianson, superintendent of the University of Minnesota Farm School said:

"There are in the world today 710,000,000 children and youth between the ages of five and nineteen. If these youth were to march across the platform of this auditorium tonight, we would see that fifty-six out of every one hundred come from Asia, fifteen from Europe, nine from Africa, eight from South America, six from Russia, five from North America and one from Australia.

In view of these comparison, it is clear that America would invite disaster by fighting toe to toe against the overwhelming Asiatic hordes. Maintaining our way of life plainly depends upon the use of our great natural resources, our superior knowhow, our positive leadership, and, supremely, our faith in God.

Today's youth face many pressures and problems that did not confront the past generation. Compulsory military service disrupts and occasionally twists life plans. The feeling of insecurity pervading the atomic age does not bypass youth, though their conversation may not reveal it.

YOUTH IN CONFLICT with the laws and conventions of our society is claiming an increasing amount of urgent study. One of the most thorough research projects to date in the field of "causative factors" of delinquency, by Doctors Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck of Harvard University, encompassed a number of years and the examination of 500 normal youth and 500 delinquent youth.

The researchers found little difference in the two groups as to housing conditions, socio-economic levels, degrees of health, or adequacy of recreation facilities.

The significant difference lay in home background. Those who came from broken homes, homes where real love was lacking, and homes with little adult supervision during formative years loomed prominently in delinquency statistics.

During the last decade, I have had a small part in developing the so-called "New Penology." This movement stems from the Model Youth Correction Act, originally produced by the American Law Institute.

Its aim is to substitute for retributive punishment, methods of training and treatment designed to correct and prevent antisocial tendencies. Its objective is rehabilitative. California, in 1941, was the first state to implement the Model Youth Correction Act by developing a youth authority program. Since then, fourteen states and the Federal Government have followed suit.

The new Federal Youth Correction Program, in which I am directly engaged, is attempting through its diagnostic centers to learn why youth are in trouble and to develop an individualized treatment program. Diagnosis determines a youngster's I.Q., his academic achievement level, and areas of

retardation and plans how special in terests, strengths, and weaknesse both intellectual and manual, can i built up.

One of the thrills of my life of curred in Minnesota while serving at the executive secretary for Governouther W. Youngdahl's Second State Conference on Children and Youth in 1950. Some 2,000 citizens of Minnesot spent two days studying the unmaneeds of Minnesota's children anyouth. From this conference our resolutions committee formulated "The Seven Basic Needs of Children and Youth."

- 1. Consistent and firm support from the home, supplemented by school, church, and other institutions, to build healthy interpersonal relationships through which security, love, and acceptance may be achieved.
- Opportunity to develop skills of living which will lead to more adequate adjustment.
- Opportunity to assume increasing responsibility commensurate with age and ability.
- 4. Adequate provision for all essentials to physical health.
- 5. Equal educational opportunities consistent with native endowment and interest.
- Active participation in community living through constructive work and planning.
- 7. Encouragement toward a rich and meaningful spiritual life.

C HURCHES WOULD do well to note the high percentage of children who drop out of Sunday Schools and youth groups and to investigate whether their basic needs are being met by the church insofar as is possible.

Recently, while holding parole hearings at a federal reformatory, I examined some 200 cases which included

"A teen-ager shoots a man for the 'kick of seeing blood running'; a run-away girl confronts her father and insolently denies they are related; a brash soldier on foreign duty shoots a civilian and expresses surprise at being brought to justice—these instances of violence, selected from many, indicate that, as never before, America's youth is engaged in conflict."

veral from church-related homes. ne very bitter boy serving a long intence, came from a strict religious ackground. While interviewing him, asked if his early training in Sunay School or home had not taught im an understanding of love or reject for other people's rights. His curt nswer was:

"No, sir, I guess not. We had a lot of eligion at our house but not much

May every parent examine well the eligious climate which surrounds his hild.

The Church needs to re-examine its nethods to see if they are set up to neet the needs of youth in 1954. The asic beliefs of the Church are unhangeable, but some of the methods ught to change if young people are not being challenged.

Sunday Schools, church programs, and youth organizations must provide palanced spiritual and social programs of that young people can develop well-ntegrated, healthy Christian person-lities. Youth must know, not only what the Church is against, but also what it is for.

For too long we have allowed adolescents to believe that the church and Sunday School are for "sissies." Youth are eager to prove themselves, to dentify themselves with adults and their privileges. And when adults make distorted patterns to conform to society, the adolescents' problems are intensified.

Careless adult behavior is continually exposing the younger generation to temptation and danger. Philosophies of "take all you can" and "the end justifies the means" among adults shake the foundations of integrity laid in Sunday School and church. Characteristically we deplore corruption in government, raise eyebrows at "under the table" deals in business, and revel in beating a traffic ticket, but all encourage disrespect for law and order and sinister contempt for Christian teachings.

Youth must be persuaded of the vital role of Christianity in our modern

way of life. The distinguished Swiss psychiatrist, Dr. Jung, declared:

"It seems to me that as religion diminishes, nervous diseases notably increase. For most of my patients who have passed middle age, there is not one whose real problem is not one of religious outlook; in the last resort, every one of them suffers because he has lost that which a living religion has at all times given to its followers, and not one is really cured unless he recovers his religious outlook."

WE MUST NOT allow the false idea to persist that true science and true religious values are in conflict. Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh in his popular book Of Flight and Life said:

"To me in youth, science was more important than either man or God. I worshiped science. I was awed by its knowledge. Its advances had surpassed man's wildest dreams. In its learning seemed to lie the key to all mysteries of life.

"It took many years for me to discover that science, with all its brilliance, lights only a middle chapter of creation. I saw the science I worshiped and the aircraft I loved destroying the civilization I expected them to serve and which I thought as permanent as earth itself. Now I understand that spiritual truth is more essential to a nation than the mortar in its cities' walls. For when the actions of a people are unguided by these truths, it is only a matter of time before the walls themselves collapse.

"The most urgent mission of our time is to understand these truths and to apply them to our way of modern life. We must draw strength from the almost forgotten virtues of simplicity, humility, contemplation, prayer. It requires a dedication beyond science, beyond self, but the rewards are great, and it is our only hope."

In their efforts to follow the "scientific process," many of our research leaders in the fields of behavior, education, and the social sciences have lost complete sight of the basic beliefs

in God which guided our nation's founding fathers.

Columnist Walter Lippmann wrote: "The liberties we talk about defending today were established by men who took their conception of man from the great central religious tradition of Western civilization, and the liberties we inherit can almost certainly not survive the abandonment of that tradition."

As youth faces changing concepts of morality and questions suggesting that all values are somewhat relative, Frieda Utley's book The Dream We Lost posts a decisive answer:

"Life in the U.S.S.R. made one realize that some absolute standards of behavior are essential to mankind if we are not to return to the life of the brute."

The standards of behavior suggested by Miss Utley have traditionally been founded upon Christian ideals. Unless the Church recaptures the initiative in forming national principles, a great many of our dreams for our families, church, and nation will be lost.

The Christian Church does have an answer to the problem of modern youth. That answer does not lie in merely teaching them the history and theology of Christianity but in leading them into a positive religious experience—a personal relationship with Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord. Only as the Church brings its youth into this dynamic personal experience will these ominous and spreading conflicts be genuinely resolved.

IS THIS THE TIME TO HALT? Charles Sumner Hoyt

Is this the time, O Church of Christ!

Retreat? To arm with weapons cheap

and blunt
The men and women who have borne

the brunt

Of truth's fierce strife and nobly

Of truth's fierce strife, and nobly held their ground?

Is this the time to halt, when all around

Horizons lift, new destinies confront,

Stern duties wait our nation, never wont

To play the laggard, when God's will was found?

No! rather, strengthen stakes and lengthen cords,

Enlarge thy plans and gifts, O thou elect,

And to thy kingdom come for such a time!

The earth with all its fullness is the Lord's.

Great things attempt for Him, great things expect,

Whose love imperial is, whose power sublime.

-Selected.

The Mission Club is the oldest club at Lee College. It was organized in 1941 under the leadership of Mrs. Avis Swiger, and chose as its first president Mrs. Pe arl Stark who now serves as a missionary in Africa. The Club has served to inspire surrender in the lives of many to foreign missions work. For others it has revealed bigger and broader fields of service at home.



The Mission Club Members for the 1954-55 Term

MRS. AVIS SWIGER
Organizer and Sponsor of the Mission Club

HE STUDENTS WHO came to Lee College this fall were greeted by a large sign in front of Simmons Hall which said "Welcome to Lee College," but that was not all it said. At the bottom, in somewhat smaller print but large enough to be quickly noticed, were the words "Mission Club." What has that to do with this article? Just this. John Fourie, the hard-to-get-ahead-of president of

The History and Mission of the

Lee College

MISSION CLUB

Manuscript and photographs prepared by Mission Club

the Lee College Mission Club, was also on the welcoming committee, and he jumped at the chance to put in a plug for (to use John's words) "the largest and oldest club at Lee College."

Yes, the Mission Club is the oldest club at Lee College. Organized in 1941 under the leadership of Mrs. Avis Swiger, and with about thirty-five members, the club chose as its first president Pearl Stark, who is now serving as missionary in Angola, Africa. Holding as its aim "to foster a mission spirit," the club has inspired many to surrender their lives to serv-

ices in foreign fields. For others it has served as an eye opener to bigger and broader fields of service at home.

Many of the names which appear in the annals of Mission Club history are familiar to the readers of The LIGHT-ED PATHWAY because they are, or have been, laboring to lead those of other lands to know the Christ who died for the sins of the whole world. Look at this list of past officers and active members of the Mission Club who are, or have been, on the mission field—Pearl Stark, Virginia (Green) Beaty, Vessie Hargrave, Mildred



FOREIGN STUDENT MEMBERS OF MISSION CLUB

SITTING: Left to Right. Guillermo Rocha, Nicorogua; Mario Rodriduez, Honduros; John J. Fourie, Union of South Africo; Febe Flores, Nicoragua; David Syverson, El Solvodor; Abinodod Mastinez, Guotemolo.

STANDING: Left to Right. Silvio Otero, Puerto Rico; Poul Louster, Germony; Hoover Whitefield, Honduros; Chris le Roux, Union of South Africa; Suson C. Fourie, Union of South Africa; Sister Swiger; Esther Grobler, Union of South Africa; Vos le Roux, Union of South Africa; Ovoldo Rolón, Puerto Rico; Abel Sónchez, Mexico; Neomi Perolto, Mexico.

(Blackwell) Case, Hoyle Case, Grier Hawkins, Juanita Hawkins, Lucille (Settle) Walker, J. H. Walker, Jr., O'Neil McCullough. Inez (Chambers) McCullough, Paul Cook, Emily Cook, George Savchenko, Walter Lauster, Mary (Lauster) DeLong, Sixto Molino, Lola (Roberson) Molino, James Beaty, Rachelle (Pelligre) Beaty, Luther Carroll, Dorothy (Pullin) Carroll, Dora P. Myers, Odine Morse, Wayne Heil, L. E. Heil, Letha Heil, Ronnie Helton, Lucy Helton, Pat O'Bannon, Bill Alton, Ramona Davis, Roman O'Mary, Mary O'Mary, William McCall, Mrs. W. McCall, Wayne Mc-Afee, Charlotte (Hewitt) McAfee, Margaret Gaines, Lovell Carey, L. T. Bolen, and Mrs. L. T. Bolen. Not only have these people lent a lot of sparkle to the spread of the Mission Club, but many of them have received through the Mission Club the spark which has sent them out to various parts of the world to fulfill the great commission.

TO HAVE maintained the vast influence that the Lee College Mission Club has held, it had to have behind it someone or something with extraordinary force and power. In this case it was both "someone" and "something." The "someone" behind it has been one of the greatest Chris-

tians that the Church of God has—Mrs. Avis Swiger. The "something" has been the power of God working through a woman who, though never a foreign missionary herself, has kindled more mission flames in the hearts of Church of God youth than perhaps any other one person.

The Mission Club is still gaining momentum. Serving about one hundred and twenty-five members, the club has several projects going at one time. Almost every week end various members of the club make trips in behalf of missions to churches all over the southeastern part of the United States. Most of the money received on these trips is used to buy a Christmas gift for each Church of God missionary on the field. These services are always blessed times of spiritual showers and renewed vision. The problem of transportation on the trips sometimes presents handicaps. God has always provided the group with enough cars for the trips, but the club is hoping that God will help solve the problem soon. One check has already come to the club with the request that it be applied on a station wagon. The club has not made a drive for a station wagon, but if God's children see the need strongly enough, they will meet the need for the club. (If God speaks



REVEREND JOHN FOURIE
President of Mission Club

to the reader, the club will be glad to accept another donation.)

The club is also sponsoring a usedclothing drive for the people of other countries who are in need.

THIS YEAR THE club is launching into a new field which promises to be interesting as well as inspirational. In collaboration with The LIGHTED PATHWAY, the Mission Club is sponsoring a pen-friend club which will be called Links-Around-the-World. Those in the United States who are interested in corresponding with Christians in other countries will send their names and addresses to The LIGHTED PATH-WAY or to the Mission Club, Lee College, Cleveland, Tennessee. Those in other countries who wish to correspond with American Christians will do the same thing. From the list, the one who is interested will choose a name and write letters and eventually form a chain of Christians which will encircle the globe.

Spiritual strength and power, as well as educational information, are to be gained from such a chain. Do you want to be a link in the chain of Pentecostal youth which will unite with common purposes and ideals and help to brighten the world that is darkened by sin? You can be a link by joining Links-Around-the-World.

WHY DOES THE Mission Club accomplish so much? The an-(Continued on page 23)

HAPPY HOME CIRCLE



Dear Home Circle Readers:

ERRY CHRISTMAS! Again the season has come when our thoughts turn to giving. For weeks now we have been making Christmas lists and searching the shops for those things that will bring the most happiness to those we love. It is the act of following the example of our Saviour, who on that first Christmas was born to bring to us the gifts of joy, peace, and abundant life. It is the Saviour's birthday we are celebrating. Have you included Him on your Christmas list? What are you planning to give Him?

He has entrusted to your care little lives to love and direct for Him. He has promised to be with you and guide you if you will look to Him and will listen to His counsel. The building of character and personality to glorify Him is the most important work you can do for your Master. Those of you who have learned to love the Saviour and to know the efficacy of faith are eager to give the gift of faith and love to your children, but the task is not a simple one. Sometimes we are overwhelmed by it; we do not feel that we know how this can be done most effectively. God has promised us guidance if we will seek it, but how does His guidance come? It seems that God has chosen to do His work through mankind. If we let Him have our lives, we are the channels through which He fulfills His promises to men.

All parents have problems, and all are seeking in one way or another the solution to those problems. We are disturbed by what we read in the papers about juvenile delinquency and about the great need there is for parent education so that we can have better homes. This is a call to Christian parenthood to reach out and help those who are perplexed. If God has given to you wisdom, it has not been given to you to hoard but to share with those who are seeking help. A way in which you can get the help you need are the theme of my message this month.

SOME YEARS AGO, we caught the vision of the need for Christian parents or all parents to get together and share with one another their problems and their solutions. Out of this vision grew a number of Happy Home Circle groups organized over the Church. Reports came in to us that these circles had been of tremendous help in promoting Christian fellowship and in deepening the spiritual lives of those who attended. For some time much space was given to these organizations through this page. Problems were discussed and questions were answered, and the testimonials that came in concerning the great blessing this help had been, indicated the need for such an emphasis. For some time, I feel that I have neglected this cause, and I have resolved to renew my efforts in this direction in the coming year. Little can be done without your enthusiastic help and interest. You, too, must catch the vision of the need and give your contribution.

I know that the cares of the home are great and that twenty-four hours are so few for the many responsibili-ties you face. The care of children doesn't leave a mother much time for other things, but it seems that God has always had to use busy people to do His work. Moses was busy with his flocks at Horeb. Gideon was busy threshing wheat by the press; David was busy caring for his father's sheep; Elisha was busy ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen; Amos was busy following the flock; Nehemiah was busy bearing the king's wine cup; Peter and Andrew were busy casting a net into the sea; James and John were busy mending their nets. Of course, God never calls parents to neglect their own children to do other things, but He gives strength and wisdom in their own home when their interest reaches out to others.

Since child guidance is such an important work and since parent education is such a great need, would not the gift of your time and talents to this cause be a happy gift to offer to your Saviour at this Christmas sea-

HOSE OF YOU who would like to include this gift on your Christmas list for this year can get busy in your community and organize a group of mothers to meet at stated intervals in the homes of the members or in the church to talk over common problems and share your thinking concerning the best solutions. Together you will recognize the need for God's presence in your midst to direct your thinking, and you will pray for this guidance. This will help to deepen your spiritual life, and you will enjoy the Christian fellowship. Reach out

and invite all those in your neighborhood who could be persuaded to join regardless of church affiliation. You will find many persons in your com-munity who will be happy to give you time on special problems. Home economics teachers, public health nurses, welfare workers, and child guidance counselors are all available as speakers for your groups and are eager for invitations to share their knowledge with interested parents. Look around you for specialists in the fields of your special problems. You will want to include a study of the spiritual, mental, physical, and social guidance of your children. Plan a well-rounded program of study.

For more efficient planning, you will need to elect officers to carry the weight of responsibility. A president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer, a membership committee, and a program committee should be enough. The program material should grow out of the problems you present. Parents Magazine frequently offers some examples of such program planning. You can get ideas from them, but use your own problems. Don't be afraid of a small group. If you can find as many as five interested persons, you have a good beginning. People will talk more freely in a small group than in a large

I SHOULD LIKE to make a gift to my Saviour in this endeavor this year, also. I should like to dedicate this page anew to this program. I was inspired by rereading a letter I received from Mrs. Paul R. Walker in 1944 concerning the Home Circles. Let me share those parts of it that especially inspired me.

Dear Sister Harrison:

For a long time I have wanted to write to you and express my appreciation for your good and great work and to tell you how I love The LIGHTED PATHWAY, and I have wanted to write about the Happy Home Circle, also, but I have just kept putting it off.

I know there are many others like me who read and love it, and after being blessed by it, want to join the circle, but everyone is so rushed these busy days.

I have five little children and two older stepchildren, so I really need wisdom, love, and help from our loving God to teach them right. That is my heart's desire. I have prayed many prayers, and I dedicated each of my children to God even before I looked on his face. I do want God to have His way with them and use them for His glory

Sister Harrison, I think it would be nice if you had space enough in your precious paper so that fa-thers and mothers of this circle could write in concerning their little problems about their children and then give suggestions as to how to solve them. I am sure you could help us. This is just my humble suggestion; you can do as you like with it.

Here are two little problems I (Contined on page 23)

HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

Through the softly falling snow moved groups of laughing people. Good will, peace, and joy were everywhere, for this day was the birthday of the King. Everyone was hurrying towards a brightly lighted church near the edge of the village. Tonight was the time when the villagers tried to give the best gifts to the Christ Child.

As Jack walked slowly towards the church, he tried to think of something to give to the King. This year Jack's father had not lad much money, so Jack could not give even a penny.

"Perhaps God will show me what I can give," he thought, as he mounted the steps of the church.

Inside there was reverent silence except for the soft, sweet notes of the great organ.

One by one the people brought their gifts and laid them at the foot of the altar. The rich brought gold, silver, and precious jewels. The poor brought a few cents or just a handful of barley or corn. Last of all came Jack.

"What will he give?" the people murraned. "He has nothing in his hands."

Clearly his voice rang through the church, as he knelt before the altar:

"No costly gift for my dear King,

My heart, my life, is all I bring."

"It is the best gift," the people whispered, bowing their heads and worshiping Christ the Lord.

Conducted by ALDA B, HARRISON

GOD'S GIFT-MY GIFT

E. M. Detterline

God's Christmas Gift of long ago Has lasted through the years; And still is keeping hearts aglow, Dispelling doubts and fears.

And with this Gift of gifts in mind, How can I show my love? How can my heart expression find To Him who reigns above?

I have no frankincense, no gold, No myrrh, no costly gift, To use as password to the fold, From earth my soul to lift.

Ah, man of earth, defeated soul, You need no priceless pearl; To place your life in His control Will blessings rare unfurl.

And when the soul of man is free To love this Gift divine. There is no question, for we'll say, Lord, all I have is Thine.

The Joy of Giving

Here we are this morning asking the Holy Spirit to direct a little Christmas message to you. I want to talk to you from my heart. The reason God gives us so many different kinds of experiences is so that we shall be able to talk to others from our hearts and really tell them something we know about. It is said that experience is the best teacher, and I am sure it is true. So we want to talk to you about the joy of the Lord. We will use the beautiful fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, and we want you to read the whole chap-ter as it is this wonderful Christ whose birthday we celebrate at this Christmas time. What a beautiful invitation He gives us to come and receive of this wonderful joy without money and without price. The twelfth verse says we "shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace." So this precious Christ of Calvary has promised us great things. We want our minds to dwell on Him this Christmas time for had it not been for Him we would not have had a Christmas.

Then let us remember that the twenty-fifth day of December is His birthday, and let us do the things that please Him on this day instead of our-

ather's or mother's birthday you should be expecting all the presents for yourself and none for them? When the big birthday cake was set out that you should expect to claim it yourself? Ah, that dear father and mother who have labored a whole lifetime to make life worth while for you and not even a thought of themselves.

The wise men were the first Christmas givers. They set the example. They brought their gifts to the babe

of Bethlehem.

When this Christ's birthday comes, will you be looking for ways and means to be a blessing to humanity, which is one of the best ways we can give to Him? Then giving your life a living sacrifice is the most wonderful present you can make this loving Saviour of ours on His birthday, and then you will want to do all these beautiful things for others.

NOT LONG AGO I was suffering very severely with neuritis, and you know what that means, if you have ever had it. It seemed that I couldn't keep my mind off my suffering. My daughter, with whom I was visiting, talked to me about trying to get my mind on the Lord instead of my suffering. Many times I have sat by others' bedsides and given them the same advice, referring them to Peter as he looked at the waves and began to sink. Now it was coming down to me from one who perhaps had learned this secret through my own instructions in earlier years. How weak we are and how we need to watch and pray lest we enter into temptation! God allows these things to come to us many times to let us see how we need our Christian friends to help us carry our cross. Jesus Himself went down under the weight of His cross, and Simon had to help Him carry it. I have just thrown this little explanation in to help you when you

are pressed by every foe.
On this particular night, like a little child, I took my daughter's advice and

went to sleep. The next morning I awoke and was seemingly worse, and I just about came to the conclusion that I would never be well again. Tears streamed down my face, but I got up and went about the house trying my best to ward off Satan's blows. I thought of something that would bring happiness to someone who had been a great blessing to me, and I did it. I began to feel better and better and still better. I combed my hair and I was able to put it up alone, something I had not done for sometime. I immediately said, "Somebody is praying for me." Joy came to me because I had made an effort to get my mind off the waves and on Christ and oth-

You can bring joy to yourself at this Christmas time by being unselfish. Perhaps you also are sitting under the juniper tree thinking of your pains, your aches, your trials, and disappointments like poor old Elijah. God is saying to you, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" Perhaps it is not Elijah. I may be a John or a Mary. Look about for others who need you, and this Christmas joy will come into your

So MANY motives prompt men to give. We find that some kinds of giving do not count. In 1 Cor. 13:3 we read that although men give all we read that although men give all their goods to feed the poor and though they give their bodies to be burned and love does not accompany the gift, it profiteth the giver nothing. Oh, of course, the receiver may be blessed by the gift, but this great joy of the Lord will not come to the giver who gives only for show or to ease his conscience.

ease his conscience. We recently read of a very wealthy man in New York City who was known never to give anything to worthy causes. A friend of his, in charge of a campaign for a worthy object, decided to go in a round-about way to teach him to give. Said he, "I do not ask you to give. You have a right to your convictions about giving to charities. What I ask is that you will give me a check for \$10,000 which I can announce at the opening dinner this evening, not as a gift, but merely to justify my saying that I have it. In ferentially, of course it will be assumed that it is a donation. This will

(Continued on page 23)



Capetown, its fine harbor, and Table Bay, viewed from Table Mountain

N THURSDAY morning, November 12, 1953, we finished our clearance of Customs, and that afternoon with great excitement we packed our baggage into the Oldsmobile and started for the place of our appointment—Kroonstad, situated in the Orange Free State, almost 900 miles north and east. We had expected to find graveled roads, and perhaps some dirt roads, but we were pleasantly surprised. We found a lovely black surfaced road, equally as nice as many American roads. We noticed that they did not have any number on the highway, but we soon learned why. First, they do not number their highways; second, there were no other main black surfaced roads in this direction. This was the one and only all-weather road directly north from Capetown. It led us out of town through some lovely suburbs and on toward a range of mountains.

Let me assure you that after you have driven nearly half a million miles on the right side of the road, it is very difficult to suddenly start driving on the left side. For the first hundred miles it seemed so dangerous to see cars coming toward us on what to us seemed the wrong side of the road. I hugged the left shoulder of the road because it seemed that every man I met was a road hog. However, I scon learned that it was only my idea. I had not been used to meeting on the left, and they appeared to be much closer than they actually were. I was afraid that force of habit would take over some time, and we would have a head-on collision, but we were soon used to it and it seemed as though we had always driven on the left side.

THE FIRST SEVERAL hundred miles were strange and wild country. First, the lovely mountains of the Cape, then the country gradually changed into the barren and rocky Karoo. It gave us a very strange feeling of being all alone in a wild and strange world. There were miles of rocky semi-desert, broken only by the lovely sheep ranches. These were like oases in the desert. They had numerous wells with windmills on them. These mills, driven by the incessant wind of the arrid plains, pumped out the sparkling streams of water that were the lifeblood of the fine groves of trees and vineyards. We were reminded of parts of Arizona and New Mexico.

The Journey From Capetown to Kroonstad

By M. G. McLUHAN
Principal of the Berea Bible Seminary

Third installment of "The African Diary"

The great herds of sheep along the road reminded us of the Reesor homestead in Western Canada where Sister McLuhan was born and raised. Then we realized that we were looking at another of Africa's paradoxes. Here was what appeared to be nothing but a desert. There was nothing but a low bush growing here and there, and some species of cacti, and to the untrained eye and uninformed mind it would seem that no animal or man could long exist in this waste. Here, however, is one of the greatest sheep-raising areas in the world. Never have I seen more beautiful, clean sheep. They feed on this Karoo bush, which, though it doesn't look like good grazing, is one of the finest pastures for sheep.

AFTER PASSING numerous ranches and a few small towns, we decided that we must stop at a hotel for the night. Here was a new experience indeed, and one that we shall never forget. We booked our room and then proceeded to the dining room, but we were told that the dining room was just closing as supper hour was over. We had a hearty laugh about it and went elsewhere looking for a cafe. We could imagine what would happen in America if a hotel closed down its lunchroom at that early hour in the evening. However, when we got to the cafe we had some other things to get used to.

Very few cafes in Africa are as nicely fixed and furnished as their American or Canadian counterparts. An American town of 5,000 population, for instance, would have much nicer cafes than a South African town of the same size. We looked around and found a cafe that looked only ordinary to us, but which had been highly recommended by the hotel manager. It was clean inside, and we sat down at a table. I picked up the menu and here was another surprise. Not one thing on the menu looked familiar. However, I decided that I would order what they called rump steak and eggs. It was delicious—a medium-done steak and a couple of fried eggs. The service was good and we thoroughly enjoyed our supper in spite of the different menu terminology.

WE NOTICED from the beginning of our South African experiences that tea was the national drink, and not coffee like America. I told Sister McLuhan that I was going to drink water for a while because there



Stonding by our cor ot one of the comp meetings in the U. S. before leaving for Africa

was so much tea in my blood that I would be merely diluting it. I thought of the American story of the young fellow who was refused admittance into the army because his blood test showed forty per cent coca-cola. I am sure that if that were a medical possibility, some of these South Africans would test fifty per cent tea. I have always liked tea, so I got used to it quickly—and so did the rest of the family. We did think, however, that the tea habit was taken a bit too far.

When we came back to the hotel, we found that there was no key in our door, and that it could not be locked during the night. Some of the folks had told us such hair-raising stories about how the natives break into houses and steal and murder, that we were ill at ease.

When the morning came, we had a brand-new experience. I was just having the most beautiful dream when I heard something stirring on the little table near my bed. Through the morning mists of drowsiness, I saw what looked like an apparition. There stood an ebony maid snooping through my belongings on the table—or so I thought. However, I discovered that she was only putting the morning tea on the table. What is more, it was a few minutes before six o'clock in the morning. That is where it seemed that the tea habit was going too far. I must admit that for a few minutes I had a rather rough time to maintain a truly sanctified attitude.

Since then, we have tried the early morning tea habit. Sister McLuhan does not mind it, but I can't seem to get my system accustomed to it. If I take early morning tea, through the rest of the day I have the sensation that my internal tract contains a high percentage of battery acid.

THE NEXT DAY we drove the rest of the way across the Karoo, and late in the afternoon we crossed the Orange River and entered the Orange Free State. We noticed that the topography and vegetation were both gradually changing, and soon we saw some cornfields. They call corn "mealies" in this country, and they raise some nice varieties, though the yield is generally lower than in the United States. This, of course, is due to less rain than the American farmers enjoy.

Shortly after five we came over a hill and there befor us was Bloemfontein, capital city of the Free State. The word means "Flower Fountain" in Afrikaans lan-



Beoutiful highway opproaching the mountains north of Cape Town



Plonting meolies (corn) in South Africo

guage, and it lives up to its name. It is a beautiful city indeed, with a population of about 80,000 including European and native sections. We were thrilled with it because we were eager to find out what the Free State towns were like.

We had very little trouble finding the residence of Brother Swartz, our pastor in Bloemfontein. He and his family gave us a rousing welcome, and it seemed that we had known them for many years. It was such a treat to be with Christians again after driving nearly 700 miles through strange country without seeing a person that we knew. We thoroughly enjoyed our visit with them and had an excellent night of rest under their hospitable roof. We count our visit with them as one of the sweetest and most encouraging of our early contacts in this country.

EARLY THE NEXT morning, we left Bloemfontein to drive the remaining 139 miles to Kroonstad, city of our future home and labors. As we started out that morning, it was most beautiful and seemed to give us promise of more pleasant experiences before the sun went down. The country became steadily more beautiful. It was very flat, and we could tell that it was excellent (Continued on page 26)



The spotlight honors for December go to Cecil Guiles, who was born October 2, 1931, in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. Although born in a Christian home, Cecil did not become acquainted with Pentecost until he was sixteen. That was a pivotal point in his life, for he was saved, sanctified, filled with the Holy Ghost, and became a member of the Church of God at that time. Immediately, he became active in the local church activities, serving as assistant Sunday School superintendent and Y. P. E. president.

Cecil attended high school at the Demonstration High School at Mississippi College, and the Runnelstown High School. After his graduation he enrolled in the Junior College Division of Lee College. While at Lee College he served as vice-president of the Student Council, vice-president of the Specch Club, and was elected the "Friendliest Boy."

Following his graduation from Lee College, Cecil was married to Joyce Phillips on July 13, 1954. They are presently making their home in Lexington, Kentucky, where Cecil is enrolled in the University of Kentucky. He expects to continue his studies there until he finishes the requirements for a Master of Arts degree.

Having evangelized in Mississippi, Louisiana, Kentucky, and California during the summer months, Cecil has proved to be an able minister of the gospel. Judging from the admirable traits which have charact rized him, we cannot but expect him to be very successful in the work of Christ. Our prayers will certainly undergird him as he continues his ministry.

Into the spotlight for the young ladies this month steps Geraline (Gerry) Head. Born at Kingsport, Transesee, to the Rev. and Mrs. W. I. Head, June 12, 1933, Gerry has always lived in a Christian home. When just a small child, she accepted Christ as her own Lord and became a member of the Church of God. Through the years of her young life, Gerry has been very active in church work. Being endowed with many talents, she served well as church pianist, Sunday School teacher, Y. P. E. officer, Vacation Bible School Director, District Youth Director, and organizer of the "Good Neighbor Club."

Following her graduation from the Woodlawn, Virginia, High School she enrolled in Lee College. During her years at Lee she was a part of all school activities. She served as secretary of the Youth for Christ Club, treasurer of the Senior Class, secretary of the Student Council, a member of the Vindagua staff, and was elected the "Most Versattle Girl."

Upon graduation from Lee College, Gerry accepted the position of copy editor at the Church of God Publishing House. She is thereby associated, in a very vital way, with the literature which ultimately reaches the local churches. To Gerry this is a dream come true, for since childhood she had aspired to have a tangible part in sending out the printed word. This attitude is very characteristic of Gerry, for she is dedicated to the cause of Christ we believe that her life will continue to be consecrated to Christian service.

CHRISTIAN PARADOX Author Unknown

It is in loving—not in being loved— The heart is blest; It is in giving—not in seeking gifts—

We find our quest.

If thou art hungry, lacking heavenly food-

Give hope and cheer. If thou art sad and wouldst be comforted-

Stay sorrow's tear.

Whatever be thy longing and thy need-

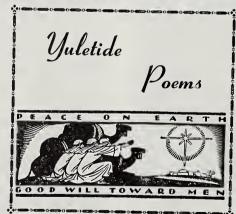
That do thou give; So shall thy soul be fed, and thou indeed,

Shalt truly live.

CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART Author Unknown

It is Christmas in the mansion, Yule-log fires and silken frocks; It is Christmas in the cottage, Mother's filling little socks.

It is Christmas on the highway, In the thronging, busy mart; But the dearest, truest Christmas Is the Christmas in the heart.



MY GIFT

Christina Rossetti

What can I give Him Poor as I am? If I were a shepherd, I would give Him a lamb, If I were a Wise Man, I would do my part-But what I can I give Him, Give my heart.

-Selected

DAVID, AGED FOUR

Author Unknown

Christmas is a bitter day For mothers who are poor, The wistful eyes of children Are daggers to endure.

Though shops are crammed with playthings
Enough for everyone,
If a mother's purse is empty
There might as well be none.

My purse is full of money But I cannot buy a toy; Only a wreath of holly For the grave of my little boy.

CHRISTMAS PEACE AND JOY

A star above a stable door-(Much brighter one than shone before)

An angel chorus hovering 'round, While fearful shepherds heard the sound;

A newborn Babe within a manger—
(Mystery Child, this little Stranger);
The Story so old is ever new
And may it bring much joy to you!
—Roy J. Wilkins

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER

By SOPHIA P. SNOW

Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good night" had been said,

And Annie and Willie had crept into bed; There were tears on their pillows and tears in their eyes, and each little bosom was heaving with sighs; For tonight their stern father's command had been given that they should retire precisely at seven—mstead of eight—for they troubled him more with questions unheard-of than ever before.

He told them he thought this delusion a sin— No such person as "Santa Claus" had ever been, And he hoped, after this, he should nevermore hear How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each

year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock in the steeple tolled ten.
Not a word had been spoken by either till then.

When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep, As he whispered, "Dear Annie, is 'ou fas' asleep?" "Why no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies; "I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes, For somehow it makes me so sorry because Dear papa has said there is no Santa Claus. Now we know there is and it can't be denied, For he came every year before mamma died.

"But then, I've been thinking that she used to pray And God would hear everything mamma would say. And maybe she asked Him to send Santa Claus here, With the pack full of presents he 'brought every year.' "Well, why tan't we pray dust as mamma did, den, And ask Dod to send him with presents aden?" "T've been thinking so, too," and without a word more Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,

And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know that we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee.

"I want a wax dolly, a tea set and ring, And an ebony workbox that shuts with a spring. Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see That Santa Claus loves us as much as does he. Don't let him get fretful and angry again At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen." "Pleae, Deesus, let Santa Taus tum down tonight And bring us some presents before it is light;

"I want he should div me a nice 'ittle s'ed, With bright shinin' 'unners and all painted red; A box full of tandy, a book and a toy. Amen, and den, Deesus, I'll be a dood boy." Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads And, with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds.

They were soon lost in slumber; both peaceful and deep, And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock struck ten Ere the father had thought of his children again. He seemed now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs, And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes. "I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said, "And should not have sent them so early to bed. But then, I was troubled, my feelings found vent, For bank stock today had gone down ten per cent;

"But, of course, they've forgotten their troubles ere this, And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;

And just to make sure, I'll steal up to the door, For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before." So saying, he softly ascended the stairs, And arrived at the door, to hear both of their prayers, His Annie's "bless papa" drew forth the big tears, And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.

"Strange—strange—I'd forgotten," said he, with a sigh, "How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh, I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said, "By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed." Then, turning to the stairs, he softly went down, Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown, Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street, A millionaire facing the cold driving sleet!

Nor stopped he until he had bought everything, From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring! Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store That the various presents outnumbered a score. Then homeward he turned, his holiday load, With Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery was stowed. Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree, By the side of a table spread out for her tea.

A workbox well filled in the center was laid, And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed; A soldier in uniform stood by a sled, "With bright shining runners, and all painted red." There were balls, dogs, and horses, books pleasing to see, And birds of all colors were perched in a tree; While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top, As if getting ready more presents to drop.

And, as the fond father the picture surveyed, He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid; And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear, "I'm happier now than I've been for a year, I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before—What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent more. Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe, To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve."

So thinking, he gently extinguished the light, And, tripping downstairs, he retired for the night. As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun Put the darkness to flight, and the stars, one by one, Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide, And at the same moment the presents espied; Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound, And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.

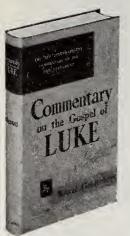
They laughed and they cried, in their innocent glee, And shouted for papa to come quick and see What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night (Just the things that they wanted), and left before light, "And, now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low, "You'll believe there's a 'Santa Claus,' papa, I know." While dear little Willie climbed upon his knee, Determined no secret between them should be,

And told in soft whispers how Annie had said, That their dear blessed mamma, so long ago dead, Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair, And that God, up in heaven, had answered her prayer. "Den we dot up and prayed, dust as well as we tood, And Dod answered our prayers; now, wasn't He dood?"

"I should say that He was if He sent you all these, And knew just what presents my children would please. (Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf; 'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.)" Blind father. Who caused your stern heart to relent, And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent? 'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly upstairs, And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

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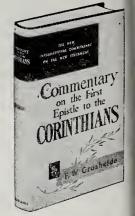
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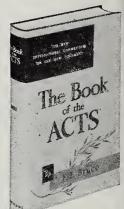
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CHURCH OF GOD PUBLISHING HOUSE

Montgomery Avenue

Cleveland, Tennessee

Happy Home Circle (Continued from page 16)

have had or I have been wondering about—how to get children to be orderly and to give good attention in church and yet love the church. If we are too strict, it might create a feeling of hatred for the house of God. Also, I should like to know how to make family worship more interesting to the little tots.

May God bless you is my prayer.

—Mrs. Paul R. Walker, Route 1,
Mount Union, Pennsylvania.

This is a sample of the sort of prob-lems you can bring together in your circle meetings and discuss. I should like to give space on this page to dealing with some of these problems that you send in for discussion. I do not propose to have all the answers or to try to answer all the questions, but I shall publish each month a problem sent in by the readers and shall invite you to write and tell us how you have handled the problem. The best solutions to these problems will be printed in a later issue. We should like for this to be an exchange page for the mutual benefit of all the readers. The success of this page will depend on your cooperation. Write at once and help us to get started. Will you help me to help other parents?

Biographical Sketches

(Continued from page 10)

lamb was slain and the blood sprinkled on the doorposts. When the horrible coldness of death settled over Egypt, the Pharaoh rushed to Moses and bid him leave Egypt with the Israelites. Thus, the night of death to the Egyptians was Israel's birthnight as a nation.

Recovering rather quickly from the shock of the plague of death, the Egyptians determined to retrieve the Israelites. Through a series of miracles, God, through his servant Moses, de-livered Israel. At the Red Sea, with the Egyptians behind them poised for an attack and mountains on either side, God made a dry path through the water for the Israelites. When the Egyptians sought to cross, they were drowned. Later God supplied bread, quail, and water for the Hebrews by divine miracles. In spite of His tender dealings, however, the Israelites doubted and were condemned to the wilderness until the doubting generation died

Notwithstanding the faithfulness of the people, Moses remained true to the task God had given him. During those long years in the wilderness, God, from the holy Mount Sinai, gave all the laws and regulations necessary for the well-being of the young nation. Moses, of course, se: ved as the mediator between God and the people. Doubtlessly, he is best known as the man through which God chose to give the world the Ten Commandments. Aside from the birth of Christ, which embodied the fulfillment of the Law, the giving of the Decalogue was perhaps the great-est moments of all history.

Moses was not permitted to lead the Israelites into Canaan. Having brought

the people within sight of their goal, Moses ascended Mount Nebo to the top of Pisgah, there to die alone even as he had, in reality, in his greatness lived alone.

Helps for Tempted and Tried

(Continued from page 17)

make such an impression that I can secure thousands based upon your supposed contribution. Then, tomorrow I will return your check to you.

After some persuasion, the million-aire yielded to his friend's proposal, and also accepted his invitation to the dinner. At the dinner more than \$250,000 was subscribed on the basis of his supposed contribution. Nothing was said that evening about returning his check. But the next morning his friend, according to agreement, returned with his check. To his surprise the wealthy man said, "I wouldn't take it for the world. I never realized the feeling of giving until last evening when man after man came and congratulated and thanked me. I've never had such a happy evening; never had such a night's sleep. You've opened up a new world to me. Now that same man is always generous in his donations to worthy, charitable causes. His motive at the outset was not a worthy one, but his giving ended in bringing

Mission Club

(Continued from page 15)

swer is an easy one. When a group of young people aflame with mission zeal are led by officers and a sponsor whose lives are instruments of God, nothing-not even Satan himselfcan stop their progress toward the accomplishment of the big job that Christ left for His followers when He said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." The Mission Club is playing its part in answering the Macedonian call.

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MARILYN'S VOW

By LOUISE SIDERS

CHARACTERS:

Marilyn Stevens—Consecrated young lady who has been called to the mission field, but hesitates to go because of the family needing her.

Mrs. Stevens—Marilyn's mother who has struggled to keep the family together since the death of her husband; she doesn't want Marilyn to leave home. Vicki—"Friend" of Marilyn who is sour

on missions.

Carol-Another "friend" who comes to discourage Marilyn.

Johnnie—Marilyn's little brother. Jeanie—Marilyn's little sister. Mr. Runyon—Man who finally finds

the Lord's will for him. Scene I

Place: The Stevens' living room.

Tine. Monday evening. Setting: Marilyn and her mother are in a discussion; Mrs. Stevens is seated in a chair mending; the children are sitting on the floor playing.

Mother: "Oh, Marilyn, I'm so tired

after doing that large washing today and with you here to help me, too! I

do not see how I can possibly get along without your help."

Marilyn: "But, Mother, has the Lord ever failed us? He can do the impossible! I'm certain he will work

things out for us."

Mother: "Of course, the Lord can do all things, but it appears to me you have just gotten a silly idea in your head. You think it would be glamorous to be a missionary

Marilyn: 'No, Mother, I realize it isn't a glamcrous life, but one of sacrifice and self-denial. The Lord has called me, and I promised Him I would

go to the mission field. I must go. I would be the most miserable person in the world if I did not keep my vow."

Mother: "Now, Marilyn, you know I
have no one to help me support the

children since your father died. I need you to go to work so I can put these children through school, too. You forget we could have had a lot more last winter if you had not been a senior in high school, but we all did without so you could go to school. Now you must help us!

Marilyn: "Remember that time last winter when Jeanie was so sick we thought she was going to die, the time we hardly had anything in the house to eat? Well, I prayed to God and

asked Him to help us, and in return I would do anything or go anywhere He wanted me to go. Then that night I had a strange dream. I dreamed I was in a strange land with many dark children sitting around me on the grass, and I was teaching them from the Holy Bible. It seemed as though I could hear an audible voice from heaven saying, 'Go ye into all the world and teach the gospel to every creature. Remember your promise to me? Go!'"

Mother: "I know God can and will speak to a person, but not to you—not to a young girl like you. You have responsibilities at home. After all, charity begins at home! Your family comes first. No, Marilyn, I forbid you to mention the matter again in this house. You're staying right here."

Marilyn: (looking despondent and with a sad tone in her voice): "I may not mention it, Mother, but I just can't forget, and I will not. I made a vow to God and somehow I've got to keep it. If this is His will, and I believe with all my heart it is, then He will make a way. He will open your eyes! The Bible says that he that putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of God. No, I will not lay aside my pledge, even for you. God has called me, and He can do all things."

CURTAIN

Scene II

Time: The next evening.

Place: The Stevens' living room. Setting: Marilyn is sitting at her desk

writing a letter, but her thoughts

aren't on the letter.

Marilyn (to herself): "If only could forget. Mother is right! How will she and the children get along without me? There are other people without so many responsibilities that could go

in my place. Why me?"
(Choir of soft voices sing "Bring
Them In." When they finish, Marilyn
looks upward toward heaven with

tears in her eyes.)

Marilyn (with her head bowed): "Oh, dear Lord, help me never again

to doubt my calling . . ."

Marilyn (quickly raises her head as knocks are heard at the door and calls out): "Come in."

Vicki: "Evening, Marilyn. Carol and

I were just walking by and thought we would drop in to say hello." Carol: "Yes, how are you getting

along, Girl?"

Marilyn: "Just fine, girls. It's surely good to see you two again. Why, I havent seen you since we graduated in May and here it is December."

Vicki: "What have you been doing?"

Marilyn: "Not much of anything; that is, away from the house. There is so much to do around here, it keeps Mother and me both busy.

Carol: "Marilyn, guess what? Vicki and I are working at the bank downtown. We aren't making much, but at least what we make is our very own. Anyway, we get to meet a lot of peo-

Marilyn: "Good for you! Glad to

hear you are working."

Vicki: "Say, Marilyn, I thought you were going to some mission school this fall to prepare for some church work or something. Did you change your mind?"

Marilyn: "No, we just haven't had

the money—."

Carol: "Well, if you ask me, it's a good thing it happened that way. What would your mother do without you? Let someone else do charity work!"

Vicki: "That's what I say! Why worry about some poor black people you

have never seen?"

Marilyn: "Now, girls, that's not the
way to feel at all. Christ died for all not just the white, but yellow, black, red, yes, every nation. We should be thankful for what the Lord has done for us and be willing to help the other fellow. Can't you see that I'm right?"

(Girls look down at the floor as

though ashamed.)

Carol: "Well, I guess you are right, Marilyn. We are just not as sympathetic as you are, though."

Vicki (looking at her watch): "Say, it's getting late. Mother will be out looking for us if we don't get up the road.'

Marilyn: "Good night, girls. I'll walk you to the door. You don't have to rush off, though; you just got here."

Carol: "Good night, Honey, and don't feel bad at what we said. We are just dumb.'

Marilyn: "That's all right; I understand. Good night!"

(Marilyn enters the room with a smile on her face; sits back down at the desk and begins to sing "I Know the Lord Will Make a Way for Me.")

CURTAIN

Scene III

Time: About a week later. Place: The Stevens' living room. Setting: Marilyn is reading her Bible,

children are playing, and Mother is knitting. All sit quietly for a few minutes, then the silence is broken by the telephone ringing. Marilyn

makes her way to the phone.

Marilyn: 'Hello. Yes, this is Marilyn. Oh, how are you, Mr. Runyon? Yes, we'll be home all evening. Why, certainly, come right over. Yes sir. Goodby.

Mother: "Who was it, Dear?" Marilyn: "It was Mr. Runyon who owns the grocery store down on the corner. He said he had something very important to discuss with us, and asked if he could come right over."

Mother: "That crabby old man! Goodness, I do believe if he would ever mile his face would crack. What could he want with us?"

Marilyn: "I dont know, but I told

nim to come on over."

Mother: "You don't suppose we owe aim any money, do you? And if we lid, that old miser could get along fine until we could pay him. Why, he's ine until we could pay him. Why, he's
got more money than half the people
in this town put together. I just can't
understand why he wants to see us."

Marilyn (to one of the children):

You haven't broken out any of his
windowpanes, have you, Johnny?"

Johnny: "No, Sis, we haven't been
playing near his house. He's such an
old gripe. all of us boys are afraid of

old gripe, all of us boys are afraid of him. Not very long ago he grabbed Jerry Phillips by the collar and shook him good just for coming in his yard after a football. He must be awfully mean!"

Marilyn: "Now, John, is that any way to talk about a person? He's just way to talk about a person? He's just a poor lonely, old man who has no friends. He doesn't mean to be like that at all."

Jean: "Well, I'm glad someone feels that way about him. I can surely see why he never got married!"

Mother: "Ssh, you children! Get back to playing and let me see some

back to playing and let me see some peace." (Everything gets quiet and peace." (Everything gets quiet and Marilyn goes back to reading. Doorbell rings, and Marilyn goes to the door.)

Mr. Runyon: "Good evening, Mari-

lyn.

lyn."

Marilyn: "Gocd evening, Mr. Runyon. Won't you come right in?"

Mr. Runyon: "How are you this evening, Mrs. Stevens?"

Mother: "Quite well, thank you.
Won't you have a seat?"

Mr. Runyon: "Yes, believe I will."

Mother: "Marilyn says you have
something to discuss with us."

Mr. Runyon: "Well as a matter of

Mr. Runyon: "Well, as a matter of fact, I do. But don't look so worried, it isn't bad news. (Group begins to smile.) I want you all to be among the first to hear the great news—you know they're in a revival at the CHURCH OF GOD. Well, I was saved in the service last night."

Marilyn: "Oh, Mr. Runyon, how

wonderful! I'm so happy for you."

Mr. Runyon: "Yes, and I'm happy, too, but let me go on with my story. Many years ago when I was a young man, the Lord dealt with me to surrender my life to him and go into the foreign fields as a missionary. All I could think of then was having a good time. I just wouldn't accept the Lord. Last night as I was praying, a voice seemed to speak out to me saying, You wouldn't go yourself, why not send another in your place?' Then a face appeared before me-your face, Marilyn. I prayed and prayed, but some-how I just couldn't feel satisfied until I said, 'Lord, whatever it takes to make it through, Im willing to do it.' When I said that it seemed as though a burden was lifted and peace that I had never before known came to my heart."

Mother: "What is this you are saying? That the Lord has sent you here?"

Mr. Runyon: "Yes, Mrs. Stevens. I failed the Lord once and now He is giving me another chance. I want to help send Marilyn to mission school so she can tell others of Christ."

Mother: "But how can you help?"

Mr. Runyon: "Down through the

years I have saved some money, and what she needs for schooling will be hers. Then, Mrs. Stevens, Im getting old, too old to take care of my store, and I've been thinking that you would be the very one to run the store for me. Of course, I will pay you for taking care of it. I'm certain you can handle the job very well."

Marilyn: "Oh, I have prayed so ear-

nestly that God would undertake somehow, but it all seems too good to

be true.'

Mother: "My dear, the Lord some-times works in marvelous and mysterious ways His wonders to perform."

Mr. Runyon: "Then you will accept

my offer, or rather the Lord's offer?"

Mother: "Surely, it must be the

Lord's will."

Marilyn: "Let us offer up a prayer of thanksgiving unto our Lord and Saviour who has done so much for us all.'

(All bow their heads in prayer as the curtain is drawn.)

Choir sings PRAISE HIM, PRAISE HIM.

THE LONG PROMISED GIFT ARRIVED

Avis Swiger

SCRIPTURE READING: Luke 2:1-20.

SONG: "Joy to the World."

PRAYER: Ask for a series of sentence prayers by the young people, expressing their joy to the Lord.

SONG: A special number by a group

of young people.

LEADER'S REMARKS: The Christmas season is a time of great joy wherever the light of the gospel has gone. Everyone likes to give and receive gifts, and surely this is as it should be, for God Himself gave the first and greatest Gift, His Son and our Saviour From that day to this our Saviour. From that day to this, joy has ruled in the hearts and lives of those who love and serve Him.

We usually spend much time in anticipation of buying the gifts we are going to give to our friends. Perhaps for weeks or even months we make lists and plan according to the amount of money we shall have to spend in order to get the most for our money. As we enjoy the planning, so the one who is to receive the gift also enjoys expectancy of the gift and tries to guess what it will be. God the Father had planned for a long time to send His Son into the world and the weary hearts of men had long waited for the advent.

The four speakers will give us a picture of the arrival of the long-promised Gift, Jesus Christ the Lord. The first speaker's subject will be "God's First Promise of the Coming Redeem-

er." FIRST SPEAKER: Genesis 3:15. As soon as man fell into sin, God promised to send His Son to redeem him.

God said that there would be enmity between the seed of woman-Jesusand the devil. Jesus, the seed of woman, would bruise the head of the enemy—Satan—and Satan would bruise His heel. The heel is not a vital point; we never hear of anyone killing another in the heel. But the head is a vital point—one of the most vital. So God promised to send His Son to kill the power of Satan. This promise came even before any punishment had been meted out for their sin. Man brought sin and death upon himself and received a promise of a plan of redemption.

SECOND SPEAKER: "The Promise of the Gift Repeated," Genesis 12:3. "In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed." When God gave the promise to Abraham, He told him that he would be the father of a great nation and the father of One who would bless all the world. From that time until the birth of Jesus, the people of Cod legical for a Padagmen Their Ciff God looked for a Redeemer. Their Gift was long delayed but sure, because He who had promised was sure to fulfill. All the way through the Old Testament this same promise is made and confirmed again and again. During the four hundred years between the two Testaments the people waited for the Gift of God, until at last the song of the angels announced His arrival.

THIRD SPEAKER: "The Gift Sent." Luke 2:6, 7. The Gift did not arrive as the people expected it to. They were looking for a king in a palace, who had great pomp and ceremony. So they were not prepared to receive the little Fellow born in a manger 🗽 😭 juse there was no room in the inn. He came from the riches of heaven to the poverty of the Bethlehem stable to be God's Gift to the world. The Gift that had been so eagerly awaited was rejected by those for whom it was sent. This is perhaps the most pitiful scene in the history of the Jews-their rejection of the Son of God.

FOURTH SPEAKER: "Heavenly Heralds of the Gift," Luke 2:8-14. "Glory in the highest and on earth, peace, good will to men," so sang the heavenly chorus on this night of all nights! Heaven rejoiced at the Gift that man rejected then and has been scorning ever since. No other gift has had such a guard of honor accompanying it to its destination. An angel announced to the few who would listen—the humble shepherds on the hillside—that there was born to them in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. The shepherds were given a personal invitation to go see Him, and were told how they would know Him when they found Him. Wouldn't you like to have heard that angel chorus as it sang that night? All the expectation of the ages was fulfilled that night and the glory of God shone round about. Most wonderful indeed was the arrival of the longpromised Gift of God!

CONCLUSION: Close with prayers of dedication. Encourage each one to give himself to God as God gave Himself to man.

The Journey From Capetown to Kroonstad

(Continued from page 19)

farming area. It reminded us of the country around Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada, or some places in the Dakotas.

Then we saw another paradox that made us stop in amazement. I had been wondering just what sort of equipment they used to work these lovely farms. We were pleasantly surprised to round a bend in the road and find a new American tractor working near the fence. They were planting corn with a moldboard plow and standard type planter. We saw more of them working, and with few exceptions, the tractors were of American manufacture.

We then saw something that made us stop in wide-eyed amazement. On one side of the road a New Massey Harris tractor was working, and on the other side a new tillage implement was being drawn—not by a steam engine, not by horses, but of all things, a long line of fourteen oxen. Here was a paradox that rocked my farmboy equilibrium. Oxen were used by my grandfather forty-five years ago, and to find them working in Africa today was shock enough, but to find them working opposite a shiny new tractor was enough to make me wonder if my vision was peculiarly warped by the African sun or the high altitude.

The oxen were beautifully groomed and looked so sleek and fat. They moved so slowly that you almost had to line up two sticks to tell that they were progressing, but there was something entrancing about the sing-song way the driver spoke to them, and there was something akin to the American wild West in the way he cracked his whip over their heads. After taking a few pictures, we moved on with a feeling that we were in a land of make-

We learned that during the last few years, the famous ox teams are slowly disappearing and the modern tractor is replacing them. The farm labor situation here is much different than in America. Here a native can be hired to drive a tractor for much less than a tractor operator in America would ask. The equivalent of \$20 or less a month will obtain the services of a good one, and his food bill will be less than a fifth of the cost of food eaten by his American counterpart.

THE MORNING SUN had risen to the eleven o'clock position as our Oldsmobile sped us along toward Kroonstad. We were so happy with the beauty of the country, and the clear blue of the African skies. We think that African skies are the most beautiful that we have seen. Their ever-present fleecy, well-spaced clouds make them a picture paradise through the summer, and for more than 100 days in the winter season there is not a cloud in the sky.

It still seemed like a dream to be driving this car, that we had purchased in Dakota, along a beautiful road 13,000 miles from the city where we had purchased it. It seemed like only yesterday that Brother Joel Bishop and I had driven up from his home to Bismarck, North Dakota, and brought back the shiny new Oldsmobile Eighty-eight. I could not help but muse a little over the fact that at that time I never dreamed that I would be holding this same steering wheel along an African road. I mentioned it to Sister McLuhan, and Dwayne reminded us that maybe we would be driving it in a country where there were lions and elephants. I knew by that statement that my boyhood dreams of Africa as a land

of lions and other big game were still being perpetuated in the heart of my own son.

WE WERE BROUGHT back to reality by a signpost along that road which told us that we were nearing Kroonstad. I have had many experiences of the thrill of nearing new people and places, but nothing in the remotest way compared with the sudden burst of feeling that came to us as we neared Kroonstad. It was a tingling, weakening sensation around our hearts. Here within a few miles of us were the people that we were to work with. Within a few minutes we would perhaps see some of our prospective students. What would they be like? Would they object to our presence? Would they like our methods? Would we be able to adjust ourselves to their ways? What kind of a place would we be living in? How would the children like school in this strange land? Would our helpers be older or younger than we, and would they try to make us feel at home among them? What would the city of Kroonstad be like? Would it be a place of opportunity for the school, or would it turn out to be a disappointing backwoods town? Would we receive a good welcome, or would we be coldly received?

From our experiences at Capetown and Bloemfontein we felt sure that a good welcome was waiting, but this was the place where we were to work! Maybe this would be different from all places. Some had told us that English-speaking people were not liked in some parts of South Africa. Would this be one of those places? If things were not good, we could not phone our friends to have things adjusted, because we were thousands of miles from our old friends. Besides we were on our own, and this was the place to which we felt God had called us. We would have to make new friends—but could we do this?

These thoughts and many more raced through our minds as the car sped toward Kroonstad, and as the miles between us and our destination decreased, the intensity of our feelings and questions increased. We did not know whether to step on the accelerator and get there quickly, or to slow down and postpone the moment of meeting. Next installment: "KROONSTAD," Crown City of the Farmlands, and "THE WELCOME, THE TEAMMATES, and THE TASK."

GRETTA'S CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 11)

could be in that long box which they had left for the last?

Gretta opened the box and squealed with delight. There was the same doll she had seen in the big store. She hugged it close, kissed it over and over again, then hugged her father and mother out of sheer joy.

"This is wonderful, but it is not all of our Christmas," declared Mother, when Gretta had stopped dancing about. "Tessa's mother was expecting her sister and four children for dinner today, but they cannot come, so we are invited to help eat that dinner."

Gretta began skipping about again. She was just too happy to keep still. The longing for her own land was forgotten. "This is the nicest Christmas ever," she cried.

Then she bounded into her father's arms. "Pa-pa, I didn't know how your prayer could be answered, but already we are happy in this new country. I have my dolly, and we have friends. I am so glad the people in America celebrate Jesus' birthday by doing nice things for people."



MAINTAINING OUR GAINS

O. W. POLEN, Asst. National Dir. ,

The number of Sunday Schools enering the nation-wide Sunday School contest was very gratifying. From all ndications it appears that the interst in this year's contest was greater han in any previous contest. Excelent organization and careful and deailed planning properly describe the work of many of our Sunday School workers.

well-conducted Sunday School contest provides new interest and enthusiasm for nearly everyone in the Sunday School. The increase in attendance, especially the new record we set, serves as a reminder to everyone that hard work and prayer result in larger Sunday Schools.

A Great Task Follows the Contest Though much effort and time have been given by those workers who actively participated in the contest, we must remember that a great task follows the closing of the contest. We must put forth a sincere and conscientious effort to maintain the gains we made during the contest. If we fail to do this, then our contest has profited us very little. We should remember that the real purpose of the contest was to bring new people into the church on a permanent basis.

How We Can Maintain Our Gains

A few suggestions are given here as to how we may hold our gains. The Sunday School which was well-organized for this contest no doubt used to a good advantage the Sunday School Visitor's card, as well as the other record cards. From these cards the names and addresses of all visitors can be obtained. A follow-up letter from the teacher, the Sunday School Superintendent, and the pastor to all of the visitors will do much to encourage their becoming regular members of the Sunday School. Then, as a further follow-up to the letter, especially in those instances where the letter may fail to bring about the return of the visitors, a visit by the Sunday School Visitation Team will often bring the desired result.

It is true that it is impossible to hold all the people we may have in attendance during the contest; how-ever, if your Sunday School attend-ance returns to what it was before the contest with no indication of a permanent increase, then we may conclude our efforts were not as successful as they might have been. This need not be the case. If we carry on a successful contest, we can maintain a good percentage of our increase by employing effective follow-up methods.

Don't relax your efforts now that the contest is ended. Work just as hard, or harder, to maintain the gains you made during the contest.-Polen, Assistant National Sunday School and Youth Director.

EIGHT BIG FIVES IN SUNDAY SCHOOL

Average Weekly Attendance for September, 1954

Group	AA	
		18,262
Tennessee		16,895
GeorgiaSouth Carolina		16,503
		15,143
Alabama		14,619
Group	n A	
Ohio	P	7,417
Kentucky		7,026
Virginia		6,541
Texas		5,612
	***********	5,062
Grou	n 18	
California		4.526
Illinois		3.688
Michigan		3,319
Pennsylvania		3,085
Grou		
	p C	2.937
		2,511
		2,433
		2,298
		2,288
Grou		
	p D	1.263
		729
New Mexico		504
Washington Grou		748
North Dakota		
Delaware		000
South Dakota		
Iowa		0.54
New YorkGrou		227
Idaho	***************************************	175
Grou	n G	
Central Canada		. 84
	~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~	9.4
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EIGHT BIG FIVES IN YOUNG PEOPLE'S ENDEAVOR

Average Weekly Attendance for September, 1954 Group AA

Georgia	10,697
Tennessee	9,453
Florida	9,417
Alabama	8,008
South Carolina	7,969
Group A	
Kentucky	4,452
Virginia	4,097
Texas	3,857
Mississippi	3,520
Ohio	3,140
Group B	
California	2,837
Illinois	2,752
Ponneylvania	2,355
Pennsylvania Michigan	1.130
Michigan Group C	1,130
Oklahoma	1,657
	1,614
	1.543
Arkansas	
Missouri	1,371
Maryland	1,263
Group D	
Arizona	562
Kansas	444
New Mexico	329
Group E Washington	
Washington	266
North Dakota	253
Iowa	240
Colorado	224
Delaware	220
Group F	
District of Columbia	95
New York	
New Jersey	
Group G	
Central Canada	53
Alaska	
Ziiwaiw	

NATION'S TOP TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for September

North Cleveland, Tenn.	835 613 470
North Chattanooga, Tenn.	448
North Chattanooga, Tenn.	420
Alabama City, Ala.	396
Tahernacle, Detroit, Mich.	290
Clayton Street, Middletown, Ohio	376
Pulaski, Va.	374
Whitwell, Tenn.	364
Dillon, S. C.	353
Dinion, S. C.	

NATION'S TOP TEN IN Y.P.E. ATTENDANCE Average Weekly Attendance for September

Whitwell, Tenn.	363
Daisy, Tenn,	343
Tremont Avenue, Greenville, S. C.	306
Laurens Road, Greenville, S. C.	261
Orphanage, Sevierville, Tenn,	260
South Mt. Zion, Ga.	256
North Chattanooga, Tenn,	198
Commerce. Ga.	188
Shelhyville, Ind.	186
Wyandotte, Mich.	184
Lehanon, Pa.	184

TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

West Vrginia 4	
Ohio 4	
South Carolina 3	
Florida 2	
Pennsylvania	
Virginia	
Georgia	
Tennessee 1	•
Alabama 1.	
Michigan	9

NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENTS ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for September

Faith Temple, Louisville, Ky.	2,259
Pike Avenue, Birmingham, Ala.	802
Fresno Temple, Calif.	337
East Nashville, Tenn.	257
Cincinnati, Ohio (Eastern Avenu	
Krafton, Ala.	246
Tampa, Fla.	203
Akron, Ohio (E. Market Street)	
Abingdon, Va.	
Dunfordtown, Va.	173

YOUTH STATISTICS THIS MONTH

Saved Sanctified Filled with Holy Ghost Added to the Church of God	821
SINCE JUNE 30, 1954	
Saved Sanctified Filled with Holy Ghost Added to the Church of God	9,263 4,090 3,288 2,717

BRANCH SUNDAY SCHOOLS ORGANIZED SINCE JUNE 30, 1954

BRANCH SUNDAY SCHOOLS REPORTED AS OF **SEPTEMBER** 31, 1954 167

NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS ORGANIZED SINCE JUNE 30, 1954

NEW Y.P.E.'s ORGANIZED **SINCE JUNE 30, 1954** 18

The Christmas Story

By ST. LUKE

Translation According to Smith-Goodspeed

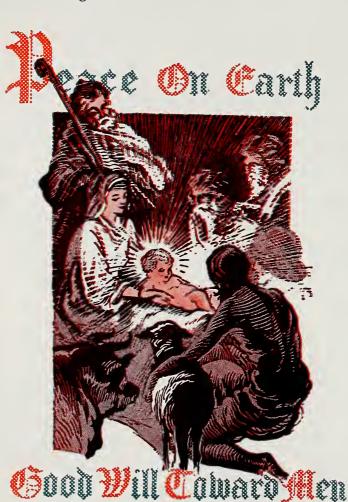
In those days an edict was issued by the Emperor Augustus that a census of the whole world should be taken. It was the first census, taken when Quirinius was governor of Syria. So everyone went to his own town to register. And

Joseph went up from Galilee from the town of Nazareth to Judea to the city of David called Bethlehem, because he belonged to the house and family of David, to register with Mary, who was engaged to him and who was soon to become a mother. While the wee there, the time came for her child to be born, and she gave birth to her first-born son; and she wrapped him up, and laid him in a manger, for there was no room for them at the inn.

There were some shepherds in that neighborhood keeping watch through the night over their flock

in the open fields. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were terribly frightened. The angel said to them,

"Do not be frightened, for I bring you good news of a great joy that is to be felt by all the people, for today, in the town of David, a Saviour for you has been born who is your Messiah and Lord. And this will prove it to you: You will find a baby wrapped up and lying in a manger."



Suddenly there appeared with the angel a throng of the heavenly a r m y, praising God, saying,

"Glory to God in heaven and on earth! Peace to the men he favors!"

When the angels left the m and returned to heaven, the shepherds said to one another,

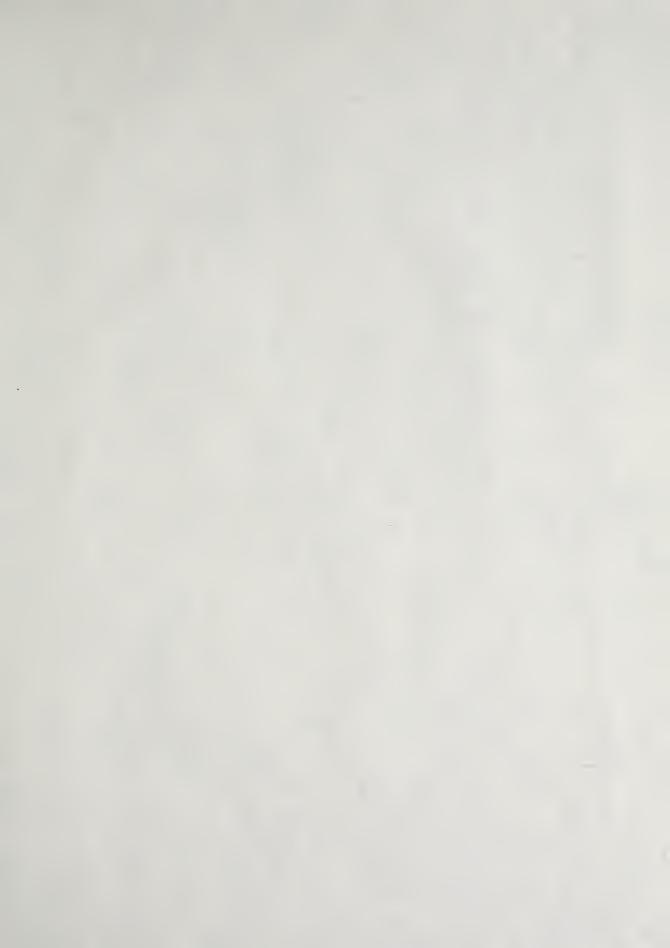
"Come! Let us go o ver to Bethlehem, and see this thing that has happened, that the Lord has told us of!"

And they hurried there, and found Mary and Joseph, with the baby lying in the manger. When they saw this, they told what had been said to them about this child.

And all who heard it were amazed at what the shepherds told them, but Mary treasured up all they had said, and pondered over it. And the shepherds went back glorifying God and praising him for all that they had heard and seen in fulfillment of what they had been told.











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